March 18, 1933

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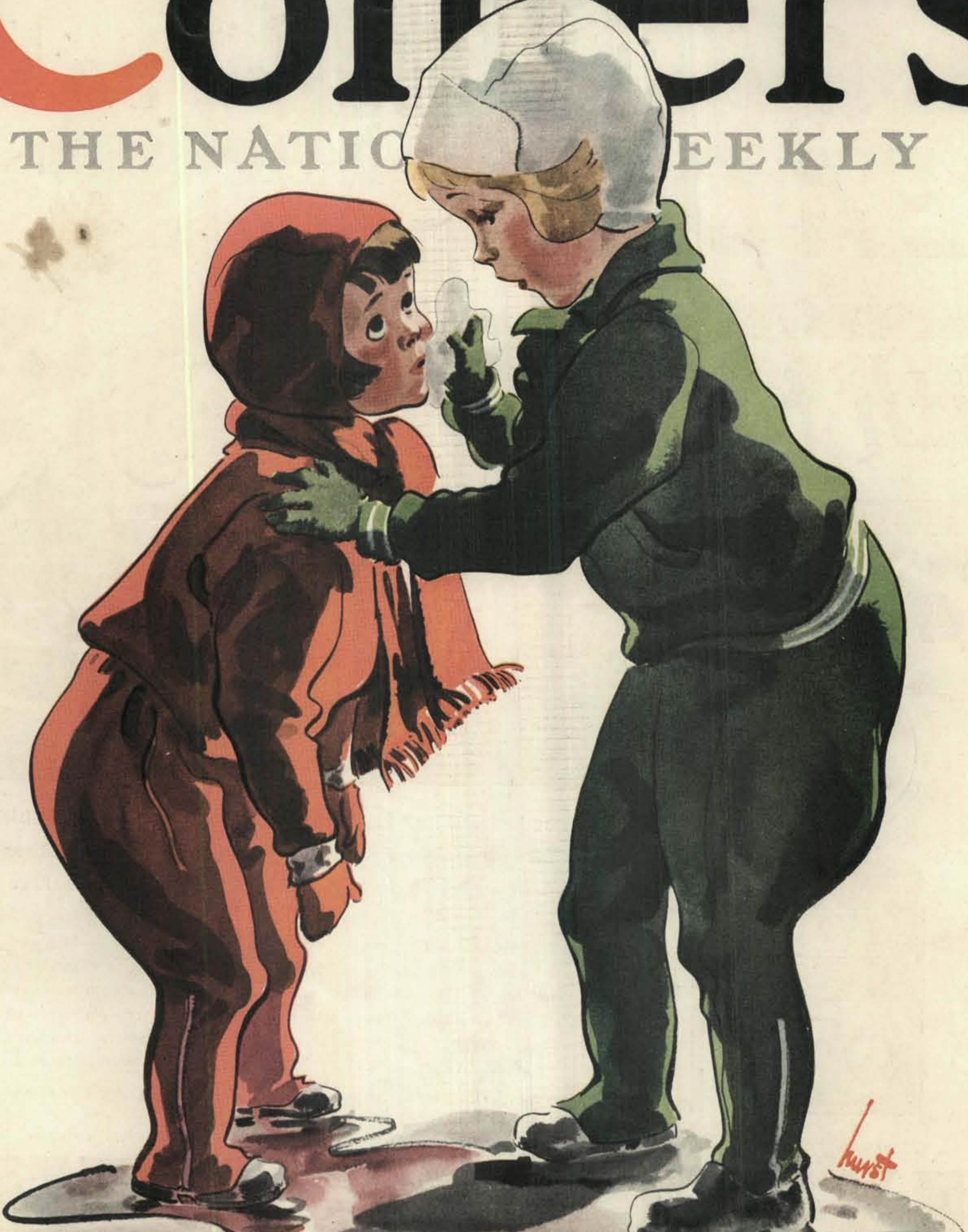
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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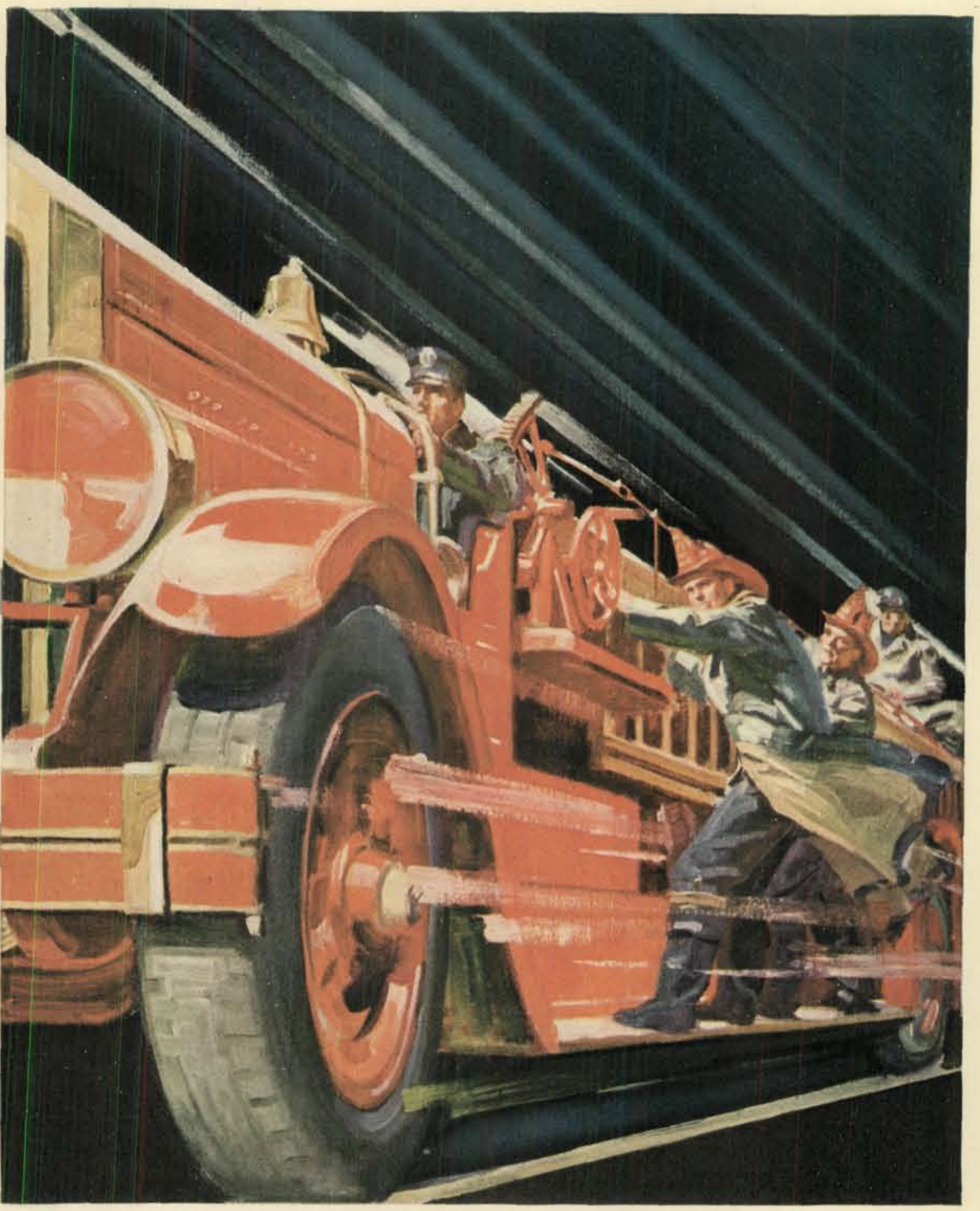

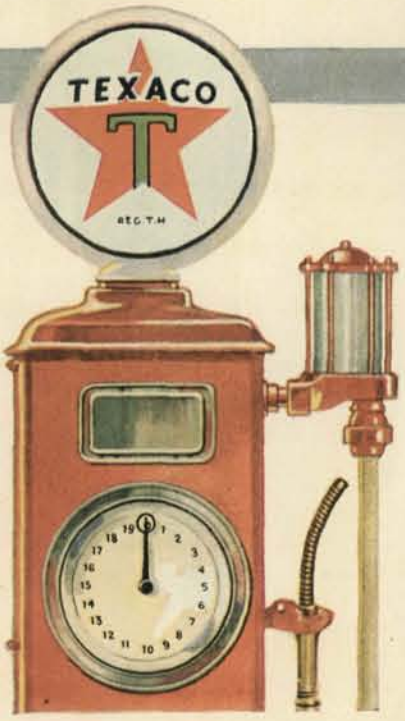

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"What You Lay Aside is the Measure of Your Success", says Lydia O'Leary

Lydia O'Leary, young business woman of New York, who is following an Investors Syndicate Title and Guaranty Thrift Plan.

LIKE so many of us, Lydia O'Leary earned money . . . and spent it. Now she has learned to earn money . . . and hold onto it. She dates her real success from the time this lesson came home to her.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HER mother named her Erginette in timid apology for having exceeded the number of children prescribed by the Twelve—an average of 2.1739 per family. She had red hair, which marked her as a menace to the smooth efficiency of the Technocratic state, and a gift for poetry that was equally dangerous.

Her school career was brilliant, but at graduation she already possessed a little pile of cardboard clippings—representing ergs—that had been cut from the tickets of the older male members of her class. This, of course, was not allowed. Private property had been abolished and, along with it, jealousy, envy and all other emotional concomitants of capitalism.

Naturally no one would give away ergs, and yet Erginette kept acquiring more and more of them and arousing ever and again in the bosoms of good Technocratic wives that ancient and outmoded emotion—jealousy. In a brilliant short story John Erskine shows you what love would do to Technocracy.

TWO months ago we published an interview with Lord Lytton in which that eminent Englishman described the explosive temper of the Japanese mind. He drew a picture, from material he had gathered as head of the Lytton Commission, of "Japan, Wrapped in Dynamite."

Next week His Excellency Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, replies to Lord Lytton. In an exclusive interview with T. R. Ybarra he gives you the point of view of the Japanese man in the street and maintains that the conflict with China is "Another 'Fight to End Fighting.'" Thus, from two high and authoritative sources, we bring you the best information available anywhere about this important subject.

JUAN LES PINS was quite a shock to Joe Lawrence. He had been invited there from his home in the Middle West and he felt that it was a fascinating and disturbing and wicked place. He had never known women who had so many clothes, or wore so few of them at any one time; or who drank so many champagne cocktails; or were so casual about who kissed them. In addition, there was Frieda Faraday. In "But Not Too Nice" Lucian Cary tells their exciting story.

RUTH BURR SANBORN, Don Marquis, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Hugh MacNair Kahler, H. I. Phillips, Freling Foster, John B. Kennedy and others conspire to make you happy. The serials, under the supervision of Messrs. Oppenheim and LeMay, develop with breath-taking speed. Don't be caught napping.

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March 18, 1933

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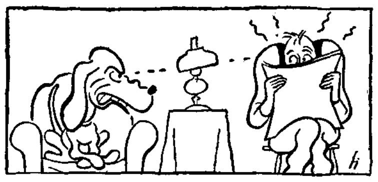
●

Any Week

MR. LEN FORESMAN of Little Rock, Arkansas, offers us a hound dog "guaranteed bred by Mr. Will Caraway of Alma, Arkansas, who knows more about hound dogs than their mother, and guaranteed also to turn up 'possum, 'coons and wildcats where there never were any such animals before." With proper thanks, we decline. Only our nimbleness prevented a large hound dog devouring us one afternoon while driving into Hot Springs with Mr. Dudley Haddock. And when we complained rather sharply to that dog's owner he scoffed: "Shucks, stranger, you ain't got no complaint. You don't have to live with that dawg like me." Maybe Will Caraway's hounds are milder. But we feel more like letting well enough alone.



MRS. EDNA F. JAGMETTY of Chicago, an amateur astrologer, advises us that she has cast our horoscope "without data obtained from the subject but by means of a trance I went into after reading one of your leading competitors." But what interests us more is that she is "sending it by freight so the post-office authorities won't be around annoying me."

AND here we break our rule against publishing letters minus the name of the writer. This one's from an employee of the Veterans Bureau in Washington. And it comes as a suggestion to President Roosevelt in the event Congress actually passes the buck to him in cutting down the cost of government.

"Get rid of the bureau's medical force," she writes. "It consists of doctors and so forth drawing from $4,000 to $10,000 per year whose duties are simply to put into effect the recommendations of the actual examiners. Any $1,000 clerk could do their work. In fact one does.

"Get rid of the legal force drawing similar salaries. The Attorney-General is always asked to pass on the knottier questions anyway.

"Get rid of the Unit System wherein wherever half a dozen persons gather together to do the same work, a Section is created and with it a chief, assistant chief and so on.

"Get rid of the Clerk Pool composed of political appointees who hang around doing nothing but drawing pay and waiting for somebody to send in a requisition for a couple of extra clerks for a day or two. The place reeks with them."

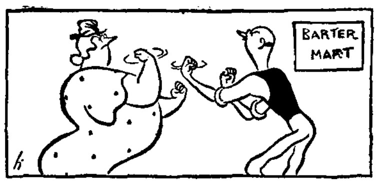
EMERGING from his daily dust-bath in the Congressional Record, Mr. Foster G. McComas of Dallas, Texas, reports that his Senator Connally shouts: "The time has come for the Senate of the United States to assert its own dignity and its own integrity."

"Well, well," says Mr. McComas, "we're waiting."

"I'M only one of the mob," writes Miss D. N. P. Mackie of 24 Colville Square, London, England, "but I have recently and regretfully cut a number of American products out of my household budget, not from any vindictive feeling but simply because I cannot afford to let the profit on my soap, my toothpaste, my breakfast food, go out of the country even though I prefer the American article. Collier's I am carrying on with. As long as you've the courage to look things in the face as you're doing, it's an import my country can well afford."

WITH justification, Mr. William T. Gerry, financial secretary of the Chicago Patrolmen's Social, Athletic and Efficiency Club, protests that paragraph in Clinton W. Gilbert's article of January 7th, wherein it was written that Chicago's unpaid police "probably live on the money speakeasy proprietors pay them for closing their eyes." That, we admit, was an unfair statement and we regret having published it.

"I BELONG to the older generation," says Mr. Fred Sallivant of Newcastle, Delaware, proudly. "In my day all us youngsters wore tin undershirts until we were fifteen so that the shad bones couldn't stick out through our skins and ruin the furniture. After that all Delaware Bay children developed hides no fish bone could penetrate."



MR. HARRY C. McNEILL'S nerves aren't what they used to be. He lives in St. Louis, Missouri, and consented one evening to give all his spare time and thought to a barter unit for the unemployed. "I lasted until the gushing female who was chairman of the promotion committee assured me that I would love working with her because barter is so cute. So I quit before I began swapping punches with her."

"CHEER up," writes Mr. Paul Murphy of Trenton, New Jersey, "better times are coming—for everybody except Franklin Roosevelt."

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5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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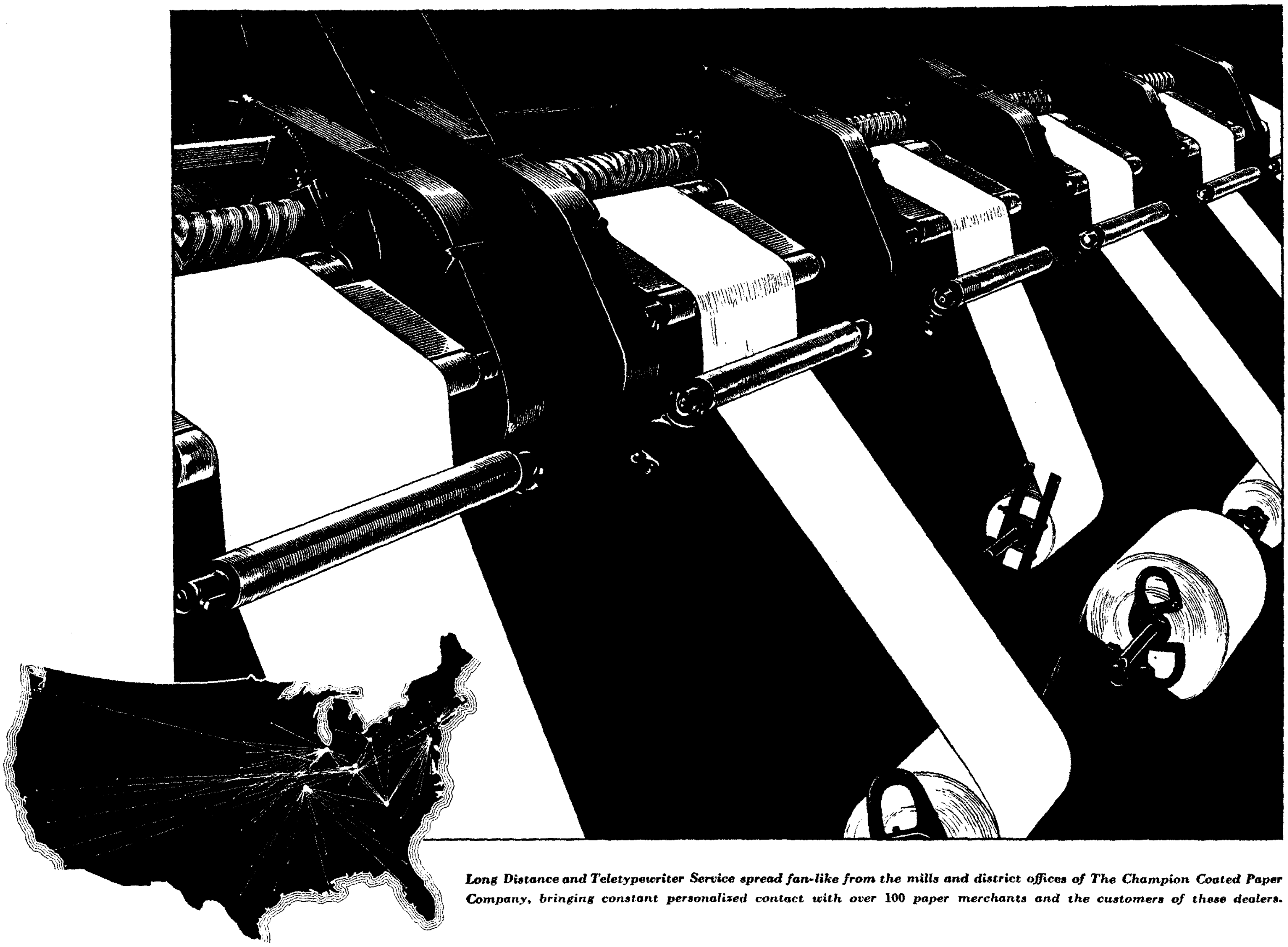

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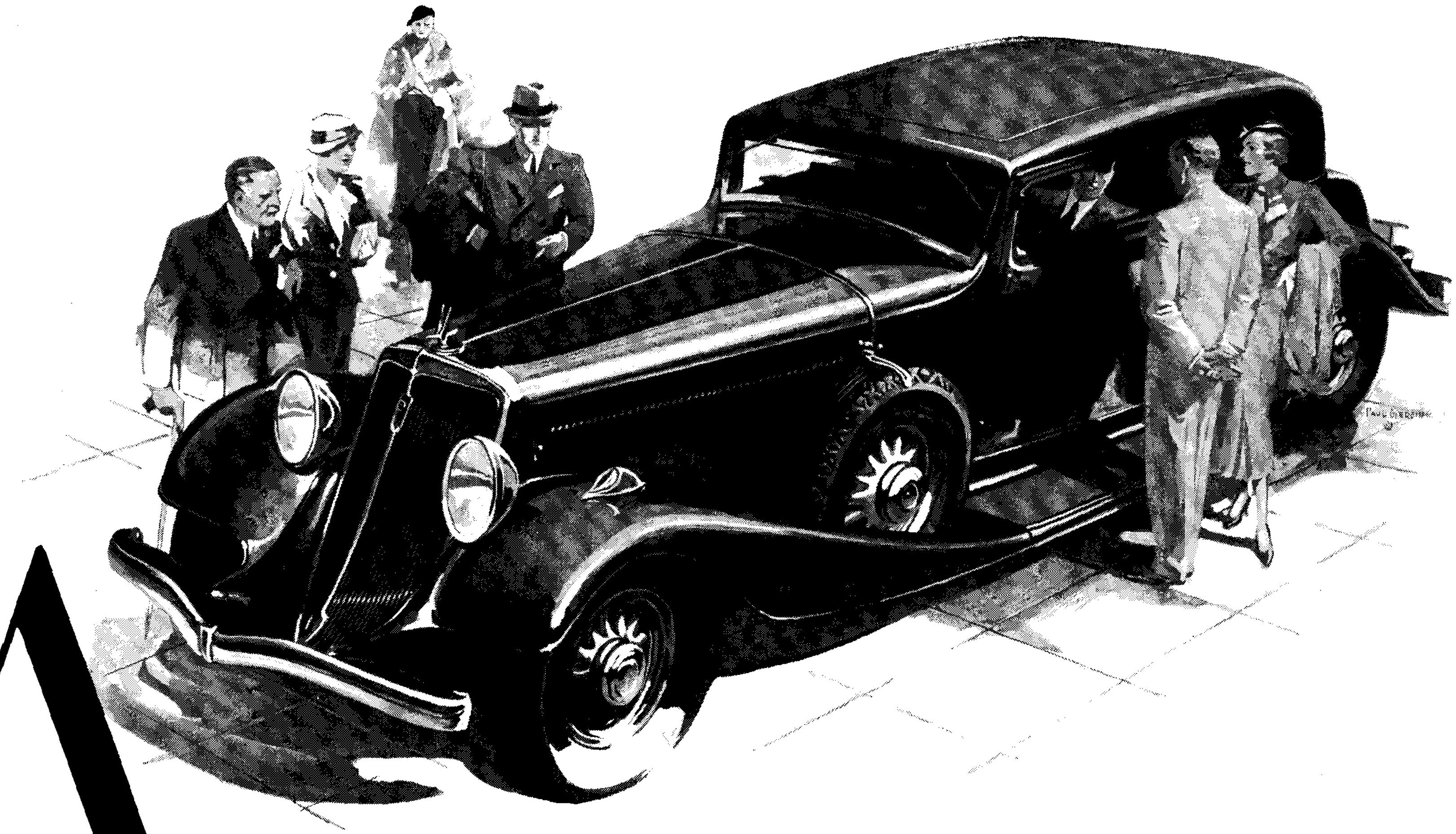

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With the Cape Mail

When Mr. Owen's ship sailed, it carried dynamite. Not much—just a small package known as General Barlow's niece. But was it dangerous!

By Albert Richard Wetjen

IT WAS exactly fifteen minutes before sailing time when Mr. Thomas Owen, second officer of the Broadmoor Abbey, collided with a young lady.

"Sorry," said Mr. Owen, breathless, and would have gone on had not an indignant voice stopped him.

"You might at least pick up my book!" said the voice, and Mr. Owen (known to the mess as Buttercup) was stunned by a vision of short brown hair, angry hazel eyes and very red lips. He swallowed hard and was completely lost.

"Sorry," he said again, and he picked up the book. "You see, I'm in a hurry. Got to work."

The young lady took the book and was suddenly gracious. Mr. Owen was tall and blond. He had very wide and innocent blue eyes (entirely misleading) and not even ten years of sun and wind had been able to alter the baby pink of his cheeks. For some reason or other women always felt sorry for him.

"That's quite all right," said the young lady, looking at the words on his uniform cap. "So you're the second officer? I'm Helen Maine."

"Delighted," said Mr. Owen, and the word was drowned in the warning bellow of the siren. "See you later," he gasped and was gone. The young lady looked annoyed, but crack liners carrying the royal mail (London to Cape Town in nineteen days) cannot wait while second mates get acquainted.

The Broadmoor Abbey sailed at last and Mr. Owen elbowed his way through a dozen frantic passengers who had lost things.

"Bill," he said, leaning over the purser's desk, "who, what and why is Helen Maine? Look her up for me, will you?"

"I'm busy!" snapped the perspiring purser, and he peered over Mr. Owen's broad shoulder at a strikingly beautiful woman. "Yes, Mrs. Le Sarre. I'll see to it right away."

Mr. Owen reluctantly turned to depart and Mrs. Le Sarre caught his arm. She had made several voyages on the Broadmoor Abbey; she liked Mr. Owen, and she was privileged. They were very good friends.

"Inquiring about another new girl?" she demanded. She had a charming smile. "Buttercup, you ought to settle down."

"This is serious," said Mr. Owen indignantly. "I'll tell you about it sometime." And then he bolted for the bridge, fifteen minutes late. Captain Marmon's white brows were down and he looked thunderous.

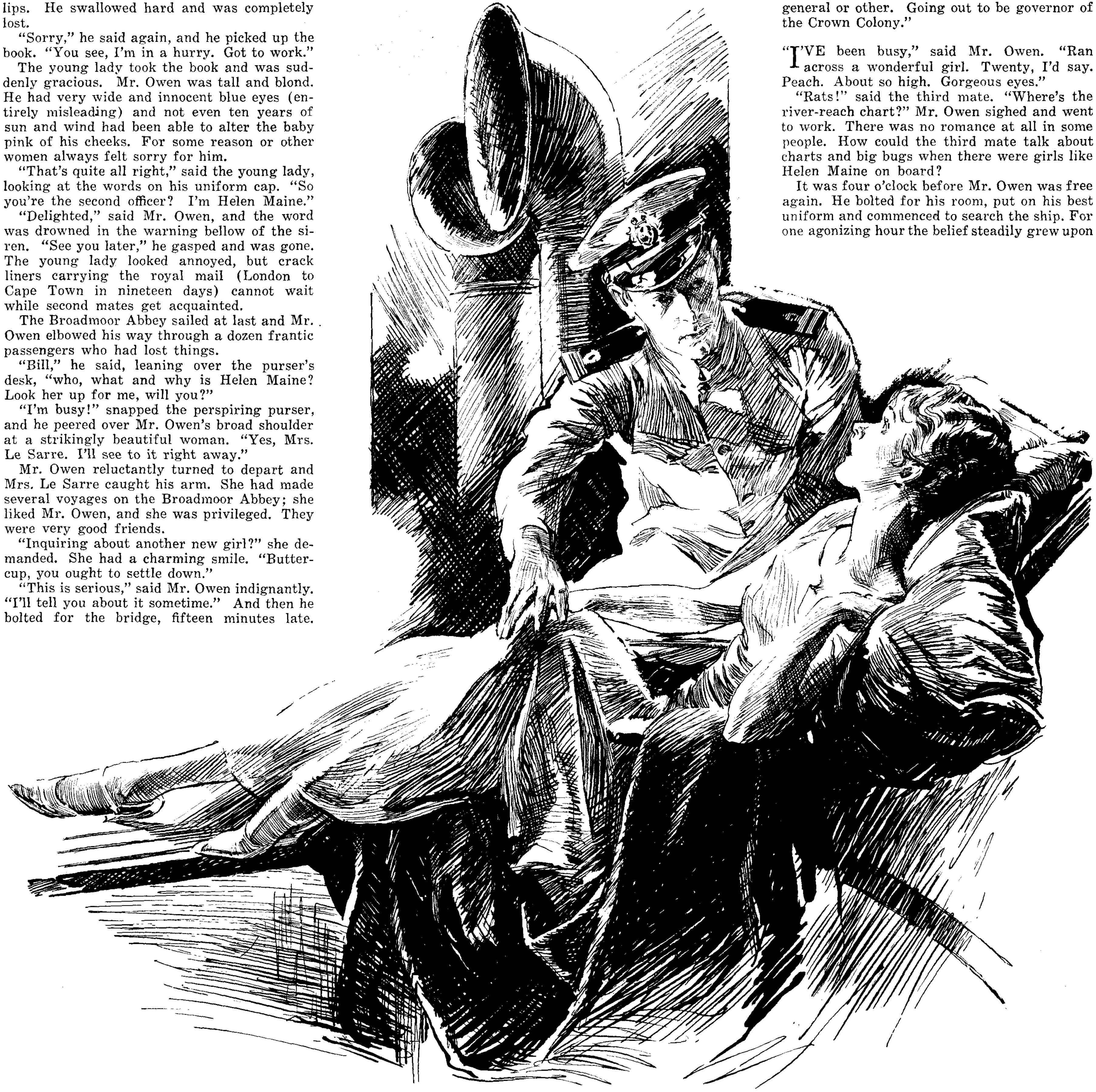
"Did it occur to you we might need you up here?" he inquired unpleasantly. Mr. Owen turned his wide blue eyes upon Captain Marmon and the captain coughed. "Never mind, get along!" he finished gruffly. Mr. Owen blinked and went into the chartroom where the third mate was putting the charts in order.

"See the big bug who came on board the last minute?" demanded the third mate. "Some general or other. Going out to be governor of the Crown Colony."

"I'VE been busy," said Mr. Owen. "Ran across a wonderful girl. Twenty, I'd say. Peach. About so high. Gorgeous eyes."

"Rats!" said the third mate. "Where's the river-reach chart?" Mr. Owen sighed and went to work. There was no romance at all in some people. How could the third mate talk about charts and big bugs when there were girls like Helen Maine on board?

It was four o'clock before Mr. Owen was free again. He bolted for his room, put on his best uniform and commenced to search the ship. For one agonizing hour the belief steadily grew upon



At nine-forty-five he was holding her hand and calling her Helen. At ten he had kissed her him that Helen Maine must have been merely a visitor seeing off a friend and was not a passenger at all. But he found her at last, sitting in a chair on the boat deck, her book in her lap, the wind blowing her hair about and a tall, bespectacled and haughty young man leaning down to speak to her. Mr. Owen checked his headlong pace and took a professional interest in the falls of Number Twelve boat. He seemed quite surprised when he finally turned and discovered himself recognized.

He lifted his uniform cap. The tall and haughty young man seemed annoyed. Helen Maine allowed a dimple to appear in one cheek.

"You might bring my wrap, Mr. Timmins," she said pleasantly. The tall and haughty man hesitated, frowned, and stalked away.

"I SEE you're all settled," said Mr. Owen brightly. "You must be an old traveler." It is one of the important rules that a member of the crew must not speak to a passenger unless spoken to, but Mr. Owen never paid any attention to that.

"Of course," she agreed. "My uncle travels a good deal and wherever he goes I go. It's fun."

"Must be," said Mr. Owen vaguely, and he draped himself against a boat davit a foot or two in front of her. He was not in the least interested in her uncle so he changed the conversation. He decided she was even prettier than he had thought and she had a beautiful figure. He admired her hands, her eyes and her voice. He was certain she was clever. He was so much enraptured at those amazing discoveries that he forgot to talk at times and there were long silences.

Helen Maine herself rather thought the voyage was going to be interesting. She admired his uniform with the gold bands round the cuffs. She liked the wave in his hair. She felt that no one with such blue eyes could be very worldly and wicked, and he certainly wasn't more than twenty-three or -four. He needed looking after. All in all, life was very wonderful. She sighed. They were both astonished when the dressing bugle sounded and Mr. Owen looked around. The liner was nearly out of the river. It was growing dark and the first wisps of sea fog were coming down. The girl shivered and got up.

"I had no idea it was so late," she complained. "And Mr. Timmins must have forgotten my wrap."

"Mr. Timmins?" he inquired coldly.

"My uncle's secretary, you know. I must be going."

"Shall I see you after dinner?"

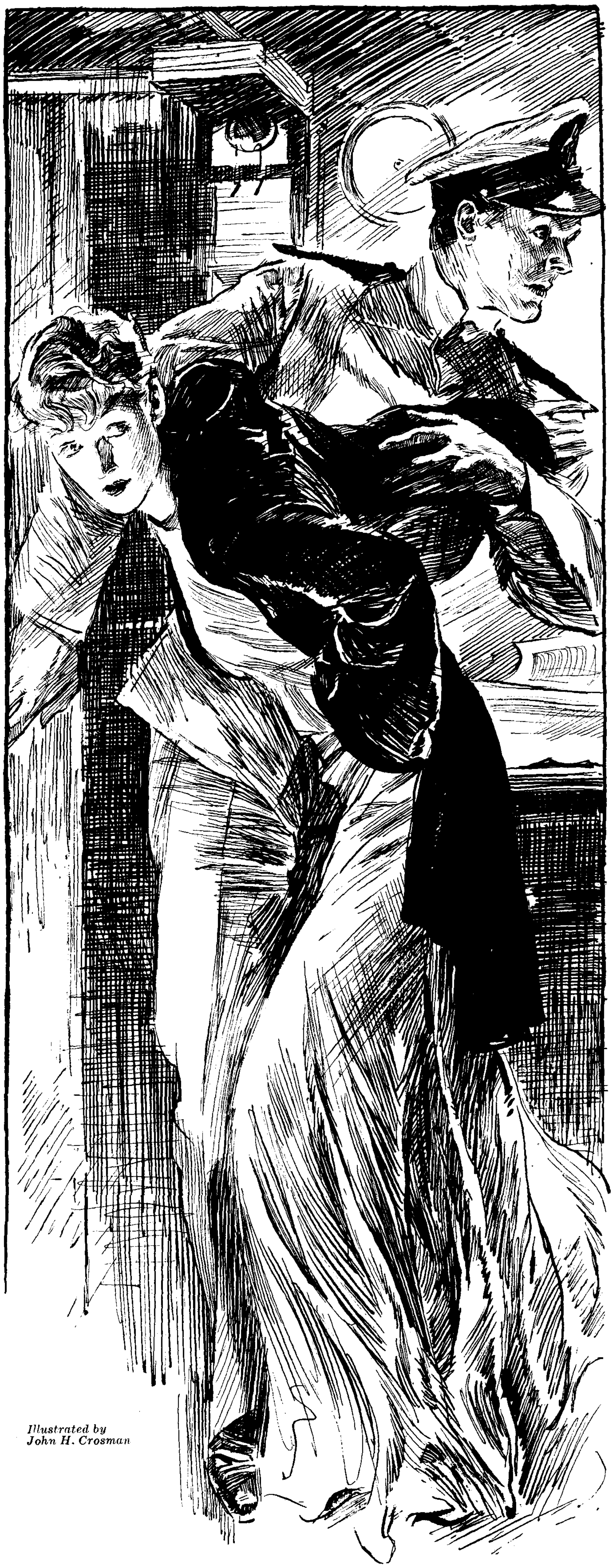
"Perhaps."

"Ah," said Mr. Owen and gazed wide-eyed after her as she went away.

STRANGELY enough, after dinner he found her in the same deck chair and, strangely enough, he arrived scarcely a minute after she had settled herself. Thereafter from eight o'clock to nine-thirty Mr. Owen discussed politics, Africa, the Merchant Service and himself. At nine-thirty he collared a vacant deck chair and sat down.

He discovered that Helen Maine's mother had died some ten years before, that her uncle was an old darling and bald. He became aware of the fact she had been educated in a very exclusive school; that she was engaged to be married to someone named Chalmers; that she liked blond hair, port wine, Turkish cigarettes and swimming. At nine-forty-five he was holding her hand and calling her Helen. At ten o'clock he had kissed her. He did not remember much after that until Mr. Timmins appeared, gloomy as an undertaker.

"Your uncle's been asking for you, Miss Maine," he said.


Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Helen Maine gasped and fled. Mr. Owen opened his mouth and shut it. There was nothing to say. He was through now

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Owen, starting up. "That reminds me, I've got to get on watch."

He straightened his tie, nodded to Mr. Timmins and departed in haste fifteen minutes late as usual. Helen Maine wrinkled her nose and looked at the sky. Mr. Timmins coughed.

"I wish you wouldn't keep running after me," she said. "No, don't apologize. Tell Uncle I'll be down in ten minutes."

FOR the next few days Mr. Owen went about in a trance and not even the chaffing of the officers' mess could get a word out of him. For the first time since he had joined the Broadmoor Abbey he complained heatedly and bitterly if he wasn't relieved exactly on time when his watch was done. He began to miss meals, and that was almost sensational. He began to mislay things in the chartroom and he was once heard to call the helmsman darling. Even Captain Marmon noticed it.

"What's wrong with you?" he demanded. "Can't get away from the bridge fast enough these days. No sooner relieved than you bolt. And another thing!" The captain's white brows drew down. "I hear you spend most of your time with a certain young lady on board. You're not here for that sort of thing, understand? I don't want you hanging around the saloon deck so much."

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. Owen, who hadn't heard a word, and he drew countless patterns on a new chart until the third mate rescued it.

"You're going bugs," said the third unpleasantly. "You fall in love every trip but this is the worst you've ever been. Why don't you marry the girl?"

"Marry?" said Mr. Owen, surprised. "I hadn't thought of that."

He thought of it a good deal while the Broadmoor Abbey plowed through the tropics, but it was not until after the night of the second dance given for the saloon passengers that he decided to dive into the matter.

"Helen," he said gloomily, "Helen, are you very fond of the man you're engaged to?"

She looked at him and nibbled the edge of her handkerchief.

"Perhaps," she said. "Why?"

"I was going to ask you if you'd have me instead."

"Marry?"

"Well, that's the usual thing, isn't it?"

"Of course . . ." she began and he kissed her.

"But I didn't mean . . ." He kissed her again and she forgot to protest after that. And so again that night he was fifteen minutes late in reporting for his watch.

"IF THIS happens again, sir," Captain Marmon greeted him, "you'll look for another berth. Do you understand me?"

"Quite," agreed Mr. Owen absently and went to lean on the for'ard rail and gaze into the velvet darkness that sat upon the sea.

"She said she would," he murmured. "She's wonderful."

He was disturbed by the purser coming on the bridge and blowing cigar smoke around.

"Buttercup," he said affably, "didn't you ask me about Helen Maine the day we sailed?"

"Did I?" said Mr. Owen, startled. "Well, never mind now."

"You bet I mind. That's the girl you've monopolized and if my advice means a thing you'd better go slow."

"Slow?"

"Do you know who she is?"

"Why, certainly!" Mr. Owen was indignant.

"Listen, you ass! Do you know she's the niece of General Barlow?"

"General Barlow?"

"That's what I said. He's the old coot who's going out to take over as governor-general. Important as Hades. So you'd better lay off."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Owen. The purser chuckled and went away. Mr. Owen leaned on the rail, suddenly weak. He'd never paid attention to her relations. Never occurred to him that they mattered. He'd always been too occupied with Helen. But now . . . Barlow! A general, wealthy, reputed to be a power in the land. Mr. Owen felt sick. His life was suddenly and utterly ruined and he didn't know what he was going to do. He thought he might ask Mrs. Le Sarre's advice. She was a friend of his; she knew the world; she always seemed to know what to do. But General Barlow's niece! . . . Mr. Owen groaned. Yes, he felt very sick indeed.

HIS Excellency, General Sir Robert Barlow, P. C., G. C., M. G., C. B., etc., etc., etc., had relaxed after dinner and a session of bridge. His well-padded bulk was comfortably settled on one chair while his stockinged feet rested on another. He was bald. He had a white mustache, protruding blue eyes, a face colored like a boiled lobster, and he was halfway through a juicy novel when his niece entered. He peered at her over his spectacles, grunted and went on reading.

"Darling," she said, tickling his feet, "I've decided to get married."

"Bless my soul!" said His Excellency. "Again? I thought you were engaged to young Chalmers."

"I've decided to break it," she said calmly. "He's a sort of a stick, anyway. I'm going to marry Tom . . . that is, Mr. Owen."

His Excellency took off his spectacles. "There, there," he said indulgently. "Run along. It's just the moon and the sea. You'll get over it."

"No, darling. I'm serious this time."

His Excellency pulled out a massive handkerchief and blew his nose, a sound that had in its time caused a brigade of the guards to form fours, thinking he had given an order. He peered at his niece. She was sitting on a stool with her chin propped in her hand and she did look serious. His Excellency was vaguely aware that she had made up her mind.

"Who the devil's Mr. Owen?" he demanded. "I don't think I've met him. Is he one of the Devonshire Owens?"

"Don't be silly, darling. He's a sailor."

"Really? Where did you discover him?"

"He's the second officer of the ship."

"Second officer?" His Excellency seemed stunned. "Of this ship?"

"Of course."

His Excellency's protruding eyes protruded a little more.

"Do you mean to tell me you've been flirting with a common seaman? A second officer? In the merchant service?"

"I haven't been flirting," she said indignantly. "I'm going to marry him. And he isn't a common sailor."

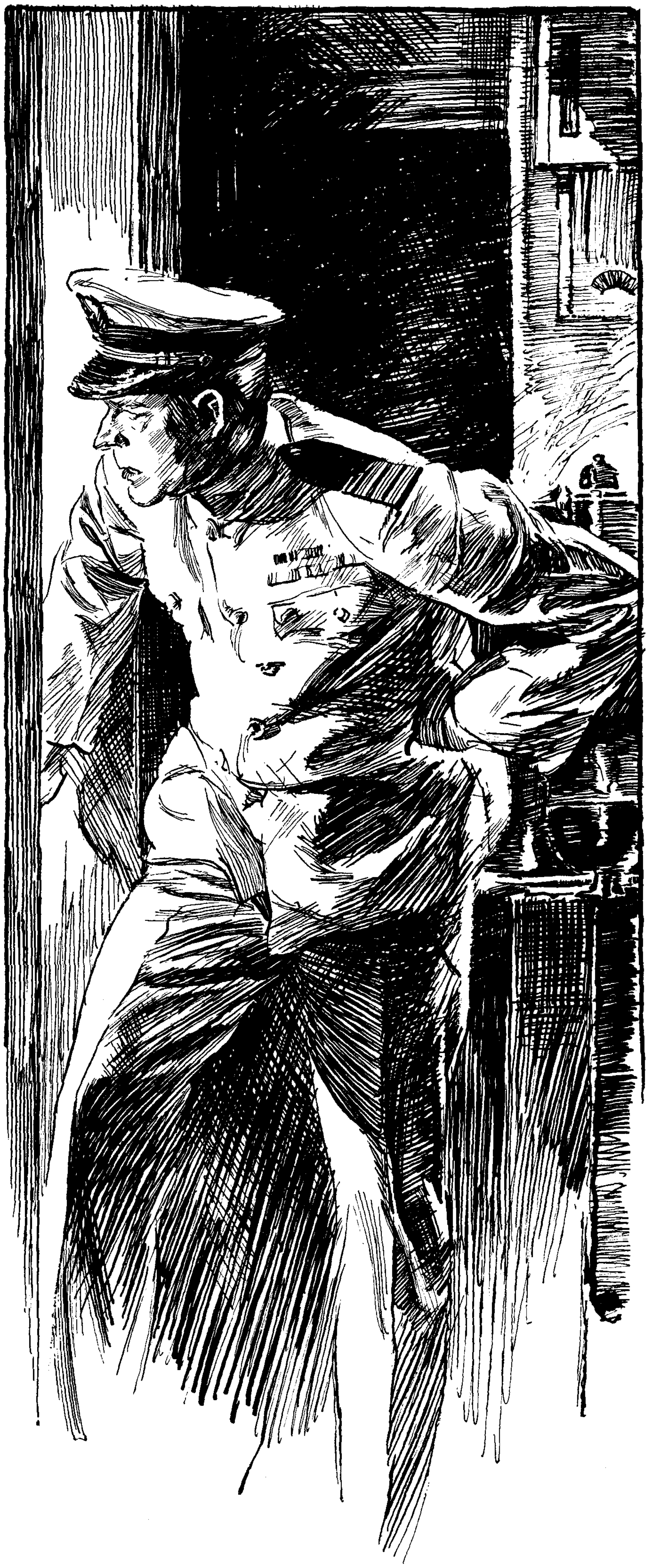
"Not a common sailor?"

"I told you once, silly. He's the second officer and he's adorable. I'm crazy about him."

His Excellency's red face went redder and he swelled.

"Nonsense!" he rasped in his best parade manner. "Utter nonsense! I don't object to you gallivanting around with presentable young men, but marriage. . . . Nonsense! You'd better stick to young Chalmers."

"I've already sent him a wireless," she announced calmly. "It's all over between us. I'm going to marry Tom. . . . Mr. Owen."



"So this is the way you keep your watch, sir! The ship six points off her course! A lady here!" Captain Marmon shuddered

"Second officer? God bless my soul! How will he keep you?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about, darling. You must find him something to do. Why be governor-general if you can't do that?"

His Excellency exploded once more.

"Rot! Utter rot! I forbid you to even speak to this young man again. . . . Common sailor indeed! He's probably a fortune hunter. Wants *me* to find him a job? Utter rot!"

"But *I've* already found him a job."

"Eh?"

"Why, yes. I've been talking to Timmins and among the appointments you have to make is one for a general supervisor of river steamers and government vessels or something. Anyway, it pays a thousand pounds a year, with quarters and other things. We can live nicely on that for a start. You see, Tom's a sailor and he holds a master's license and he knows all about boats."

"I refuse to listen to such an idea. Rot!"

"Then you won't help me?"

"No!" roared His Excellency. "I'll send Chalmers word to come and marry you before you get any more balmy ideas!"

His niece got up, determined.

"Very well, then! I'll marry Tom anyway!" And she slammed the door behind her.

His Excellency went purple, and his language lifted the very curtains that covered the ports. It was quite some time before he could go back to his novel.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last, when he was calmer. "I believe she means it. She was never that way with Chalmers!"

ON THE Broadmoor Abbey's bridge Mr. Owen was gloomily writing up the log. A fellow had to be reasonable, he brooded. Marriage was a business matter. You couldn't ask the niece of His Excellency to marry a second officer whose salary was twenty pounds a month and whose brightest prospects were those of a command in the distant future, and no very great income even with that. He sighed and shook his head. He'd do the decent thing. He'd give her up. Maybe he'd go away and bury himself in Australia, or go to America and take up rum-running. Anything to forget.

There was the sound of someone entering the chartroom and Mr. Owen thought it was one of the quartermasters.

"Get out!" he said irritably. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Why, Tom!" said a voice, and Mr. Owen dropped his pencil and gulped.

"Helen! You can't come here!"

"Why not? I want to see you."

Mr. Owen was filled with panic.

"It's two o'clock in the morning. You can't come on the bridge. No one can come on the bridge without the captain's permission. Do you want me to lose my berth?" She looked hurt.

"Aren't you glad to see me then? I've just had a horrible talk with Uncle."

Mr. Owen gulped again.

"You can't stay here. You *must* go, Helen!"

SHE put her arms around his neck and clung to him.

"Are you going to be mean too?" she demanded, her face buried on his shoulder. "Tom, dear . . ."

"Hush!" he said frantically. "You've got to go below. If they catch you up here I'm done. It's against the rules."

She shook her head petulantly.

"I don't care. I wanted to see you. I couldn't sleep. Tom, dear, we'll have to elope."

"Elope?" he said, petrified. "Elope at sea?"

"Uncle's perfectly furious. He'll never let us be married. He won't even let us be engaged. You've got to see him. I know he'll like you once he knows you. You've got to talk to him."

Mr. Owen for once in his life was at a loss. It was as much as his job was worth for him to be caught on watch with a lady. But that ceased to bother him for a while, because Helen Maine

(*Continued on page 42*)

No Girl Would

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The case of the man across the hall, who thought he knew women — and the girl across the hall, who thought she knew men

GEORGE read aloud: "'He waved goodby again and then again and wondered for a moment, leaning on the rail there, what his destination really was.'"

George put the last typewritten sheet aside and said, "Well, there you are. The end. I wrote a book."

Mary made her voice exclamatory: "Really finished! George, I'm so glad for you!" And she thought, "He ended it like that. He sails away and leaves her and it ends like that. You might have known it."

"I ought to dedicate it to you," George said. "To the girl across the hall. I hope it's good."

"It's fine," said Mary. "Fine." She'd have to keep on saying that: "Fine, fine." She'd have to keep her voice exclamatory.

"I guess you never know," George said, "about your first book, anyway. You give it all you've got, of course, and if you didn't think it was your best you wouldn't call it finished, but it scares you. Maybe all you've got is just not good enough. I think he's pretty sure to like the ending, though. The ending's good."

"Yes," Mary said. "The ending. It's—it's fine."

"I almost made the ending sappy," George said. "But I realized that this was different from short stories where you simply turn the moon on at the end."

"I've liked your stories," Mary said. "I—I like them that way, where you turn the moon on."

"But this is different," George said. "Don't you see? I had to keep this real and if I'd had Wallace fall in love with Marcia at the end it wouldn't ring true."

"I suppose not," Mary said.

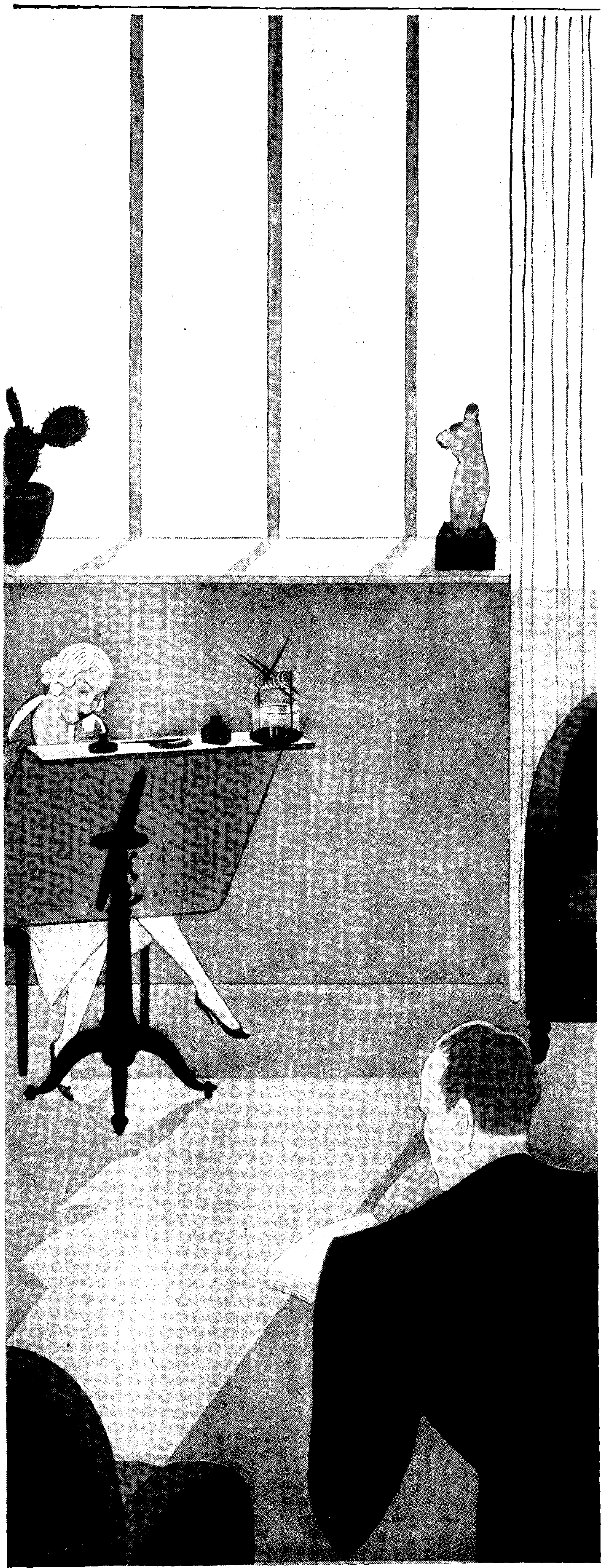
"LOOK," George said, "here's the way I doped it out: Take Wallace. At the end he finally has his play produced and it's a big success. He sees a future that he'd hardly dared to think about: he has this London offer for a marvelous production; he's absorbed in his career. He wouldn't take time out right then to fall in love. He'd be a sap."

"With his career and everything," said Mary. "Yes, I see that."

"I put myself in his place," George said, "and I doped it out. And so he waves goodby and sails for England and he wonders what his destination really is."

"I wondered too," said Mary, "when you read it."

"Well, there you are," George said. "That's what makes it such a swell last line. It has a kind of touch of pathos. Anyway, I meant it to."



George came in sunk and Mary knew before he told her what had happened

"Yes," Mary said, "I guess it has."

"It's real, too," George said. "You see, he's awfully happy but at the same time he knows a part of his life is over and he's leaving a lot of swell friends. So it makes him a little sad, too, and he wonders what the future holds for him."

"I wondered just a little, too, about the friends," said Mary. "On the pier there. Peter and the rest of them. And—Marcia."

"Yes, I guess you do," George said. "But after all, it's Wallace's story. He's the one who counts. Look here, you like the ending, don't you? Don't you?"

"Of course," said Mary. "It's fine."

"WELL, anyway, it's finished," George said. "I've wondered how I'd feel when it was finally finished. I thought I'd want to yell and break some furniture and drink a quart of gin and yell. And here I sit and talk about it just as calm as anything."

Mary said, "Don't light another cigarette. You've got one calmly burning my best table now."

"I'll know tomorrow," George said, "if I'm still sane. Lewis, the editor, has promised me he'll read the rest of it tonight. And if he buys it for a serial—"

"Of course he'll buy it," Mary said. "He liked the first installments."

"He said he did," George said. "But editors are—well—"

"Editors are human," Mary said.

"I guess so," George said. "There are arguments on both sides. Anyway, he's certainly a pal to read it right away. Good Lord, how long is it till tomorrow?"

"George, you're twitching," Mary said. "Don't writers ever grow up?"

"Only publicly," George said, "like everybody else. You'd twitch, too. Mary, if he buys it do you realize I'd be all set? Serial rights, royalties on the book, and if it sells they'd probably buy it for a picture. Maybe somebody would even make a play of it. Why, anything can happen with a book. Tomorrow I would be all set."

"Yes," Mary said, "all set, George."

"Listen, Mary," George said. "Do you know you've been a pal these last four months? Letting me read this stuff to you and criticizing and encouraging. It was a lucky break I took the studio across the hall. I'll buy you something pretty if I get good news tomorrow. Honestly, I don't dare think about the kind of future I might have if it's successful."

"The struggle part would be all over," Mary said, "this—this part of your life. Like Wallace in the book."

"Yes," George said. "This would be like it, in a way. I guess I must have been half-consciously thinking about that when I wrote the ending. I guess it's pretty much the same, except I haven't any sentimental ties with any Marcia."

"No," Mary said. "No sentimental ties."

"I guess what made the ending real," George said, "was having Wallace do what I'd do. Do you know, I've never been abroad?"

"And so you'll sail away," said Mary. "George, how wonderful! And will you wave goodby to all your swell friends on the pier?"

"You're about the swellest," George said. "Lord, if he buys it I could go next week! Next week! Why not?"

PRESENTLY George left to take his manuscript to Lewis, and Mary thought, "It had to end this way. You knew it when he read the ending of his book. You should have known it all along. This isn't just a story where they turn the moon on. It wouldn't have been real for—for George. He had to keep it real.

"It's pretty real, all right. You should have known it all along. You're just the girl across the hall to him. Not even that. You're just a person he could read things at. He's never even looked at you no matter how you tried; not really. He doesn't even know the color of your eyes, I'll bet, or care or anything. Your face might just as well be any darned old face a foot long and he wouldn't know the difference. Just a person he could use to read his book at and get to scramble eggs for him at nights and burn her tables and yell at when he got excited."

Mary thought, "It isn't fair to say it isn't fair. It's fair because it's just the way things are. He couldn't take time out to fall in love, with his career and everything. You should have known it all along. He's Wallace in the book and Wallace is the one who counts. It's Wallace's story, after all, and you're just Marcia and he'll buy you something pretty, pal. And next week he'll be gone with this part of his life all over. So it's over and you're just a sissy if you cry about it. You knew what was happening and how it had to end and now you're being just a sissy and you ought to see yourself."

And Mary thought: "I don't care if I am. I don't care if I am. I guess a girl can cry, dog-gone it."

BUT she couldn't, very thoroughly or very long. It's hard to keep on crying if there's no one there to try to make you stop, unless you've had a lot of practice and are just the type for it. And Mary wasn't, and a part of her kept standing off and pointing at her saying "Sissy," till it wasn't any fun and Mary thought: "Dog-gone it, I can't even cry"—and nearly cried. And so she dabbed her eyes and did her face and made a face at it and got her drawing board and got to work.

An hour later there was pounding on her door and it was George. So he was back and pounding on her door and wanting her to talk at and he thought that he could pound at any darned old hour of the day or night and that was all that she was for and she was pretty sick of it.

Right now he probably wanted her to go to dinner, but it wouldn't matter what she wore or what she looked like, just so she was there for him to use to talk at. He'd be excited and upset about his book and want to come back to the studio and talk for hours and he'd prowl around the room because that was the way he did and knock things over when he got excited and wouldn't even care or even look at her and she was just supposed to sit there wide-eyed thinking he was wonderful and she was pretty sick of it.

"Knock, darn you!" Mary thought. "I won't. It's over and I won't."

GEORGE knocked again at seven, and at eight, and Mary thought, "I won't," and made herself a cocktail and a cup of tea and finished up the fashion illustration she was working on. George knocked again at ten, and at eleven Mary heard him muttering about the hall outside and saying, "Where in blazes has she gone?" and Mary thought, "Yah!" and she made herself another cocktail and a poached egg and a cup of cocoa and then went to bed. A long time later Mary woke up with a start and it was George again and Mary was extremely gratified and went right back to sleep.

At nine next morning George was at the door again and Mary called out, "Yes? Who is it?" and pretended to be still in bed.

"Me," George called, "George."

"I'm still in bed," pretended Mary.

"Listen," George called, "I am going nuts. Today's the day. I have to meet him in his office at eleven and I didn't sleep a wink. I'm going nuts."

"I can't hear," Mary called to irritate him. "Where did you say you were going?"

"Nuts," George yelled. "Nuts, nuts, nuts, nuts! I'm going nuts! Get up and let me in."

THE man was obviously in a pitiful condition. "You'd twitch, too," thought Mary. "It's like waiting for some awful verdict, and you can't be mean."

"All right, in fifteen minutes," Mary called. "Have you had any coffee?"

George said, "I don't know. . . . Yes, make some coffee, will you?"

A little later Mary let him in and fed him and suggested, "Better have another egg, George."

"I'm too nervous. I can't eat," George said and took another egg. "I didn't sleep a wink. I dreamed he didn't buy the darn' thing. I feel just like I used to feel before a big game."

"You'll be all right when the whistle blows," said Mary.

"Where the dickens were you last night?" George said. "I pounded on your door half a dozen times. You might have known I wanted to be with you."

"Did you?" Mary asked.

"You're the only one who knows about this thing and what it means to me," George said. "I thought you'd stay home."

"I went to a party," Mary said, "a brawl. It's ten o'clock, George."

"About last night," George said: "I wondered if I'd said something or done something. I thought—"

"Why, not a single thing, George," Mary said. "I've kept track."

"I guess I simply thought you'd stay home," George said. "Listen, will you be here when I get back? Listen, Mary, do you really think he'll buy it? Lord, I'm scared! I think he'll like the ending, though!"

GEORGE said "Hello" and took the chair which Walter Lewis indicated and tried to look as if his pulse were normal.

Lewis said, "Be with you in a second," and made some notation on a piece of paper and George thought, "Here we are. Just hang on till the whistle blows."

Lewis looked up and said, "I thought I'd saved a spot last night so I could read your story, but—"

The phone buzzed on his desk and Lewis said, "Pardon me," and spoke into it and George thought, "He hasn't read it!" and the muscles of his face felt stiff and he remembered how long it had been since yesterday and that it would be twice as long until tomorrow. Then he heard Lewis saying, "Yes. No. I'm afraid not. No, I'm leaving on the midnight train for Washington tonight. I'll call you. Yes, about a week, I think," and George felt very odd around the waist and tried not to remember everything he'd had for breakfast.

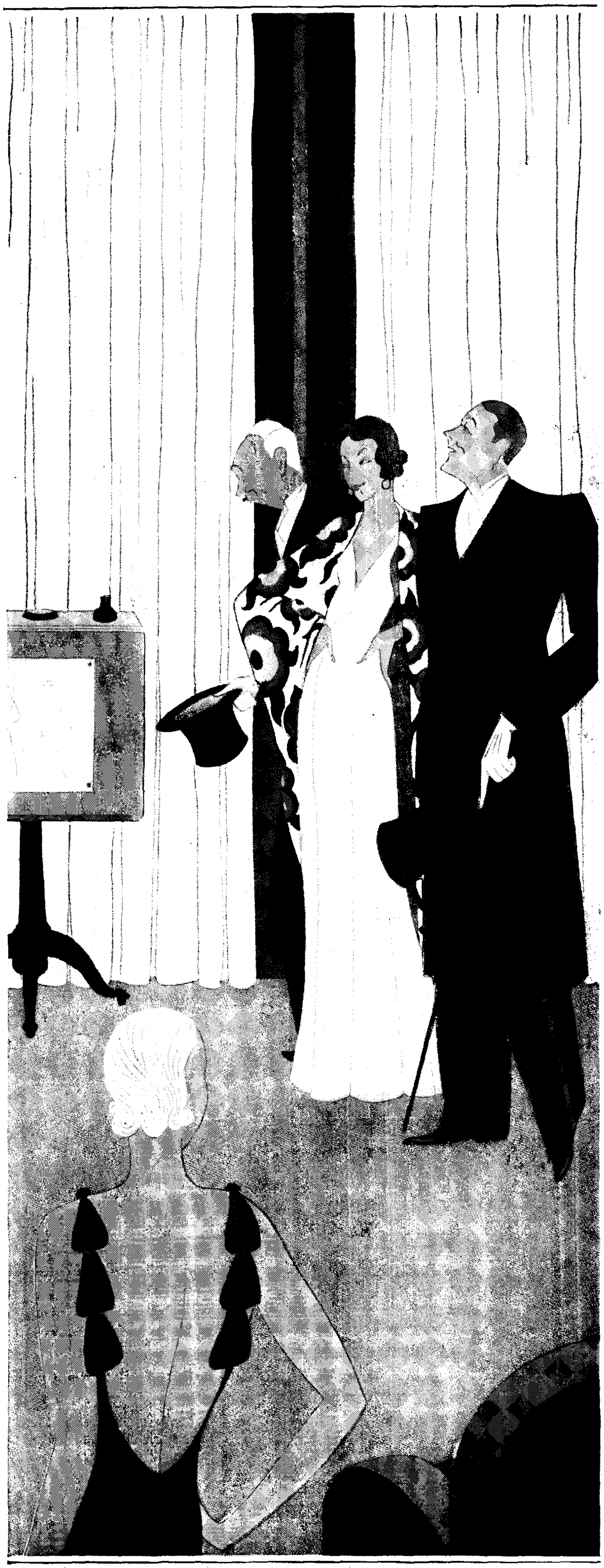
Lewis put down the phone and said, "I was saying that I'd meant to read your story last night but I had to stay in town and so I took time out and finished it this morning."

George grinned weakly and said "Swell" as well as he was able, and his circulation started up again.

"You've done a pretty good job, George," Lewis said. "I thought you had something when I read the first installments and I like the way you've kept your characters in order. I thought your theatrical producer was just a little too theatrical, perhaps, but—"

"Yes," George said, "I wondered about him. It might be better if he leered a few less leers."

(Continued on page 54)



George de Zayas

He heard Mary say, "He wasn't company. That was only George"

The New Capitalism

By John T. Flynn

Our economic system has broken down twenty-two times in seventy-five years. Will we have to throw it out the window eventually and try something new? Or will a few changes make it run more surely?

Some of our most thoughtful business men think that with a repair here and there we'll be off on an uninterrupted ride to Happy Days. Here's what they want to do

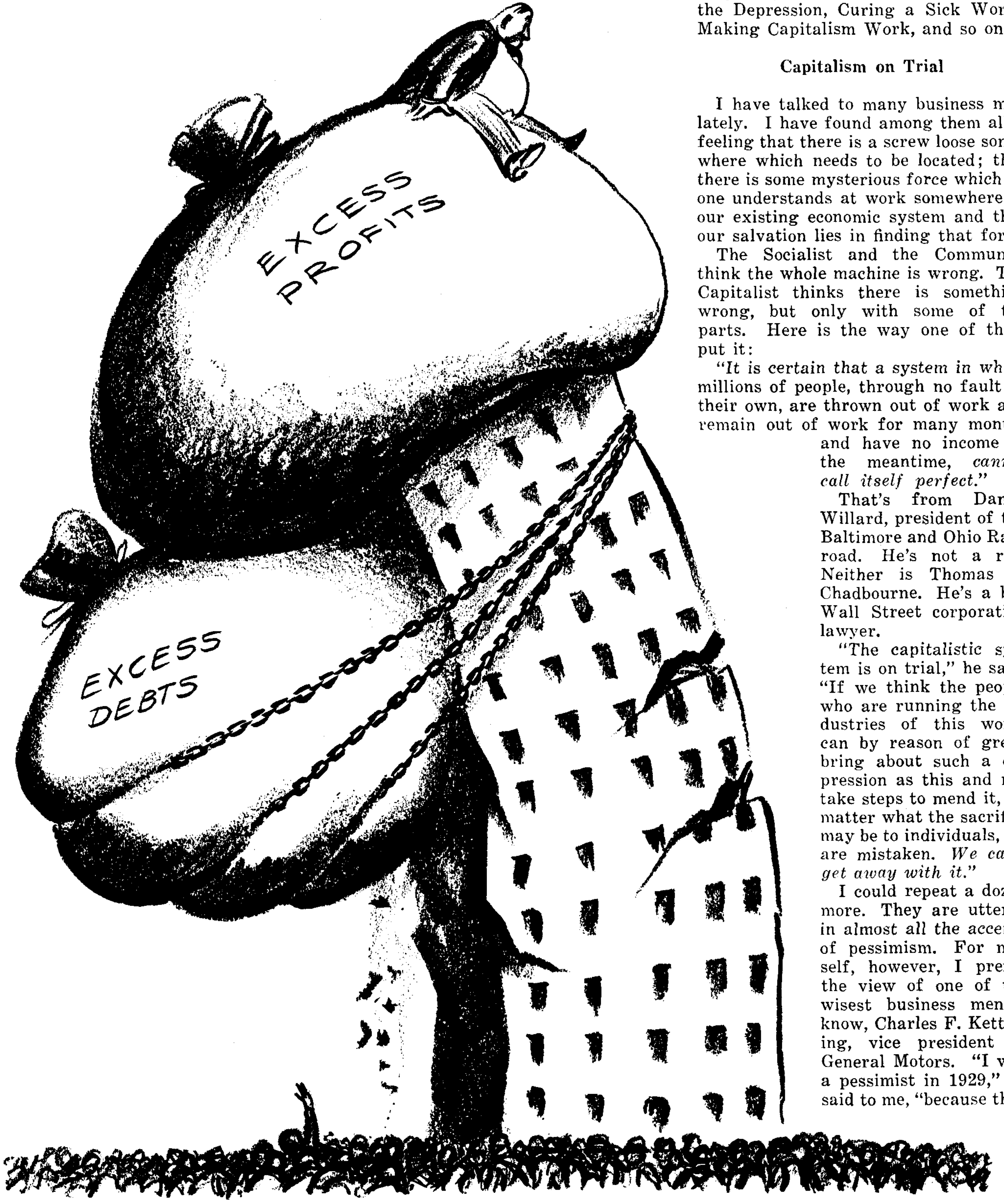
THE very latest thing now is The New Capitalism.

I am all for it, but I want to be sure that it is really new and not just the old car with a new coat of paint.

Three years ago, if you went into your favorite bookstore you found the shelves full of little volumes called Make Everybody Rich, Prosperity and Plenty, Common Stocks for the Average Man, The Road to Plenty. We understood our prosperity very thoroughly.

Then came the stock crash of October, 1929. Very simple, said everyone. We understood that, too. Too much speculation, said the merchant. Too much foreign lending, said the real estate man. Too much prohibition, said the brewer. Too much tariff, said the automobile maker. Too much riotous living, said the bishop. Too much talk in the Senate, said the banker. And so on—each man looking through the window of his own interests and choosing his favorite aversion as the scapegoat. And everybody was sure about it.

Now things are different. I visited the annual book exhibit at the National Arts Club recently. All the books about common stocks and the road to riches were gone. Instead I found a whole side of the room given over to countless volumes entitled Recovery, The Way Out, Socialized Capitalism, Out of the Depression, Curing a Sick World, Making Capitalism Work, and so on.



Incomes tied up in the vast debt necessary to large profits weaken the business structure

Capitalism on Trial

I have talked to many business men lately. I have found among them all a feeling that there is a screw loose somewhere which needs to be located; that there is some mysterious force which no one understands at work somewhere in our existing economic system and that our salvation lies in finding that force.

The Socialist and the Communist think the whole machine is wrong. The Capitalist thinks there is something wrong, but only with some of the parts. Here is the way one of them put it:

"*It is certain that a system in which* millions of people, through no fault of their own, are thrown out of work and remain out of work for many months and have no income in the meantime, *cannot call itself perfect.*"

That's from Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He's not a red. Neither is Thomas L. Chadbourne. He's a big Wall Street corporation lawyer.

"The capitalistic system is on trial," he said. "If we think the people who are running the industries of this world can by reason of greed bring about such a depression as this and not take steps to mend it, no matter what the sacrifice may be to individuals, we are mistaken. *We can't get away with it.*"

I could repeat a dozen more. They are uttered *in almost all the accents* of pessimism. For myself, however, I prefer the view of one of the wisest business men I know, Charles F. Kettering, vice president of General Motors. "I was a pessimist in 1929," he said to me, "because then we were blind. I am an optimist now because we have opened our eyes."

As a result of these views men are casting around for a plan to make capitalism serve society. Opportunity does not mean a franchise to grab. Individualism does not mean behaving like a predatory animal. Profit does not mean mountains of private gain. Private property does not mean the liberty to use it to the public harm. Altogether this means, as Mr. Albert G. Milbank—a director of a great New York bank—puts it, capitalism must be humanized, mutualized, socialized and stabilized. And all this, somehow, is getting to be referred to as The New Capitalism.

To bring about this New Capitalism, various plans are put forward. Here is one which comes from the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Let Mr. H. I. Harriman explain it for us. Mr. Harriman is a utility operator. He is a large-scale farmer. He is also president of the Chamber.

"The Chamber named a committee on Continuity of Business," he explained, "to study our whole economic structure. *It made an elaborate survey.* The following plan is the result of that survey:

"The chief trouble lies in the want of balance between production and consumption. This balance can be achieved only by some kind of regulation. This regulation ought to be supplied by business itself, rather than by the government.

"Competition runs wild. It results in overproduction. If the men in any given trade could get together to discuss and study their problems, regulate their production, this overproduction could be prevented.

"*We do not ask repeal of the Sherman* anti-trust law. We urge its amendment to permit the individuals in any given trade to unite to control production and other undisciplined factors in their business. But when they make such agreement they should be compelled to submit it to some government authority which can examine it and reject it if it violates the public interest.

Blazing the New Trail

"The Chamber favors establishing a National Economic Council. This should *be set up, not by the government, but* by representative groups in business on the initiative of the Chamber of Commerce. It will not plan or regulate or command. It will advise. It will be amply financed to study:

"1. Our productive and consumptive capacity.

"2. The proper level of wages.

"3. Foreign trade and its debt problems.

"4. Collection of essential statistics.

"5. All problems of agriculture, transportation, credit and other business subjects.

"*The Chamber thinks also that trade* bodies should be encouraged to set up their own Trade Economic Councils to perform similar functions for the trades and to provide for old-age pensions, unemployment reserves, regulation of production, prices, wages, and so forth."

This might be called the proposed charter of the Chamber of Commerce for the New Capitalism.

There are numerous other plans, like that of Gerard Swope and the General Electric Company, all more or less modifications of this one.

These represent one school. Another school wants a National Economic Council appointed by the government instead of by business. Different groups wish to endow this council with different types of authority. Some want a council which will just study economic problems and make public its findings, its cautions and its warnings. Others want a council which will make definite plans and issue definite orders to business to carry out such plans. A leader among these is Senator Robert La Follette, who has proposed a bill to create a National Economic Council of nine members to be appointed by the President and to be selected on the basis of their understanding of national economic problems, including an expert in each of the followings matters: industry, finance, transportation, labor relations, agriculture and scientific management.

This council, around which most proponents of national planning and control are rallied, would have the right to study economic problems, to formulate solutions, recommend legislation and take the lead in setting up councils or associations in various branches of business.

The Economists' Rallying Points

All of these groups seem to be united on certain points which are important. They agree:

1. That we are without a definite policy and that one should be established.
2. That there are problems in our economic life we do not understand and ought to study.
3. That some sort of regulation is essential—either by business or the government.
4. That there ought to be a National Economic Council named either by business or the government.

This summary would not be complete without the plan proposed by Sir Arthur Salter, the famous English economist, which has gathered a large number of adherents in this country. It is a plan both for recovery and reorganization. His plan is, briefly:

1. A German moratorium for five years and refixing reparations on a flexible schedule.
2. Debt reduction by currency inflation.
3. Reform of the American banking system.
4. Resumption of foreign lending.
5. An end of tariffs, save for revenue, for varying industries and for opposing dumping.
6. An international central bank.
7. A National Economic Council controlled by government and business and an effective trade organization.

Every reader, of course, is familiar with the recent rise of that weird compound of Communism, technology and words called Technocracy. Its swift spread in interest has one immense significance: it has revealed the tremendous interest in our economic problem and the intense apprehension of business leaders over radical suggestions.

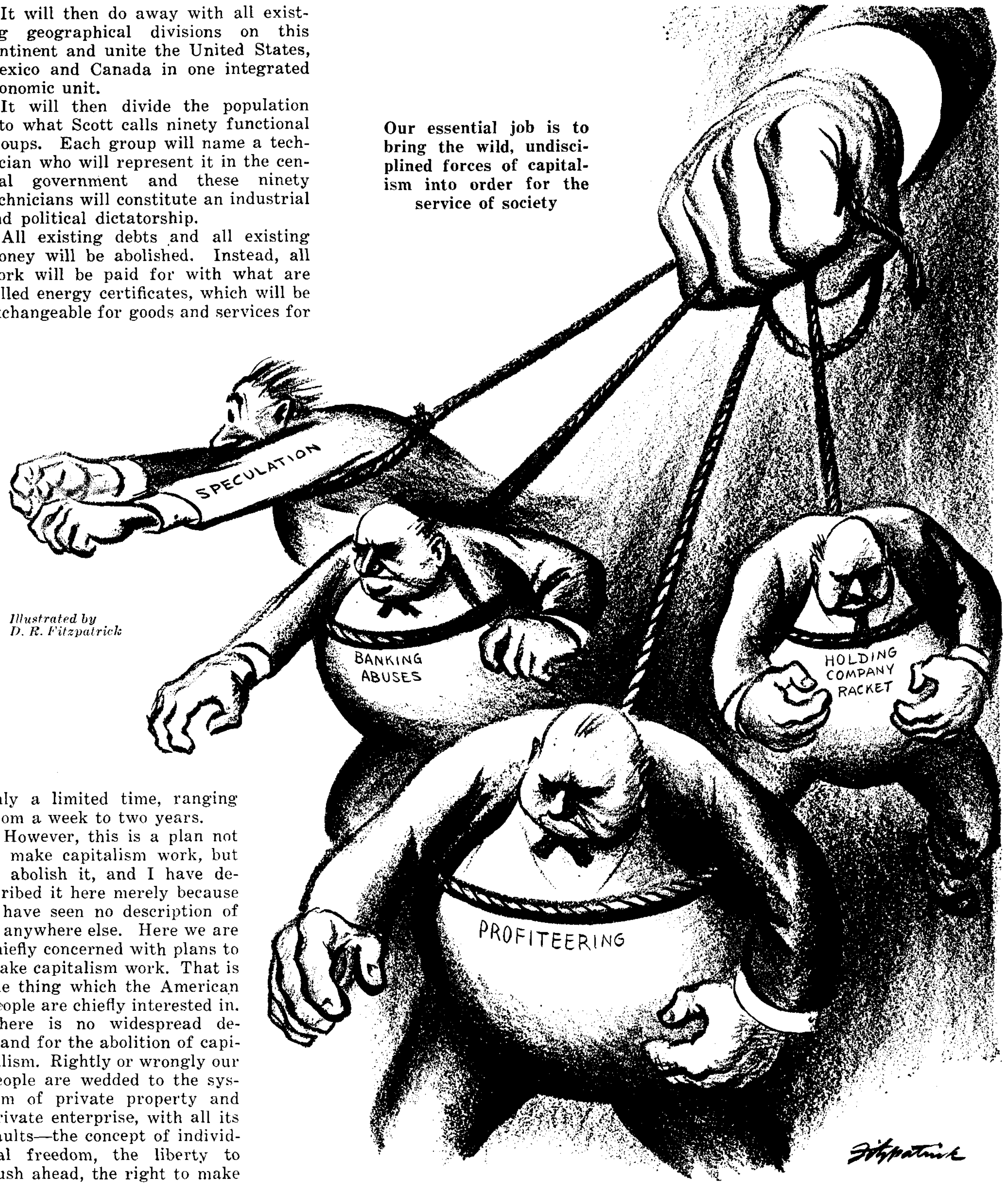
Since we are on the subject of Technocracy it might be interesting to say what it is, since I have not seen anywhere, in spite of the gallons of ink spent on the subject, any description of the cult. All that has been printed about it has been its diagnosis of the faults of capitalism—dislocations and unemployment because of the machine and the incubus of debt. But this is not Technocracy. Technocracy means the rule of the technologists; it is what Technocrats propose to set up in place of capitalism. Here it is as I heard it myself, before the current vogue arose, explained by its Messiah, Howard Scott, the now well-known Greenwich Village chemist:

It will abolish political government and establish a government by technicians.

It will then do away with all existing geographical divisions on this continent and unite the United States, Mexico and Canada in one integrated economic unit.

It will then divide the population into what Scott calls ninety functional groups. Each group will name a technician who will represent it in the central government and these ninety technicians will constitute an industrial and political dictatorship.

All existing debts and all existing money will be abolished. Instead, all work will be paid for with what are called energy certificates, which will be exchangeable for goods and services for only a limited time, ranging from a week to two years.



Our essential job is to bring the wild, undisciplined forces of capitalism into order for the service of society

Illustrated by D. R. Fitzpatrick

However, this is a plan not to make capitalism work, but to abolish it, and I have described it here merely because I have seen no description of it anywhere else. Here we are chiefly concerned with plans to make capitalism work. That is the thing which the American people are chiefly interested in. There is no widespread demand for the abolition of capitalism. Rightly or wrongly our people are wedded to the system of private property and private enterprise, with all its faults—the concept of individual freedom, the liberty to push ahead, the right to make mistakes or, fortune favoring, to reap large rewards. Can this system be made to work?

Certainly it breaks down with discouraging regularity—twenty-two times in seventy-five years, as the Chamber of Commerce admits, nine of these breaks being more or less violent. This is pretty bad. Does it break down because of certain accidental defects or because of basic flaws? Can these defects be cured? Up to now the mechanism which controls capitalism has been in the hands of certain parasitic interests. Can it be taken out of these hands and put into the hands of men who will operate it for the service of society? Certainly this ought to be tried. And of this we may be sure—a way must be found to do this or some other system will be given the chance.

Unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, farmers' allotment plans are not a cure. They are merely devices to correct maladjustments. The idea of the Chamber of Commerce — trade agreements to limit production—in my humble opinion, attacks the problem from the wrong end. The nation ought not to engage in any effort to limit production. What we ought to do, if we can, is to find some means by which all this magnificent abundance can be distributed. I see nowhere anyone seriously dealing with that problem.

Perhaps every man who has talked about this depression has gotten around sooner or later to one strange, bewildering spectacle—a nation with unlimited resources through three years sinking steadily into deeper distress. This is the Great Economic Paradox—the great jig-saw puzzle put together wrong and materializing into the wrong picture. Tantalus submerged in a pool of clear water, perishing with thirst, with the saving drops reaching almost to his lips.

The Symbol of a Crazy World

Last summer I stood in a dingy neighborhood of Chicago and listened to a deeply earnest young man on a soap box haranguing a crowd. He pointed to a huge food warehouse a block away. He said it was bursting with food. All around were people living in the direst poverty, many in actual hunger. "That," he cried, "is the true symbol of this crazy world." Vast stores of food; huge stocks of clothing; immense reservoirs of coal and oil. Millions in want of food; millions living in rags; millions perishing in the cold for lack of shelter. Why? It is indeed a tragic puzzle.

The young orator on the soap box thought the solution quite simple. There is the food! Here are the people hungering for it! Open the doors and let them in! But of course that would settle nothing. The warehouse would quickly be emptied. And who would fill it again? The food in that warehouse was produced under a definite economic system, the system of private ownership, competition and profit. It belonged to the man who furnished the capital to produce it. There is no way to get that food transported from the warehouse to the people who need it save by the mechanism of sale and purchase. In other words, it is this thing called purchasing power which alone can move goods from the group which produces them to the men and women who want them.

The problem of production we have solved. What we must solve now is the problem of distribution. And this, in the capitalistic system, means solving the problem of purchasing power.

Where does our purchasing power come from? From our incomes. The only thing we have with which we can buy things is our money income. When we buy on credit we spend our future

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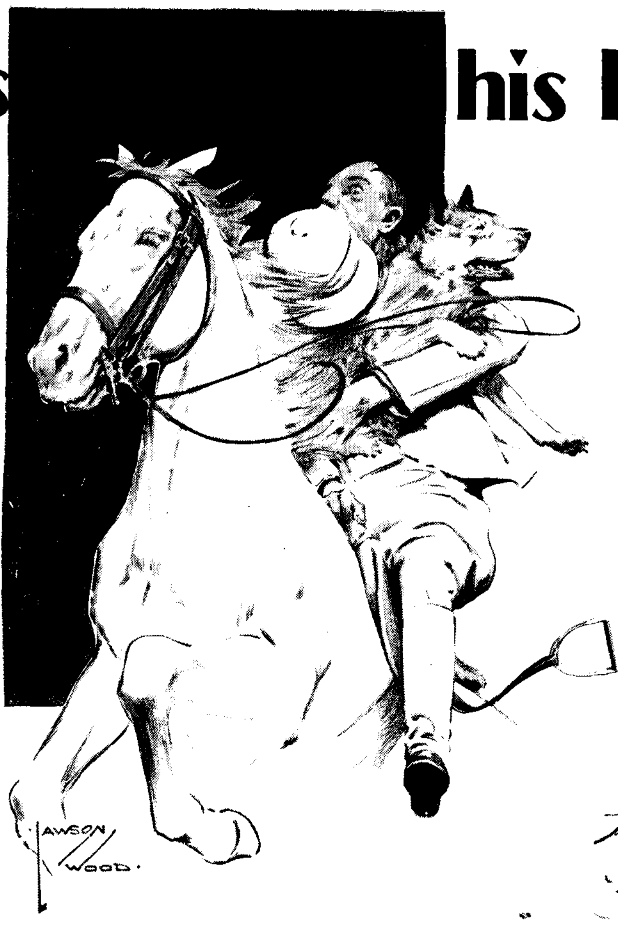
[redacted]se that was [redacted]his Head



We pounded into the outskirts of Luxor—a mad horse ridden by a mad sheep dog with a mad human being behind him

I HAVE to confess that when I first went out to Egypt as a young man I had never ridden a horse; but, while I was hanging about Cairo waiting for my plans to mature, I happened to mention to an English girl who was staying at my hotel that I was thinking of buying a horse and had seen a very nice one for sale at a well-known livery stable, whereupon she suggested that I go for a ride with her and put him through his paces.

She was such a typical hard-riding young woman from a hunting country that I was too ashamed to tell her I could not ride, and, as in a bad dream, I heard myself arranging that she should hire a mount from the same stable on the following afternoon, and that we should have a canter around Gezira—the part of Cairo where people used to take the air toward sunset and where the band played.

With knocking knees I tottered over to the stable next day at her side, and she gave it as her expert opinion that the horse I proposed to buy was indeed a bargain. "By gad, what loins!" she exclaimed, smacking her thigh with her crop as she cast her eyes over him; "and look at those withers!" I did not know what "withers" were, and looked in the wrong place; but it did not matter.

He was a smallish Arab stallion of beautiful proportions, with a white coat lightly peppered with brown, a long white mane and tail, a small head, and sensitive nostrils; and his name was Filfil, which is Arabic for "pepper" and had reference, I sincerely hoped, to his markings and not to his temperament.

He was led around the yard yawning and shaking the sleep out of his brains; and the job-master explained that he had been rather overworked and was not at his best, for which I was devoutly thankful, and I prayed that he would remain in a state of comparative coma as long as I was on his back.

He was awake enough, however, to give me a perfectly filthy look when I patted his superbly arched neck, and my heart sank as I saw him going round in circles while the groom adjusted his straps. "There's fetlock action for you!" said my friend, and I nodded knowingly.

I waited till she was mounted and was moving toward the gates with her back turned to me, and then, setting my chattering teeth, I scrambled somehow into the saddle; and, having observed how she held her reins, I was able to sort out my own and get the snaffle disentangled from the curb by the time she looked around. In the street outside I kept well behind her while we trotted—while I bumped, that is to say—so that she should not see my anguish, and I only came alongside when we had slowed down to a walk.

All went well till we reached the band stand, for Filfil was really tired, but there he began to dance to the music and to perform such intricate and acrobatic steps that at last I was shaken clean out of the saddle onto his neck, and went past the fashionable crowd with the seat of my breeches higher than any other part of me.

A Descendant of Pegasus

Fortunately, I was still behind my companion, and she never knew why everybody was rolling about with laughter, for a superhuman effort got me back into the saddle just before she looked over her shoulder to ask me if I knew what the devil was amusing them.

I bought Filfil a few days later, and it was only when he was being put into the train for Luxor that I began to realize what a lunatic he was. He kicked and reared and refused to go up the gangway until we were all tired out; but at last somebody thought of turning him around and pulling him *away* from the train, and at this he tugged at his bridle and gradually backed himself up into the box.

In Egyptian history there was a famous horse who, at the massacre of the Mamelukes in the Cairo citadel in 1811, leaped with his rider from the ramparts to the road thirty feet below; and I always had an idea that Filfil must have been descended from this celebrated steed, for he so often showed an inclination to test his evidently firm belief that he could fly.

Soon after he came to Luxor, I was riding him along the edge of an empty canal, the earthen sides of which sloped at a sharp angle down to the dry bed some fifteen feet below, when, for no apparent reason, he began to rear and waltz about and showed every sign of being about to humble me in the dust before the eyes of my native officials, who were following me upon their donkeys.

His tactless behavior exasperated me, and I whacked him with my crop, whereupon he swung around toward the canal and without the least warning leaped into space, landing on the soft earth three quarters of the way down and floundering to the bottom in a burst of earth and dust like an explosion.

The Egyptians at the top were astonished to see me not only alive but still astride my horse, and they were loud in their praises of my superb horsemanship; but actually, of course, I had left the saddle at the very beginning of the plunge, only Filfil was falling from under me and by some chance we had maintained our relationship to each other, so that when he hit the ground I hit the saddle again and found myself to my amazement once more in my place.

I was very proud of my accidental success, and rode gayly along the bed of the canal toward a sharp bend beyond which was an unseen stone bridge; and as I went around the corner I turned and waved nonchalantly to my staff. The next moment I was flattened against the stonework, while Filfil passed on alone under the low archway as I was swept to the ground over his tail. Fortunately, I caught him and somehow remounted him and got his tail hairs out of my mouth and from between my fingers while we were still concealed from view; and my new renown did not suffer any setback.

Signs of Lunacy

Filfil—bless his heart!—had a rather demented habit of bolting, or trying to do so, for no particular reason, unless it was in the hope of getting up enough speed to take off from the ground and

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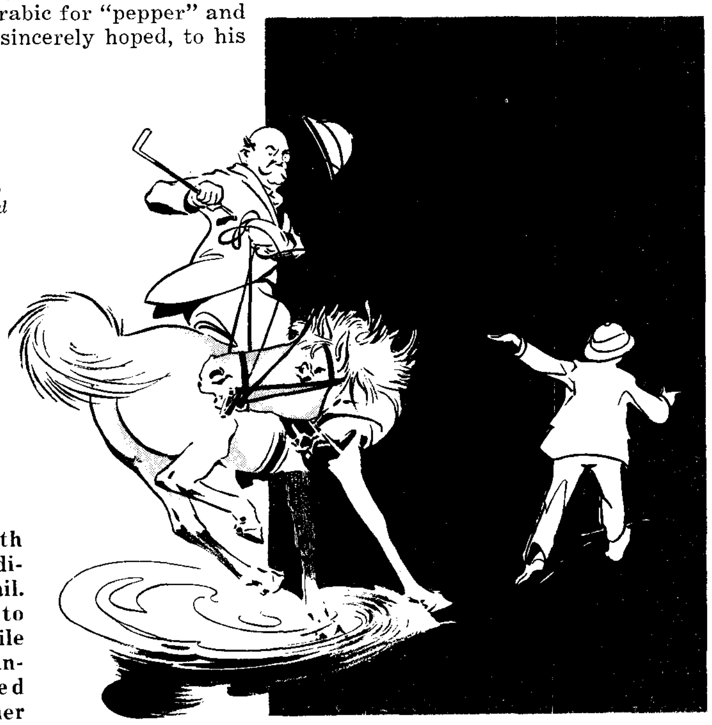
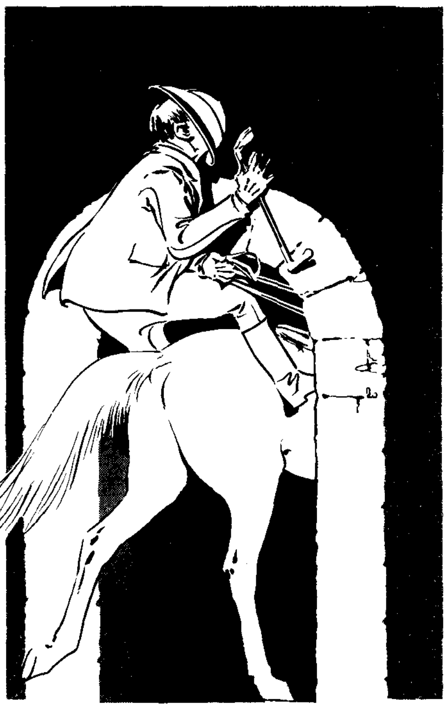
Illustrated by Lawson Wood



Filfil stared with horror in the direction of his tail. Then he began to revolve, and while he was still spinning I slipped around the corner



I waved nonchalantly to my staff. The next moment I was flattened against the stonework, while Filfil passed on alone under the low archway

Matinée Idol

By John B. Kennedy

After a long absence, the matinée idol is back with us. Francis Lederer, Czechoslovakia's gift to the stage-door jennies, is the current heart accelerator. But this is a brand-new he-man type of matinée idol—no flowing ties—no purple spats—and he would rather box or wrestle than emote

White Studios

Broadway's newest beau makes his American début in Autumn Crocus

Francis Lederer likes the adulation of the ladies because it's good box-office

White Studios

A professional pulse-speeder in action—Dorothy Gish seems to like it

HERE'S a revival unexpected and unique: The matinée idol is back. His name is Francis Lederer. He comes from Czechoslovakia and is fortunate, first, in having a name that can be pronounced; second, in having a name that's become famous.

When alert American managers heard that this bright-eyed, curly-haired young man was responsible for an epidemic of heart trouble all over Europe, they cabled him offers to appear as the star of a production in which he had captivated London—Autumn Crocus. They produced it. Critics said his acting was good, the play fair, and let it go at that. Then somebody (we suspect a smart press agent) went into a one-man huddle.

Soon a strange sight was seen. Girls were invading a stage-door alley to get a glimpse of Mr. Lederer. Bouquets of flowers were handed up to Mr. Lederer. It was all neatly timed in the first days of a play—a period when its fate hangs in the balance. Newspaper men went themselves one day to see this strange phenomenon. Had they gone the next day the phenomenon might not have seemed so strange. It's more than suspected that the same girls waited in the same alley and presented the same bouquets.

Then the phenomenon became spontaneous. More and more young, middle-aged and elderly ladies thronged that theater. Conversation spread. Mr. Lederer became Broadway's new beau—a quiet, attractive, modest beau whose stage career had its beginnings in the quiet, attractive but not always modest city of Prague.

Time: Eighteen years later.

Scene: The Czech village of Kostelec-Nad-Labem; a conscript corporal of artillery pulls the firing-string of a field-piece. A shattering report, and in a distant field a group of cows enjoying their daily siesta are startled into a stampede. Their angry owners protest to a fierce-whiskered captain commanding the battery. He hails the corporal before him.

The captain's explosive utterance is freely translated: "You're a sap," he said. "You'll be better off, so will the army, when you go back to spear-carrying in Prague."

This slip at target practice gave cows a scare. It gave the lad who made the slip a clue. He was Francis Lederer, the new transatlantic matinée idol. Despite the captain's charge, Francis was a clever young man.

Officers in the Czech artillery keep an eye on their subordinates to select promising conscripts for promotion to the regular army. Among several things that Corporal Lederer did not want, including a uniform two sizes too large, was promotion to the regular army. He was patriotic, because it would have been a simple matter for him to have emigrated to England before his call to the colors. His father was a leather merchant in Prague who, under the law, could have gained automatic exemption for his son by sending him as a commercial apprentice to foreign countries.

Lederer's patriotism was lively enough, but his loyalty to the theater consumed him. He wanted to get back to Prague and its theaters, where he had tasted the joys of applause in minor parts.

The Corporal Steals the Show

In subsequent artillery target practice he made more errant shots. When his two years ended, his captain failed to recommend him for a promotion which he would have been morally obliged to accept. He was mustered out, and the farmers in the vicinity of Kostelec-Nad-Labem, near the banks of the Blue Danube, were relieved in mind. Their kine now chew the cud in peace.

Two years' army training was not wasted on Lederer. It straightened his body and gave him a habit of physical discipline. It also brought him realization of an appeal to women that later became a stock in trade, shrewdly exploited by press agents to build him up into a box-office draw.

At a village fête, Corporal Lederer staged a one-act play in a parish hall. The belles of Kostelec-Nad-Labem were there in frocks and aprons. The artillery staff was there with whiskers curled and roving eyes. At the end of the performance an outdoor dance was held with the moon and hills and tinkling streams as authentic scenery. The officers strolled around, fingering their mustaches, inspecting the belles to discover whom they'd favor. The belles had a different idea—the collective idea of favoring Corporal Lederer. He had more dances that night than the rest of the entire company.

He has that something the ladies like—a virile poetry of personality, a blend of dreamer and doer to which the female of the species is naturally attracted. In his late 'teens, before reporting for military duty, Francis—whom nobody ever calls Frank—was smart enough to realize that selling cloth was no life work for him. His father had installed him with a cloth factor in Prague; but handling bolts of calico and serge and tweed was dull routine. He got himself a job as an extra with a local stock company to fill his evenings. He was one of a score of boys and girls who were merry villagers one night and scheming courtiers the next. Most of the plays were in German or Hungarian. This impelled him to learn these languages, especially as he became quickly aware that a good knowledge of German was necessary to anybody aspiring to a rôle in the Bourg Theater at Vienna, goal of all young provincial Thespians.

To the play director at Prague, Lederer was just one of a series of pawns till the young man hit upon a technique for gaining notice. A celebrated German comedian—Charlie Eisenbach—went down from Berlin to Prague as guest star. They met him with two bands and a parade. But in the theater Eisenbach found fault with the work of the extras, who were in awe of the great man. His criticism increased the nervousness of all but one—Lederer. That

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Brunette Preferred

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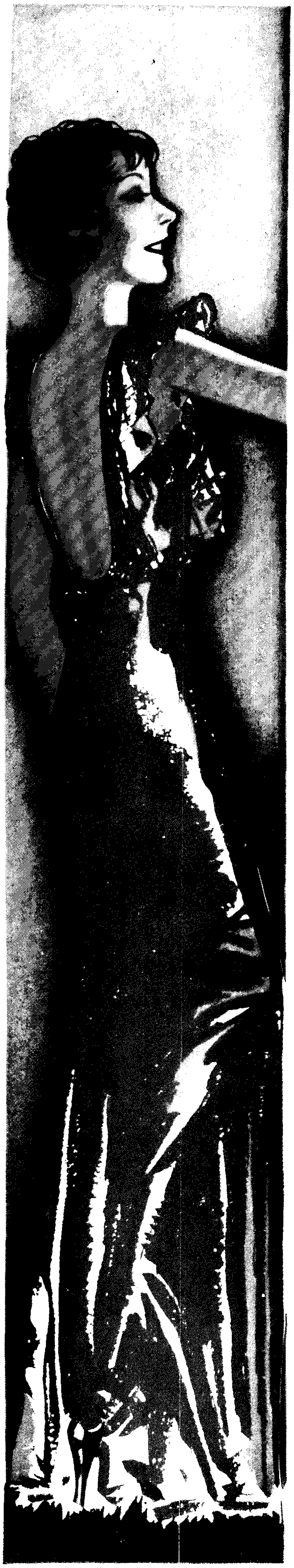
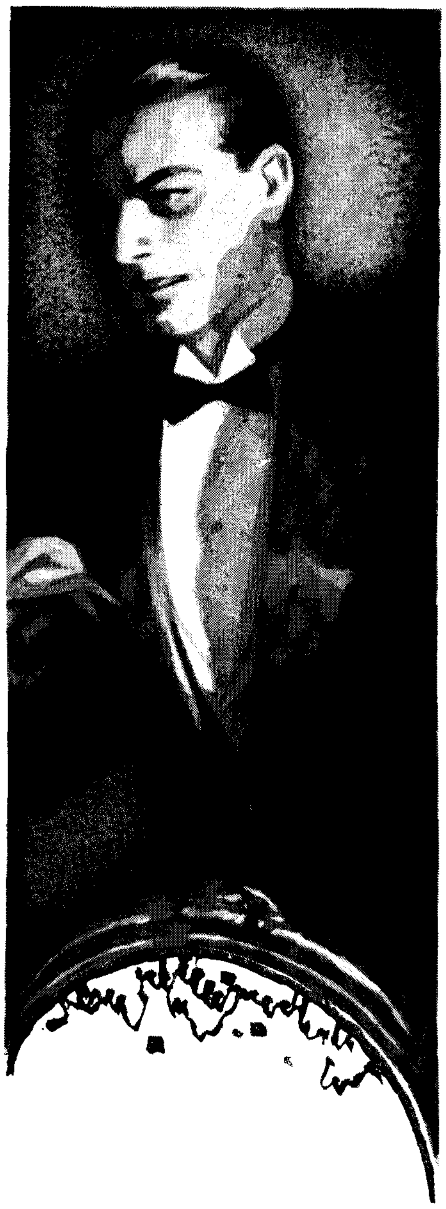
By David Gregg



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

"Hello, John," she said, and held out her hand. Johnny, completely mystified, took it



JOHNNY CARR drove into Philadelphia, one evening, for a dinner-dance. There he met a stranger and was hard hit as any normal young man might have been. She was tall and slender but full of perfect curves; her hair was golden, her neck a stately column, her shoulders white as snow, her hazel eyes large and clear, her mouth not too small, her smile adorable, her voice bewitching. Some disinterested observer, seeing and hearing what Johnny saw and heard, might have questioned the perfection Johnny saw. He might have wondered whether the lady was not a bit spoiled, whether those hazel eyes did not gleam with a bit of selfishness, whether those lips would not quite often pout.

Apparently the young woman fancied Johnny quite as much as he fancied her. He danced with her again and again. Along toward the very end, Johnny drew her out on a balcony, twenty stories above a sleeping city.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered, her golden head against his shoulder.

"Yes, but that's not important," Johnny said. "Who are you? Once isn't enough. Can't I see you again?"

"I live in Baltimore—that's not far."

"Can I see you there?"

"Of course, if you'd like to."

Johnny would, very much, and it was quickly arranged that he should go to Baltimore the next Friday but one, and dine at Miss Cecily Anderson's house. Then, having written her address on a scrap of paper and stuck it in his waistcoat pocket, Johnny kissed her. . . .

On the next Friday but one Johnny drove to Baltimore and went to a hotel to dress. In the meantime the maid who took care of Johnny's room had sent Johnny's white waistcoat to the wash and with it the slip of paper on which he had written Cecily Anderson's address. Johnny was very sure that he remembered it: it was 2234 X Street; he was sure of the 22 and sure of the rest except that it might be 43. Finding the Anderson house would be easy.

AT THE hotel he looked up the Andersons in the telephone book but there was no Anderson whatsoever listed on X Street. So he taxied out to 2234 X Street, which was a house closed and boarded up; 2243 X Street was nonexistent. It was ten minutes before seven. It might be 2324 and Johnny found the number. A colored butler greeted him.

"Miss Anderson," Johnny said, with no trace of question in his voice.

"Yes, sir; come right in, sir."

"Mr. Carr," Johnny said.

"Yes, sir. She'll be down in just a minute," the butler said, and showed Johnny into a large room where a fine-looking old lady was sitting. She looked up and smiled at Johnny.

"How do you do?" she said. "You've come to dinner, haven't you? That's very nice. My granddaughter will be down in a moment; she just came in from the country. You must forgive me: I don't remember faces as well as I once did. Have I seen you before?"

"No, I'm afraid you haven't. My name is John Carr. I—"

At that moment a man and a woman came into the room. The old lady introduced Johnny to her daughter, Mrs. Moore, and her husband.

"Where's Mopsy?" Mrs. Moore asked.

"Dressing. She's been riding."

"Let's not wait for her. We've got to be at the Greens' at eight."

The old lady rose and led the way to the dining-room. Johnny, seated, chanced to look into the next room. There, hidden from all but Johnny, stood a girl, substantial in stature, black-haired—obviously a young woman of great merit. As Johnny's eyes met hers she placed a finger on her lips and, smiling, came into the dining-room.

"HELLO, John," she said, and held out her hand. Johnny, completely mystified, took it.

"How's Ellen?" the girl asked. Ellen was his sister.

"Very well and very happy," Johnny said. "She's the mother of a perfect son."

"It broke my heart not to be at her wedding," the girl said, "but I simply *had* to go to Paris!"

And so it went until dinner was over. The Moores departed, the old lady went upstairs and Johnny and "Mopsy" to a room across the hall. The girl sank into a chair; she was amused.

"What's your name?" Johnny began.

"Margaret Allison."

"Allison, Anderson, Anderson, Allison," Johnny muttered. "I asked for Miss Anderson and was told to come in and here I am, with Miss Allison."

"And where is Miss Anderson?" she asked.

"Heaven only knows. She lives on X Street somewhere. I thought I knew the number. You're a brick not to have given me away."

"Thomas came up and told me a Mr. Carr was downstairs, and had he come to dinner? I took a chance and said yes, and went down to find out what it was all about and there you were. The question is what happens next?"

"It's too late to do much about it tonight," Johnny said.

"Oh, no, it isn't. Is her name Cecily?"

Johnny nodded.

"The number is 2432," she said. "Her mother was divorced. The name is Ogden. You know what you should do."

"I ought to go over to Number 2432 X Street and tell the truth and a swell chance I'd have of being believed. What I should have done was to get out of here and over there when you came into the dining-room, but I didn't and now I'm in a nice mess and somehow I seem to like it. Let's go around and call."

"I should say not."

"I was afraid you wouldn't. How about telephoning?"

Miss Allison shrugged her shoulders. "There's the telephone and the book," she said, pointing to them. Johnny looked up the number, gave it to the operator, and drew a long breath. Miss Anderson was out and would not be in until late.

"And that is that," said Johnny. "It looks as though my luck from now on were—were—were—up to you." A broad smile came on Johnny's lips, a new light shone in his eyes. The girl knew something had happened. "What are you doing tomorrow, Old Square Face?"

"At last I'm remembered," she sighed a tremendous sigh. "But it took an awfully long time."

SHE was remembered right enough. She was the girl he had teased years before, in his father's house, one spring vacation when he was a senior at Yale and she a fifteen-year-old kid who stood out from the rest of his sister's friends because she was a little stockier, a little more wholesome, a bit finer looking and a bit merrier. Her real name had not been important during that week.

"Old Square Face," he said, "you haven't a thing to do all day tomorrow or tomorrow night or Sunday or Sunday night but just play with me—"

"Is that so! Did you have an engagement with Miss Anderson for tomorrow?"

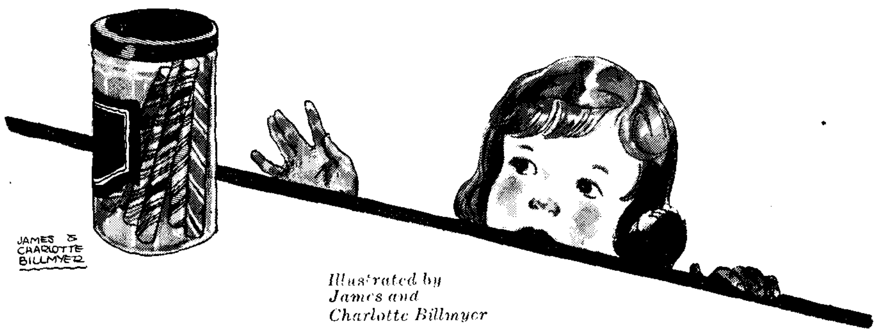
"I did not. Not a word was said about Saturday or Sunday. There's no use arguing about it; when Providence starts helping me, you have got to help Providence."

Margaret smiled. "A stranger in a strange land, with a lot of impossible explaining to do. You poor thing." She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well, your blond lady is no friend of mine"—she raised her eyes skyward—"but I *would* like to be listening when you do your explaining."

Eat it Any Time

There's a new diet fad going the rounds: starch and protein may not be eaten together. All right if you want the bother, but Dr. Wadsworth points out the fallacy, and gives a few simple diet rules

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.



Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer

"ONE minute before you go," said Mrs. Blank. "I want to ask you about something. Jim," she added, turning to her husband, who was smoking by the fire, "you run along like an angel and let me talk to Dr. Wadsworth."

"Oh, no, you don't," said Jim. "I know what you're going to talk about, and I want to hear what she has to say. If she truckles to that nonsense, I'm off her for life."

"You can't scare me," I said. "I'll say what I think if it means you keep me out of the house forever."

"All right," said Mrs. Blank to her husband, "but don't keep interrupting."

She then went on to ask my opinion of the latest food fashion, or diet fad, or whatever you choose to call it. It is a system of diet which has spread over the country like wildfire. For months I haven't talked to a patient who hasn't heard something about it and hasn't more or less of a yen to try it, whether for susceptibility to colds or for gout or anemia. It consists, briefly, of a banning of either starch or protein foods at any one meal. In other words, starch and protein are not eaten together. The old habit of meat and potatoes, or bread and meat, is taboo. The theory behind it, which all its advocates have at the tips of their tongues, is that our poor insides should not be asked to do too much work at one time. If we ask them to digest starch, it is cruelty to ask them to digest protein too.

The low-down about this diet, from the physiologist's point of view, is that the theory of it is nonsense. From the housekeeper's point of view, it is a big nuisance. From the doctor's point of view it can do no harm, if anybody wants to take the trouble it entails, and it may do some good; but let us not, for honesty's sake, kid ourselves about why it is beneficial.

Of course we don't have to go into the realm of physiology to convince ourselves that the theory behind this diet is not sound. All we have to do is to look at the dietary history of the human race and see generation after generation subsisting and thriving on any old combination of foods that suited their fancy or the convenience of the household, to know that if our digestive organs could do only one thing at a time the race would have died out long ago. Nor does it seem plausible that some individuals are so different from the rest of us that their organs can do only one sort of digesting at a time.

The physiology of it is, very simply, this: Digesting is done by enzymes, or splitting substances which are found in the digestive juices. There are enzymes for each kind of food—fat, protein and carbohydrates. And the body produces them, not one at a time, but all together and all mixed up. With a sort of superhuman intelligence they sort themselves out and seize upon the food they can handle.

What Nature Intended

If we chew our food properly and mix it with the saliva, it has already received some starch-splitting enzymes before it reaches the stomach. In the stomach the protein splitter is added, and in the small intestine enzymes for all kinds of foods are poured in in abundance from the liver, the pancreas and the small intestine itself. Our danger is much more that we will not keep all of these enzymes busy than that we will overwork too many of them.

So far as we can see, from the attributes and behavior of our digestive organs, Nature meant us to live on a mixed diet, with no restrictions or limitations as to the kind of food eaten at any one time. Nature undoubtedly was influenced by the conditions of food-getting under which man had to live. Any kind of food, at any time when it could be found, was the primitive way of eating. And any natural food is a mixed food, made up of protein, starch or sugar and sometimes fat. Meat, believe it or not, contains carbohydrate in the form of sugar. Most vegetables contain some protein, and even such an apparently pure sugar as honey contains protein. It was not for nothing that man developed as an omnivorous animal, with some of the teeth of a gnawing animal, some of the teeth of a flesh-eating animal and some of the grinding teeth of the herbivorous. His ability to make use of any kind of food he happened upon gave him an adaptability superior to most other animals, and this ability is not merely a matter of the teeth. His digestive juices play a large part in it.

The one great advantage in our new ideas of diet, and by new I mean those we have been gradually developing in the past two generations, has been their emphasis on the use of a mixed diet, with plenty of foods in their natural state, neither milled nor refined nor cooked. Fortunately this newest of the diet fads does not fundamentally interfere with the real gain which we have made over the old system of meat and potatoes for breakfast, meat and potatoes for dinner and meat and potatoes for supper. This is because, while it makes restrictions in the mixed diet for any one meal, it provides for a good mixed diet in the twenty-four hours. And this brings us to the reason why this fad has had beneficial results, in spite of the unsound theory behind it.

What happens, for instance, if you won't eat starches with your meat meal? You can't eat meat alone with any real pleasure. So you add vegetables in variety, and fresh fruits and salads. And if you can't eat protein with the other two meals of the day, you are bound to put variety in your carbohydrates in order not to be bored. So you are apt to have stewed or raw fruits with your cereals or toast or potato, and more salads or more vegetables. And what, incidentally, is the result? You are getting more variety, more vitamins, more bulk than you ever thought you had time for before. And the result is, naturally, beneficial, no matter what ails you. Which is the reason why enthusiasts for this new diet claim that it has cured everything from colds to anemia. We have long known that many people are susceptible to infections because of faulty diet. We have long known that most of us do not get enough vegetables and fruits and raw foods. So there you are. Nothing new, after all, except the trouble and the explanation.

It's Hard to Be Consistent

My patient, Mrs. Blank, said, when I had expounded most of the above to the huzzahs of her husband, "Well, then you have no objection to my trying it?"

"I haven't, if you haven't," I said. "If you want your turkey without the stuffing and the cranberry sauce, your beefsteak without the French fried potatoes and your apple pie without the cheese—go ahead. I wouldn't have the courage, myself. And for goodness' sake be consistent. Don't eat mixed foods at all. You know milk has sugar in it. You must get protein milk, with the sugar extracted. And even white flour has protein in it. That cuts out bread and wheat products."

She looked at me scornfully. "Don't be absurd," she said.

"All right," I said. "I won't be if you won't be."

The next day I sent her a copy of the

(Continued on page 49)

It's always a mistake to become prejudiced against staple foods

Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

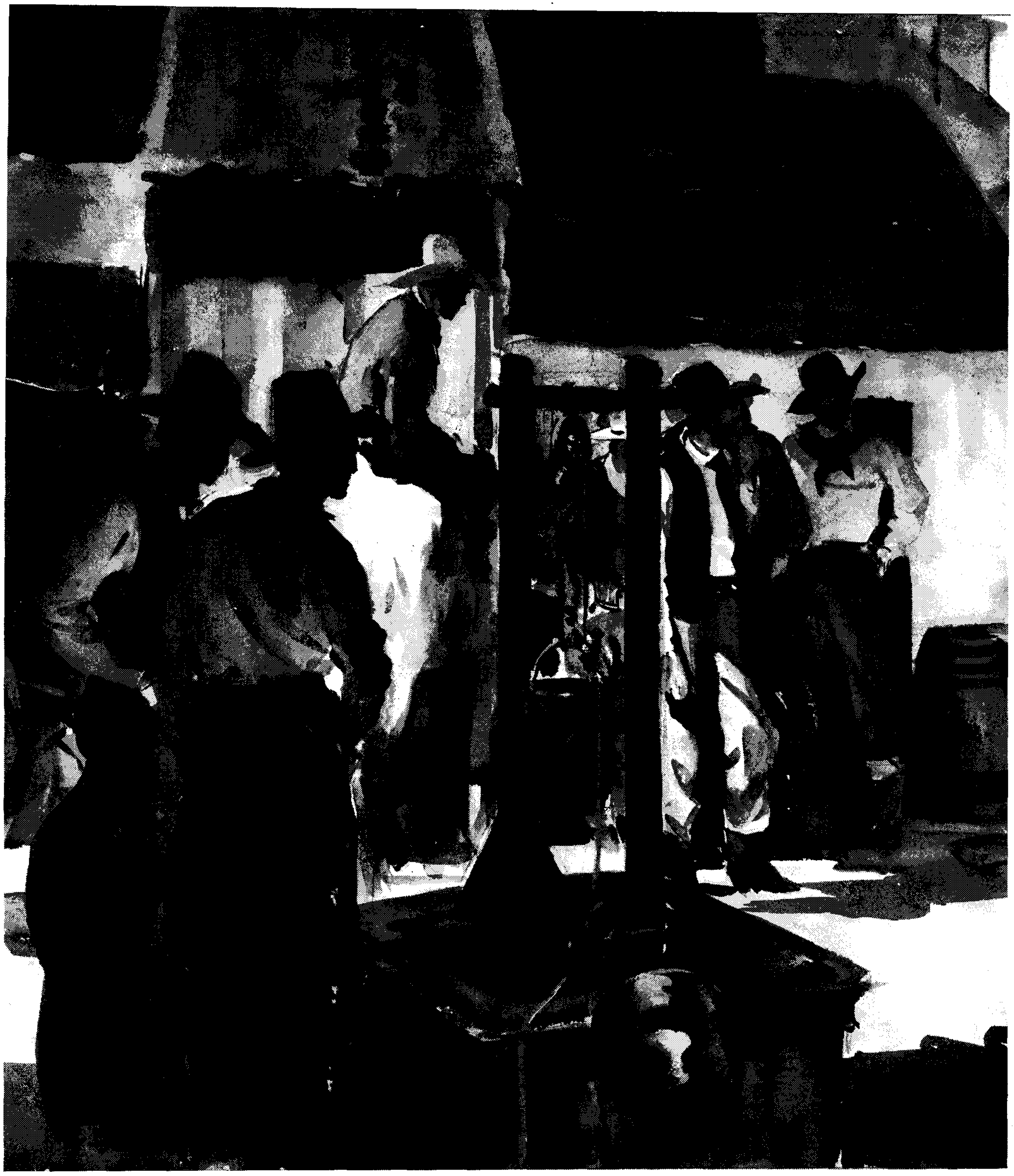
The Story Thus Far:

A MYSTERIOUS murder has been committed on "Horse" Dunn's 94 ranch. The victim's horse—but not his body—has been found. And no one can identify the horse!

With Dunn, who years ago had befriended him, Billy Wheeler, a young cattleman, rides to the scene of the crime—Chuck Box Wash, on Short Creek. There, awaiting them, are Sheriff Walt Amos; Link Bender (who hates Dunn); "the Kid," Link's son; and Cayuse Cayetano, a noted Indian tracker. Link and Dunn exchange words—and both the Benders draw. Wheeler, using his quirt, snaps the Kid's gun out of his hand. Dunn shoots Link through the arm.

Amos, obviously hostile to Dunn, makes no arrest. But rumor soon has it that the dead man is one Dunn had sworn to "get"—that an arrest will be made within three days. . . . Wheeler is now confronted with a trying situation: He must stay at the ranch—Dunn needs him. But in so staying he must endure constant torture—must daily see Marian Dunn, Horse's charming niece, whom he loves but who, he is well aware, does not love him. The situation confronting Dunn is also trying. Powerful of body, strong of spirit, he is no longer young. The ranch (which, as he confides in Wheeler, is actually owned by Marian) is on the verge of bankruptcy. To save it, he has sold his outfit in Arizona; Bob Flagg, his partner, is now on the way with the proceeds: about a hundred thousand dollars. But one false step—a killing which Dunn's enemies might blame on him, for example—would be fatal. He must clear up the mystery, exonerate himself.

Surrounded by enemies—the Benders, Pinto Halliday, Sam Caldwell and many others—the old man foresees trouble. He asks Wheeler to stand by him, fight with him. Wheeler promises to do so, understanding Marian's strong aversion to violence, knowing he is sure to lose any slight chance he may still have to win her love. . . . With Marian, Wheeler rides to the scene of the tragedy. The Kid, now a deputy sheriff, is there. He insults Wheeler, draws his gun. Wheeler promptly rides him down, knocks both horse and rider to the ground. The horse rises. The Kid lies where he has fallen.



There was something in the old man that could break men down. The sheriff

III

VAL DOUGLAS, wagon boss for the 94, leaned against the red rock fireplace of the main room of the ranch-house, and looked at Billy Wheeler without admiration. "Now you've done it," he said; "oh, you've done it now, all right!"

Billy Wheeler sat down, stretched his long legs in front of him and fixed his gray gaze upon Douglas without expression. Val Douglas was tall and lean, blue-eyed, but black of brows and hair; he was a crack rider, a crack roper, a good man on any cow range. Ordinarily Billy Wheeler would have got along well with such a man—and he understood now why Val Douglas disliked him. Already Wheeler had noticed that it was hard for Douglas to keep his eyes from following Marian Dunn whenever she was in view. And it was Val Douglas who most often saddled Marian's horse, rode with her on the desert trails.

"I won't ask you what you'd have done in my place," Wheeler said, "because I don't give a hoot. But I'll say this—if you had done much differently it would be because you're a worse fool than I thought."

It was many hours now since Billy Wheeler had upset Kid Bender's horse, pinning that newly made deputy sheriff under the saddle; the long, peculiarly lucid twilight of the Red Hills country now lay cool and lingering upon the range. But report of the clash with Kid Bender had been delayed by Horse Dunn's absence.

Horse Dunn and his wagon boss had now heard the story of the order Kid Bender had given Wheeler, and Wheeler's refusal; and of how the Kid had tried to trick Wheeler into glancing away while he drew. There had been a bad moment for Wheeler after he had overthrown the Kid's horse, for at first Kid Bender had looked as if he might be dead, saddle-crushed by his fallen mount.

Kid Bender, though, had come to with only a broken leg and a dirty crack on the head to show. And Pinto Halliday, shifty-eyed, lanky, had appeared from the Short Creek cuts to take Kid Bender off of Wheeler's embarrassed hands. Halliday, it appeared, was another newly made deputy. Evidently he had been the other half of the Short Creek patrol.

"No show-off play like that ever does any good," Douglas said. "It only stacks trouble onto plenty we already got."

At the window Horse Dunn stirred impatiently. It was characteristic of Dunn that whenever he was found inside a house, it was always at a window looking out, as a restless horse stares out through the bars of a corral. "Understand this, Val," he said. "Billy done just what I would have done in a like case. I'll back Billy's play to the limit, and that goes for any other play he wants to make!"

"Sure," said Douglas. "What else can we do?"

Wheeler sat up, angering again. "Now, just a minute!"

HORSE DUNN whirled. "Cut it out," he snapped. "Val, that was Old Man Coffee just come in; go take care of his horse, and see that there's grub laid out at the cook shack."

When Val Douglas had gone out Billy Wheeler's anger left him. "He's mostly right, Horse," he said.

Horse Dunn bristled and his voice rose to its familiar roar. "All I'm sorry for is you didn't kill the little sneak! If I had a couple more riders with enough guts in their bellies to—" His thunder subsided; again Wheeler noticed how all the hard fire went out of this old man in the presence of his niece. Marian Dunn sat relaxed at the other window, her eyes on the far hills and her profile as motionless as if she were carved of cream-colored marble. Billy Wheeler had that day seen horror and antipathy in her eyes after he had downed Kid Bender; and he no longer wondered why Horse Dunn lost spirit sometimes when she was there.

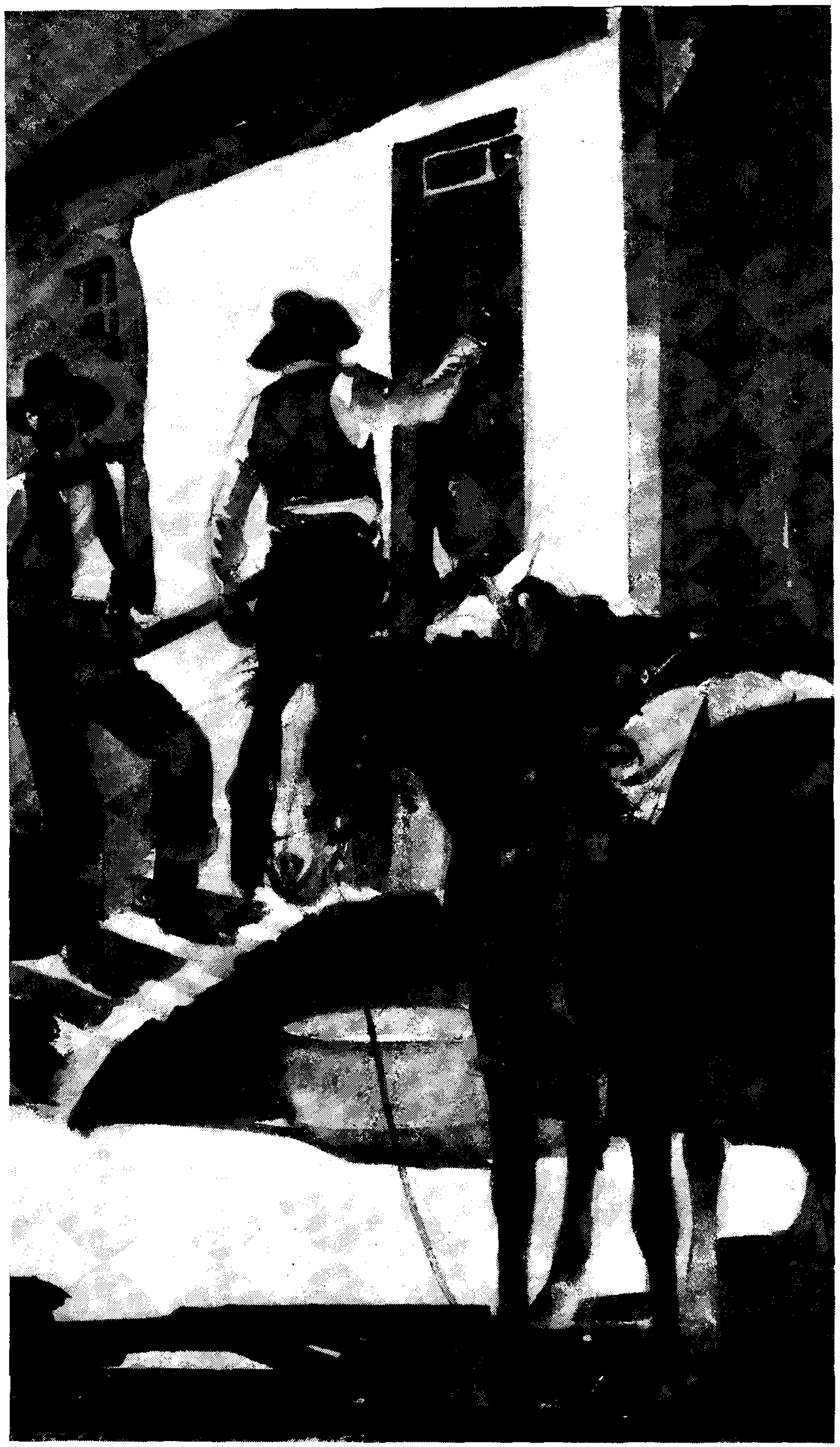
Horse Dunn mumbled in obscure apology: "We're right sorry. Things sometimes go like this. But sometimes we can't help it if they do. If only Bob Flagg would get here—"

Marian Dunn gave no sign of having heard, and there was an awkward silence. Then Old Man Coffee came stalking across from the corrals, dropped a saddle from his hip to the gallery floor, and let himself in.

"Val Douglas says that Billy Wheeler, here, stirred up a little extra hell today," he said without preliminaries.

Horse Dunn grunted, and Wheeler briefly explained to the old lion hunter what had happened.

"Well," Old Man Coffee said, "I reckon Marian can testify she seen him go for his gun."



John Gannam

hesitated. He knew what he was up against

Marian did not verify this. After a moment Horse Dunn said, "I suppose you didn't find anything, or you'd be saying so."

"I'd sure like to catch up with that Cayuse Cayetano," Coffee said. "Today I seen him riding a horse to death, some northward, toward the Red Sleep. I'd sure like to know what he was at."

"You worry plenty about that Indian, don't you? If—"

"He knows too much, too soon," Coffee complained. "Why wasn't he promoting the Short Creek trails, like me? Something funny about this Cayuse, Horse."

"So you lost out," Horse accused him.

Old Man Coffee eased himself onto the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and there draped himself angularly. "If there's anything in the world makes me mad," he said morosely, "it's a cussed fool hound."

The droop-eared old lion dog which had followed Coffee in looked at him mournfully and flopped to the floor with a great rattle of elbows, but made no remark. "I set out to trail the killer's horse," Coffee went on. "I took off down-crick, Rock seeking the trail where it come out of the water. Pretty soon he says he's got it, and sets up a beller, and away we go, inching along about two miles an hour. That fool hound takes me anyway six, eight miles, all the time hollering just as confident as if he knew what he was at."

Old Man Coffee crammed cut plug into an ancient pipe, the bowl of which was carved to represent hearts and flowers.

"Well?" Dunn demanded at last.

"ALL this time," Coffee said, "I hadn't been able to make out a decent track; but I was getting kind of suspicious because of the way the trail wandered around. Then finally we come on a soft place where I could see plain. And it was the wrong trail."

"I thought this dog couldn't be fooled," Dunn grunted.

"He was sure fooled this time. The trail your wagon boss showed me was off a cup-hoofed pony; the hoofs showed nail splits. But old Rock took after a pony that was flat-footed as a duck—his feet wore down right onto the frog."

"So," Horse Dunn said, "you ended up empty-handed, same as us ordinary folks!"

"Not altogether and complete," Coffee retorted. "Rock quit cold—wouldn't work no more. But I took and unraveled the other trail by hand." He stepped out onto the gallery and came back with the saddle, which he now threw down among them in a tangle of broken strapping. "There," he said casually, "is the death saddle you was inquiring after."

Billy Wheeler heard Marian's breath jerk through her teeth. In the failing light her eyes looked surprisingly dark.

"Good Lord!" said Dunn. "How'd you lay hands on that?"

"Why, I followed the trail of the dead man's horse until I come to the place he rolled loose from it. How'd you suppose?"

Horse Dunn had dropped to his knees beside the saddle. None of them had realized how deep the room was in twilight until it was brightened by the flare of the match he struck. For a long moment Horse Dunn studied the old worn leather, until the flame burned to his finger tips and went out. He stood up slowly.

"You know that saddle?"

"No," said Wheeler. "Do you?"

Behind Horse Dunn's shaggy face the muscles were stiffening slowly, so that although his features remained in some sense a mask, his eyes presently began to gleam with the white heat of the anger which he could not repress.

"Yes," he said.

YET he did not immediately answer their unspoken question. He turned to the window again, and for a little while stood looking out as if he could not yet trust himself to speak. Out behind the barns, Coffee's five other hounds were churning the quiet twilight with mournful bellowings, and for a little while they all seemed to be listening to that. Then Marian got up and went quietly from the room, and for once her uncle seemed glad to have her go.

"Here they're setting out to put the hooks to me," Horse Dunn said at last—"hunting a strangle hold on my brand. And it's a shameful thing that this should come onto us because somebody rubbed out maybe the most worthless character that ever rode the Red Hills range."

"You know the name?" said Old Man Coffee.

"What's his name matter?" Horse Dunn exploded. "His name was Lon Magoon—and what of it? A cow thief—in a small, cheap way. He'd go around on different ranges, and he'd steal a beef here and another there; skin 'em and sell 'em to some butcher a hundred miles away for half price."

"Horse," said Coffee, "who would have killed this man?"

"Anybody!" Horse Dunn roared. "Any cowman with enough guts to rub out a cow thief! I ought to've killed him myself last time I caught him with the carcass of a 94 cow!"

"Did you know he was operating on this range?"

"What's the difference if I did or not? We know it now. Billy, you take that saddle and kick it under my bunk!"

"You better turn it in to the sheriff, Horse," Coffee said. "You'll be suppressing evidence if you keep it here."

"Damned if I will!" Horse Dunn said. "All they want is to hang this thing on the 94—on me. You think I called you in to help 'em? No, by God!"

He flung himself into a chair, his eyes incandescent above the short shag of his beard. Coffee and Billy Wheeler looked at each other, amazed at the violence of the Old Man's bitterness.

"Go get yourselves something to eat," Dunn growled. "You going to keep Tia waiting all night?"

They went out and left him sitting there. He was still sitting there an hour later when Tulare Callahan came in.

Tulare Callahan was a small man, very wiry, with a cheerfully hard face. He had relieved Steve Hurley, who for three days had kept an eye on the state of affairs at the county seat of Inspiration, and he now came roaring into the 94 layout in Horse Dunn's heavy old touring car. He was grinning with the delight of an action-hungry man who smells smoke at last.

"I hear Billy Wheeler like to murdered a guy," said he.

"Billy Wheeler slapped Kid Bender with a horse," Dunn said. "You come all the way back here to tell us that?"

"I thought maybe you might want to hear the upshot," Tulare said. "The sheriff's coming out to get Wheeler, either tonight or first thing in the morning. He's going to throw him in the jug. Did you know that?"

"No," Horse Dunn said, "I didn't know that. And I don't know it yet."

"Well, I'm just telling you what he says."

"What he thinks he's going to do and what is actually going to take place—that may still yet be two different things," Horse growled.

"Kid Bender is at his pa's ranch," Tulare went on. "From what I hear, he got there feeling very poorly—might not even have made it without help. He has one leg busted, and a couple ribs; and it seems he busted a rock with his bean. Link Bender's in town. Seems like he's offended about something; it may be he doesn't take this kindly."

"What's the charge against Billy?" Horse asked.

"Assault with a deadly weapon."

"Billy didn't assault him with anything!"

"The heck he didn't," Old Man Coffee put in. "Didn't he hurl the Kid's horse at him?"

"The town is full of small-time cowmen and their professional calf thieves," Tulare reported. "Seems like every guy in the country that has it in for the 94 is swarming into Inspiration. I bet there's twenty guys that's tried to get themselves made deputies. If Walt Amos called for a posse he could easy raise a hundred men."

HORSE DUNN blew a slow smoke cloud, and sat staring through it with a small, grim smile on his face. His eyes were deep in distance—so deep that he might have been staring across the desert to the far-flung limits of the 94 cow kingdom. That was a range of bitter struggles, fought the harder because the scarcity of the feed made it necessary for each brand to control vast areas; and across the gaunt Red Hills the 94 had advanced year by year like creeping sands. Horse Dunn had proved himself a hard man—a hard fighter, a hard trader, a hard enemy. He had never once hesitated to make a bitter enemy to gain for the property of his niece one more mile of range. Val Douglas, Old Man Coffee, Tulare, Billy Wheeler—all of them knew that. Only Marian Dunn, quiet in the shadows, knew nothing of how embattled Horse Dunn had been for more than a decade—in her behalf.

"So they figure to arrest Billy Wheeler," Dunn said.

"They can't hold him," Coffee said. "I suppose Kid Bender will run in Pinto Halliday as a witness, and they'll all lie to beat the cards. But what good will it do 'em? Marian was there. Billy's got a witness that can make a fool of 'em in any court in the world."

Marian Dunn said, almost under her breath but very clearly, "I can't testify."

(Continued on page 33)

So Long, Pal!

The story of a beautiful friendship that encountered: (a) one blonde (b) one brunette. Note: Jerry's teeth are okay now—he's sitting up nights with his grammar

By Paul Jones

IT ALL started the night Bill and I went down to Coney and picked up a couple of girls.

At that time we were both working for a man named Katzmann, over on Second Avenue, selling hand soap to factories and garages. You know how it is with a couple of young fellows just getting started. We were knocking off twenty-five or thirty bucks a week, and we liked to have our fun. I mean, if we spent most of our afternoons shooting pool or bowling, what business was it of Katzmann's? As long as we got back around half past four, and wrote up our reports—"tried to see Mr. Schwartz but he was out of the city" or "waited two hours for the purchasing agent; will go back tomorrow"—he had no kick coming. If he'd said anything, we'd have walked right out on him. We didn't care.

Anyway, we went down to Coney this night and we picked up these two girls. Don't get me wrong. They were nice girls, just out for a little fun and no harm intended. The one I drew was named Clara, and Bill's was Inez. Usually, when you see two girls going around together, one is a false alarm. But not these two. One was a blonde and one was a brunette, and they were both good lookers. I was pretty strong for Clara, and it worked out fine, because Bill couldn't see anybody but Inez in those days.

So we took them home, because we wanted to date them up for another night. Bill and I were living in a furnished room down on Sullivan Street, and it turned out that my girl, Clara, lived in the Village, just the other side of Seventh Avenue. Inez lived in Kingsbridge, and if I'd been Bill, I'd have dropped her right then and there, because a man can't spend his life on the subway. But that was all right with Bill. This girl Inez had him dizzy.

We had some pretty good times together. All the rest of that summer, and the following winter, we'd go out and dance, and so forth, about once a week. I noticed Bill was getting kind of goofy.

One afternoon he wouldn't go over to the Academy and bowl. "Why not?" I asked him.

"I thought I'd go up and see the Gordon people," he said, "and maybe get an order out of them."

"You got all tomorrow to do that in," I told him.

"Listen, Jerry," he says, with a serious pan, "you got to be on your toes to get anywhere in this man's town. There ain't nothing in this hanging around bowling alleys."

"YOU talk like you were thinking of getting married."

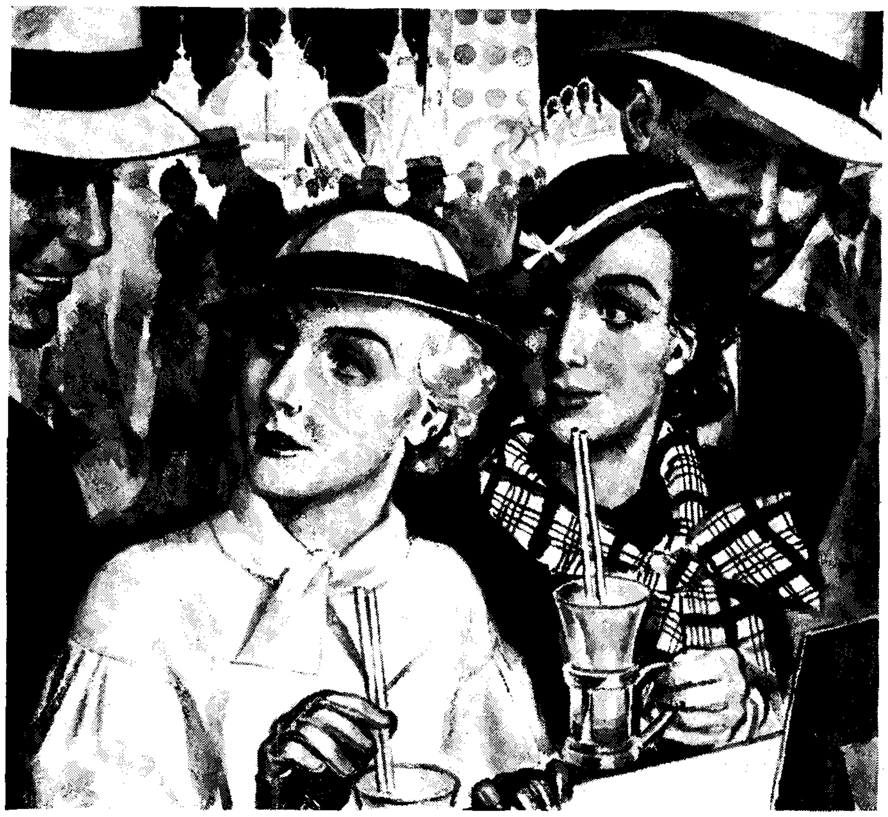
"Well, maybe I am," he admitted. "What's wrong with getting married?"

"Listen," I told him. "I got nothing against marriage. Some of my best friends are married. But watch your step."

Anyhow, he started working afternoons, and what could I do? It made me look bad, him bringing in a lot of new accounts, so I had to step out and do a little business myself. Katzmann raised us both to forty on the first of the year, and gave us a bonus besides.

The first thing I knew, Bill went up to Kingsbridge and proposed to Inez. I didn't have a date with Clara that night, and I was sitting in the room, playing Canfield, when he came back.

"Well," he said, "I've done it. I'm going to get married."



We went down to Coney and we picked up these two girls

I put a black nine on a red ten, and waited for the rest of it. Bill went over to the bureau and began to look at his teeth in the mirror. "She said no at first," he explained.

"You should have stopped right there."

"She said she liked me and all that, but she just couldn't marry me. So I put on a sales talk, and I found out that what she *don't* like about me is *my* teeth. She don't like gold teeth."

"What she want you to do? Have diamonds put in them?" It made me kind of sore to see Bill making such a sap of himself. I got three or four gold teeth myself. "Ain't gold good enough for her?" I asked.

"It ain't that," he said. "She likes plain white ones. So I told her I'd get them fixed, and she said she'd think it over. That's fair enough."

"O. K., fellow, if you think so," I told him, "but before I'd let any dame tell me what kind of teeth I ought to have, I'd tell her to go jump in the lake."

There wasn't anything you could do with Bill, when he was like that. He just wouldn't take no for an answer, which was probably one reason why he could sell soap. For a couple of weeks after that he was spending all his spare time at the dentist's, and finally he had his grinders in apple-pie order. I came home one night and found him just going out the door. I knew he was going up to Kingsbridge, because to get up to this dump where Inez lived you had to start practically after lunch if you wanted to catch the last train back.

"I hope she likes the chinaware," I told him.

"O. K., kid," he said. "It's in the bag. She told me herself there wasn't nothing else she didn't like about me."

So he started for the subway, and after I got shaved and washed up I went over to Clara's and we go around to Sheridan Square and take in a movie.

HERE'S a funny thing: Two fellows'll start going around with two girls that are friends and the first thing you know the girls ain't friends any more, and then the fellows don't see each other so much, and the whole layout is different. Of course, that couldn't happen with Bill and me, because we both worked for this man Katzmann and we roomed together, but Inez and Clara wasn't so strong for each other as they was when we first met them.

Anyhow, we're sitting in the movie, and I told Clara about Bill and Inez, and she looked kind of funny, and said: "Of course, it isn't any of my business, but I can't see what Bill sees in her."

"I thought she was a friend of yours," I said.

"Well, for goodness' sake, who said she wasn't? I was just saying."

It was dark in the movie, and I had my arm around her, and I said: "Maybe it's love, huh, kid?"

"Oh, love!" She laughed. "Don't make me laugh. There isn't any such thing."

If you ever noticed, a fellow can knock out thirty or thirty-five dollars a week, and think nothing of it. But there's something about getting forty a week that puts ideas in your head. Anyhow, I pulled my arm a little tighter, and I whispered in her ear. "Oh, I don't know about that," I said. "I don't know."

"Well, I do," she says, kind of snappy.

"It depends on the fellow and the girl," I came back at her. "If a certain party told you—"

Right there she pushed me away or I might have proposed to her. That was as near as I ever got to asking her to marry me, because she certainly gave me the ice pitcher. "I don't like that kind of talk," she said to me, "not from you, anyway."

"O. K., baby," I told her, sore. "If that's the way you feel about it."

I took her home after the show, all right. We didn't fight or nothing. Going down Seventh Avenue, on my way back to the room, I dropped into Pete's and hoisted a few with the boys. So when I got in, there was Bill.

"Well, how'd it go?" I asked him. "How do you stand now?"

"The teeth went over big," he told me. "She said they looked swell. There ain't—I mean there isn't any use talking. They do look better."

"Sure," I said. "So what? Do I have to congratulate you? Are you engaged?"

"Practically," he claimed. "Yes, we're engaged all right, but Inez don't like the way I talk. She's all for me, understand, but she wants me to fix up my grammar."

"Is that all?"

"That's all. We're all set. I see an ad in the morning paper where you can learn grammar in ten lessons."

I'D HAVE moved out after that, if Bill and I hadn't been such old friends. After a guy works all day, he wants some relaxation at night. A guy don't want to be sticking his nose into a book. Where's the percentage of making a mug out of yourself over some dizzy jane? It wasn't enough for Bill to take his ten lessons in grammar; he had to practice on me. Every time I opened my mouth he'd make some crack about my English. Finally I stopped him right in his tracks.

"Listen," I says. "I didn't promise Inez anything, did I?"

"No," he said, "but what's the use of talking like an ignoramus when you can get wise to yourself and use good grammar?"

"Don't say no more about it," I said. "Lay off me, or you and me's going to tangle horns."

In a month or so he's had enough workouts so he feels pretty confident. So he gets himself a new suit, and goes up into the frozen North to check in with Inez again. The next day I noticed Bill didn't look so cheerful and I asked him what was the matter. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Did she catch you saying 'ain't'?"

"It ain't nothing—I mean, it isn't nothing like that," he mumbled. "It's that new suit I just got."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I think maybe it's a little too flashy," he said.

"Say," I told him, "that suit's got plenty class. You got a buy when you got that outfit."

"I don't know," he said, holding it up on a hanger and looking at it like it was something the ashman overlooked. "I don't think so much of it, now I look at it."

It was a swell suit. You know, cut within an inch of its life, like the suits Jimmy Walker used to wear. Nice flare on the cuff, and all those tricky little things that get you a second look from the dames around Forty-sixth and Broadway. "Any time you don't want it," I said, "I'll take it off your hands."

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"Sold," he says, dropping it on my bed.

I'm no sap. "What's the answer?" I asked, suspicious. "Do the buttons come off or what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing," he claimed. "Only Inez didn't like it. She wants me to wear kind of quiet things, more like a banker."

So the upshot of it was I give him fifteen dollars and the suit's mine. He'd paid thirty for it only two weeks before.

THAT was one nifty rig. I'm not bragging about my build but it takes a guy with broad shoulders, a guy that's built like an athlete, to set off a suit like that. Here's what I mean: I'm walking through O'Brien's a couple of weeks after I buy the clothes from Bill and I run into Inez, his girl. She worked in O'Brien's.

"Hello," she says, kind of fresh.

"Hello yourself," I said. "How's tricks?"

"My," she says, looking me up and down, "don't we look swell?" She never tumbled it was the same suit she didn't like on Bill.

"It ain't a bad suit," I came back at her. "I had my tailor in London make it up for your wedding."

"You mean me and Bill?"

"I don't mean anybody else."

"Didn't Bill tell you?" she says. "It's all off."

I couldn't get any more dirt then, because her boss was beginning to throw her some nasty looks, so I had to wait till that night to get the dope from Bill.

It seems that after he got his teeth fixed, and got so he didn't say "ain't" every other word, and got some collegiate clothes, they were engaged for two weeks. "I didn't tell you about it," he said, "because I had a hunch Inez would run out on me again. I got her a swell ring, and we were talking about setting a date for the wedding, when she told me she'd changed her mind and didn't think she'd go through with it."

Anybody else would have told her where to get off, but Bill, like I told you, just don't understand the word no. He started arguing with her, and giving her the old high-pressure sales talk, and finally, when she ran out of other reasons, she broke down and admitted that she never did like his nose.

"She don't like your nose?" I said when he told me.

"She never did."

"Why couldn't she say so before?"

"I asked her that, but she said she never took any particular notice, until I had my teeth fixed." That was a laugh because Bill's nose was broken in two places before he was fourteen, and after that he lost count.

"So all you've got to do now," I says, "is get yourself a new nose."

"I've been thinking it over," he told me, "and I don't think I'll do it. The hell with it!"

"Now you're talking," I said. "Show her where she gets off."

"If she wants me, she'll have to take me with this nose or not at all," he blustered. "Nobody's going to make a doormat out of me."

SO FOR three nights he don't go near her and he don't telephone or nothing. We go out and shoot pool or bowl, or maybe sit around Pete's place and hoist a few beers, and it's like old times for a while. On the fourth night I had a date with Clara, and I took him along so he wouldn't lose his head and go telephoning Inez.

Clara was very sweet to him. When she heard what Inez had said about his nose, she said that she had always considered his nose very nice.

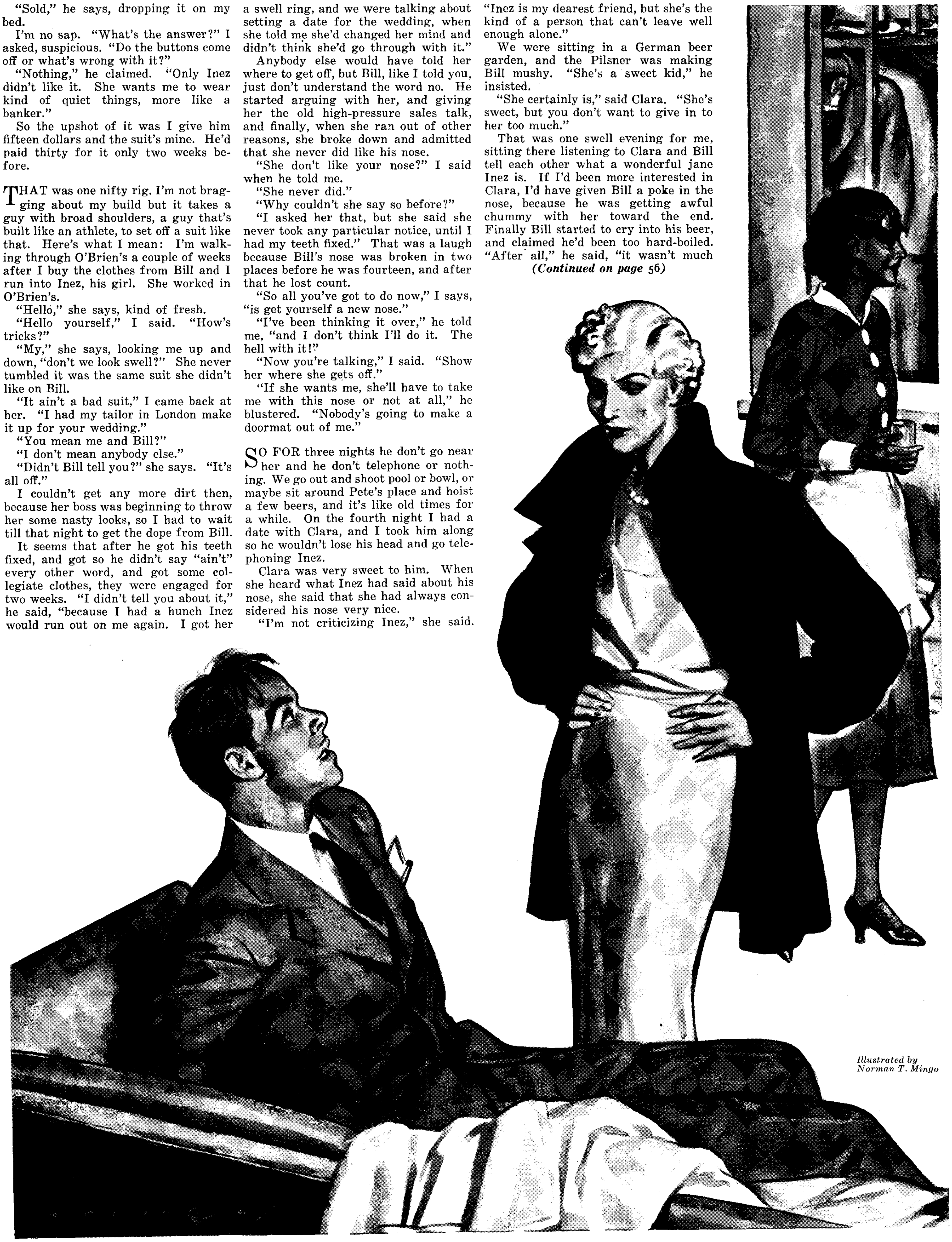
"I'm not criticizing Inez," she said. "Inez is my dearest friend, but she's the kind of a person that can't leave well enough alone."

We were sitting in a German beer garden, and the Pilsner was making Bill mushy. "She's a sweet kid," he insisted.

"She certainly is," said Clara. "She's sweet, but you don't want to give in to her too much."

That was one swell evening for me, sitting there listening to Clara and Bill tell each other what a wonderful jane Inez is. If I'd been more interested in Clara, I'd have given Bill a poke in the nose, because he was getting awful chummy with her toward the end. Finally Bill started to cry into his beer, and claimed he'd been too hard-boiled. "After all," he said, "it wasn't much

(Continued on page 56)



Illustrated by
Norman T. Mingo

Anyway, I came to about ten minutes later in the cloakroom

"I've just *got* to stop drinking coffee!"

Oh, no you haven't!

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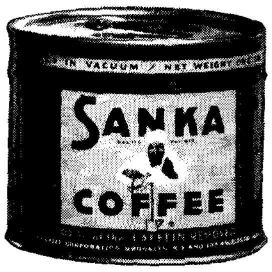
For proof—make the famous night-test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. No fear of its keeping you awake. Next morning you'll know from actual experience, that you've discovered perfectly grand coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

Packed in vacuum-sealed cans, Sanka Coffee comes to you as fresh and fragrant as the day it was roasted. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day. Or send in the coupon and 10 cents for a sample can. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

Sanka Coffee has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association with the statement: "Sanka Coffee... is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE 97% CAFFEIN-FREE • DRINK IT AND SLEEP!



General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. COL. 3-33

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and packing, for which please send me a ¼ lb. sample can of Sanka Coffee.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

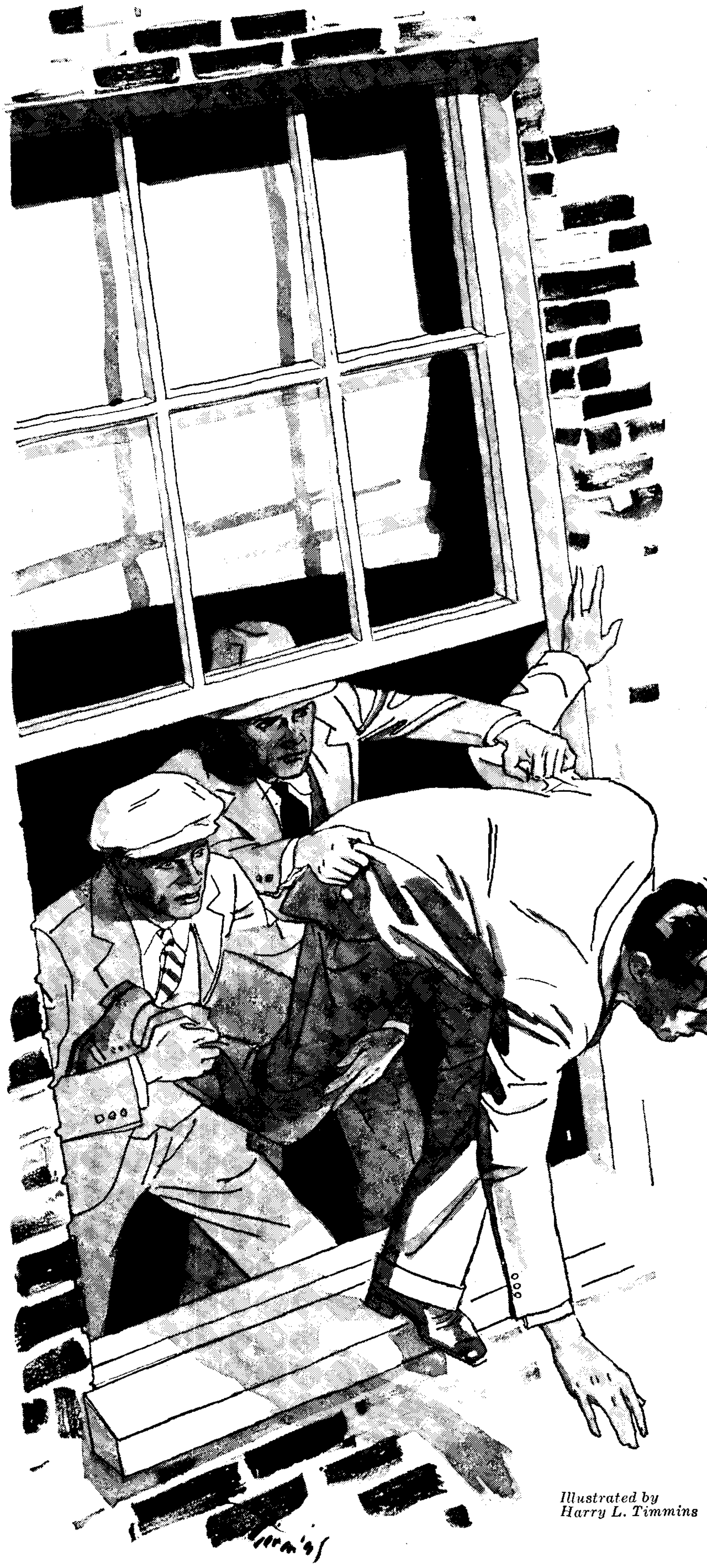
*City*__________ *State*__________

This offer not good in Canada

No Fingerprints

By William MacHarg

Another puzzler for Detective O'Malley, who regrets the absence of clues, as usual



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

He was halfway out the window when we caught him

"THE case I got now," O'Malley said, "a girl got murdered. This was in Greenwich Village. She went and took a couple of rooms and told the landlady she was going to get married and her husband would come and live with her. The next time the landlady seen her she'd been knocked off."

"Is that all they know about it?" I inquired.

"She give her name as Miss Neal and told where she worked. That's all they know. We'll go and look at her."

We did. She was pretty and about twenty-two years old and had a small, determined face. She'd been hit in the head.

"They got anything about this lady yet?" O'Malley asked the attendant.

"I guess they have. Two cops was here with a young guy. He looked at her and then he said, 'It's her,' and then they all went over to the station-house."

"Well," said O'Malley, "I guess we got to find out what we can about it."

We went to the precinct station. The young man was twenty-four or -five years old and he looked pale and horrified and shaken. It appeared his name was Robert Elwood.

"This young fellow," one of the officers told us, "come here a couple of days ago and said the girl he was engaged to, named Miss Neal, had disappeared, and he wanted us to look for her. He had a note from her saying she was going to marry someone else, so the captain told him to go on home, it wasn't police business. When we got this homicide, we went and told him. It's his girl, all right."

"You tell us about this," O'Malley directed Elwood.

"Mary never told me that she didn't mean to marry me," Elwood said unsteadily. "Then I got that note from her. I couldn't understand what had happened. I went to where she worked, and they said she hadn't quit her job but just hadn't come back to it. Then I went to where she'd lived, but she'd moved and hadn't left any address. So then I came to the police but they wouldn't do anything. Mary was alone in New York and you police were supposed to protect her. Well, you didn't do it! Why don't you get busy and get the man who did this, instead of standing around here asking questions?"

"I don't guess you kept that note?" O'Malley asked him.

"OF COURSE I did."

Elwood held out the note. O'Malley looked at it and then put it in his pocket.

"You ever see this guy she writes about?"

"I think once I did. I didn't know he meant anything to her. It was just I saw a man talking with her and then he walked away. I didn't see him very well. He was tall and had a small mustache."

"It might be you could identify him, then. How'd it come this note is typewritten?"

"She typewrote all her letters. She was a stenographer."

"You got any of them letters?"

"Plenty."

"You might bring 'em in and leave 'em with the desk officer."

"Let's see that note, O'Malley," I said after we had left the station.

It didn't help any. It said, "I hate to hurt you but I can't help it because I love someone else. I'm going to marry him. Please don't ever look for me."

"Not much in that," I commented.

"Not anything. We'll see the landlady."

We went. It was a five-story "walk-up" building of furnished apartments. First we looked at it from outside; then we went in. The landlady lived in the basement.

"This girl," she told us, "came here and wanted an apartment. She gave the firm she worked for as a reference. I had two vacant, one on the fourth floor, one on the fifth. She looked at both of them and took the fifth and paid me a deposit. That same night she moved in, with a trunk and couple of suitcases, but after that I didn't see her. After a couple of days I got curious and looked in with a pass-key. Well, she was there—the same way the police found her later!"

"She say anything about this guy she intended to marry?"

"Only mentioned him. She said she was a lot in love with him and it might cause trouble."

"Anybody come here to see her?"

"Not a soul."

"Who else you show those apartments to these last few days?"

"Not anyone."

"Let's see 'em."

WE FOLLOWED her upstairs and looked at the fourth-floor apartment and then went to the fifth, which was directly over it. A uniformed cop was asleep there in an easy-chair. We woke him up and he told us not to touch anything because the fingerprint men hadn't been there yet. There were two rooms, exactly like the two rooms on the floor below, arranged the same and with the same kind of fireplace, and there were a shovel and a pair of tongs there, but there was no poker.

"The homicide guys took the poker away with 'em," the cop remarked to us. "She was killed with that—I guess you know. They didn't find no prints on it, they tell me."

"They find any pictures of men among her things?"

"Not any."

"You'd think she'd have a picture of the guy she was going to marry."

"He'd be a dumb guy if he didn't carry that away with him."

We looked the place over carefully without touching things where it would leave a print, but we didn't find anything. Then we went back downstairs.

"She must have liked to walk upstairs," I commented. "The fourth-floor apartment is exactly like the one on the fifth, but she took the top one."

"No," O'Malley said, "they're different. The top one has got a vacant apartment underneath it."

"Are you suggesting," I inquired with sarcasm, "that this young woman carefully selected a place with a vacant apartment underneath, so that she could be safely murdered without anyone's hearing?"

"I think somebody did. She had been dead two days, according to the medical guys."

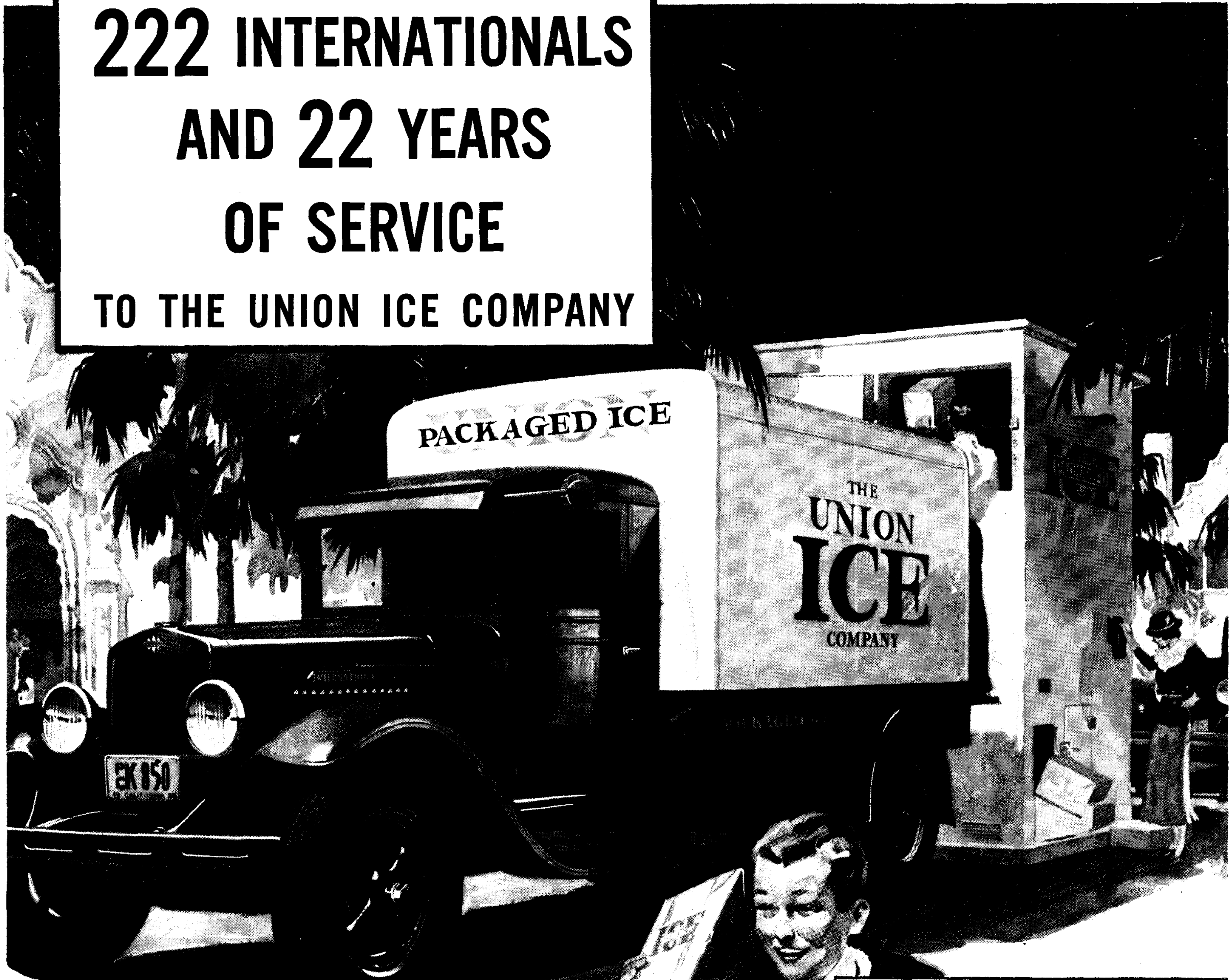
We went to the place where she had worked and afterward to the boarding-house where she had lived and we talked with everybody at both places. Elwood had seen all of them when he was trying to find her, but none of them had ever met the man with the small mustache. Some of them thought they'd seen him.

"The way of a maid, O'Malley!" I observed. "All these people know about the man she didn't intend to marry, but the one she meant to marry she never introduced to any of them."

(Continued on page 44)

222 INTERNATIONALS AND 22 YEARS OF SERVICE

TO THE UNION ICE COMPANY



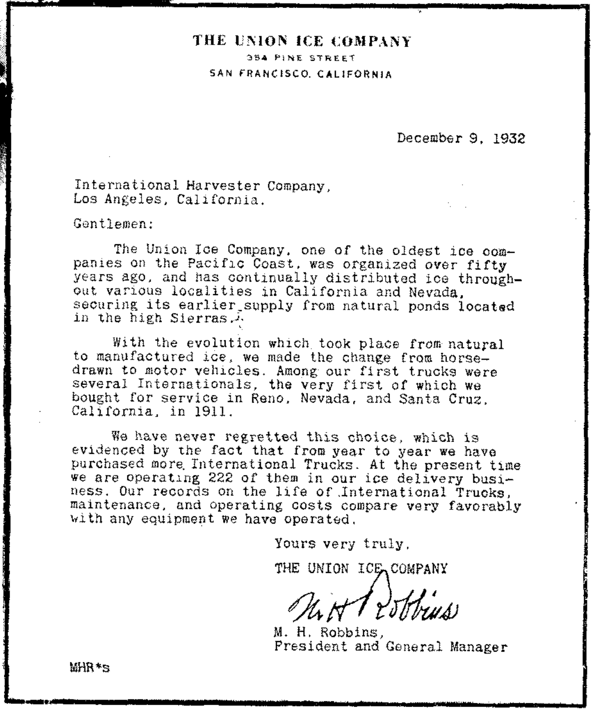
THE Union Ice Company of San Francisco offers just another example of the firm and steadfast friendships established the world over between International Harvester and the users of International Trucks. This particular relationship has endured for nearly a quarter of a century, and the Internationals in the Union Ice fleet today are 222 in number. Mr. Robbins' letter at the right clearly indicates the satisfaction and success achieved by all these trucks and all these years.

During the difficult year just closed International Harvester has very substantially improved its relative position among all truck builders—continued and convincing proof that the quality in Internationals and the celebrated service back of them pays in lean as in good times.

If low-cost operation is essential in your hauling—if the saving of every possible transportation dollar is vital in your business—see what International Trucks have to offer you. The line ranges from ½-ton to 7½-ton, and now includes the new Half-Ton, Six-Cylinder International Model D-1, the chassis f. o. b. factory price of which is $360.

Visit or call the International branch or dealer for demonstration, or write us.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois



THE UNION ICE COMPANY
354 PINE STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

December 9, 1932

International Harvester Company,
Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:

The Union Ice Company, one of the oldest ice companies on the Pacific Coast, was organized over fifty years ago, and has continually distributed ice throughout various localities in California and Nevada, securing its earlier supply from natural ponds located in the high Sierras.

With the evolution which took place from natural to manufactured ice, we made the change from horse-drawn to motor vehicles. Among our first trucks were several Internationals, the very first of which we bought for service in Reno, Nevada, and Santa Cruz, California, in 1911.

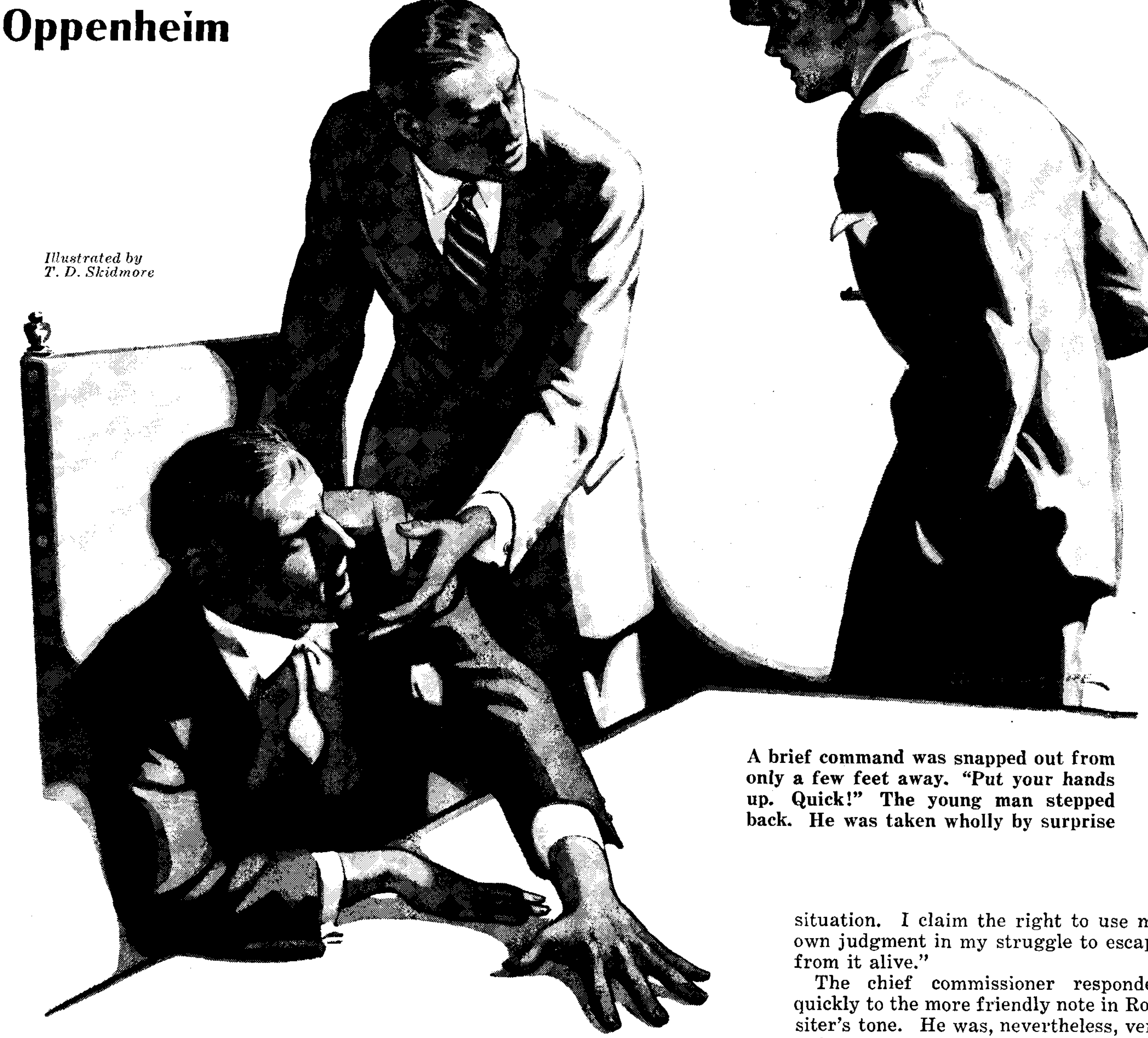
We have never regretted this choice, which is evidenced by the fact that from year to year we have purchased more International Trucks. At the present time we are operating 222 of them in our ice delivery business. Our records on the life of International Trucks, maintenance, and operating costs compare very favorably with any equipment we have operated.

Yours very truly,
THE UNION ICE COMPANY
M H Robbins
M. H. Robbins,
President and General Manager

MHR*s

Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

A brief command was snapped out from only a few feet away. "Put your hands up. Quick!" The young man stepped back. He was taken wholly by surprise

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE motoring in a hired car (following a visit to Lord Edward Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, in Norfolk County), Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, is kidnapped. Taken to a mysterious house by four masked men, he is placed upon a gallows and told that, unless he will grant a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, a condemned murderer, he will himself be hanged.

Sir Humphrey finally promises to grant the reprieve; not, however, until he is told that Brandt's wife has new evidence to offer. Released, he hears Katherine Brandt's story; then, alone, preparing to order the reprieve, he faints. Hours later he comes to. Brandt has been executed! . . . Another shock follows quickly for Scotland Yard: Sir Humphrey and Katherine both disappear! . . . Working alone, Detective Pank goes to Norwich, rents a room from Elijah Pank, his uncle. Presently he learns that *one Tom Bowhill (once an employee of* Keynsham) had driven Sir Humphrey to his great adventure; he meets one Humble, the "hangman" in the great drama; and he learns that Clarence Edwards, a movie producer, had built the gallows—for no other a personage than *Lord Edward Keynsham!*

From Sir Henry Topps, one of Keynsham's partners in his exporting and importing business (which has made him wealthy), the operatives learn that Lord Edward is in France, discussing a tremendous wine deal with a French syndicate. . . . Pank, now an inspector because of his splendid work on the case, redoubles his efforts. From his pretty cousin, Amy, he has received much aid. He has fallen in love with her. While dining with her at a Norwich hotel, he encounters Lady Louise, whom he has met. Obviously very nervous, she asks him a number of questions. The Inspector is noncommittal. Her Ladyship leaves—and Pank asks Amy to marry him.

To Scotland Yard's intense relief, Sir Humphrey shows up. He stoutly maintains that he has, for the past ten days, been resting in a hospital! Sub-Commissioner Matterson, examining him, smiles. "This morning," he says, "we received a message from Norwich. It was from one of our best men. It informed us that you would arrive today."

Sir Humphrey, surprised, whistles softly. "My compliments," he murmurs, "to Inspector Pank."

XI

GENERAL SIR HAROLD MOORE did not hesitate the next day to speak his mind frankly. He had occasion to pay an official call upon the Home Secretary at Whitehall and, his business finished, he turned the conversation to personal matters.

"I am going, sir," he threatened, "to take a liberty."

"I felt sure that you would before you left," was the brusque reply. "Let's get it over."

"You have been the victim of one outrage lately—an outrage committed under most mysterious circumstances. I am glad to be able to tell you that one of my young detectives has pretty well got to the bottom of that."

"Dear me," Sir Humphrey remarked, with gentle sarcasm.

"In that matter," the chief commissioner continued, without flinching, "we shall act entirely as though you were a private individual, and the law will take its course."

"You will do nothing of the sort," Rossiter pronounced firmly. "My office would lose every scrap of dignity it possesses if that story ever became known."

"I *might point* out for your consideration," the chief commissioner observed, a little nettled, "that a man was hanged through that night's interference with your actions. We can't condone that."

Sir Humphrey's swift look was steely, almost menacing.

"That was purely accidental. No one could have foreseen my approaching illness. Did you come here to remind me of that, General?"

"That was not in any way the purpose of my visit," was the uneasy reply. "I have come to point out to you that, although you seem to take the matter very calmly, you have again become the victim of some sort of a plot or outrage, some sort of an illegal action at any rate, or you would scarcely have disappeared without leaving a word of explanation, and have stayed away for so long a period of time."

"I don't know," Sir Humphrey murmured. "I was very comfortable."

THE chief commissioner, when he was worked up, was afraid of no one, and he spoke his mind.

"I cannot agree with you, sir," he said sternly, "that this is a matter for flippancy. I would venture instead to point out to you that at Scotland Yard we are not quite so ignorant of what is going on as you seem to imagine. We know, for instance, that the host of the shooting party which you left at Keynsham—Lord Edward Keynsham—was himself, in some measure, responsible for that first outrage upon you. We know also—or we have a very shrewd idea—where you have been during this second disappearance. With these facts in our possession we feel that we have the right to claim your entire confidence."

Rossiter felt that he was being hard pressed, but he thought none the worse of his visitor for his pertinacity.

"How do you know that there was anything illegal about my absence?" he demanded. "A man is master of his own actions even if he happens to be a Cabinet Minister. I can leave home for a few days at any time if I want to."

"It is not a reasonable supposition," the general persisted, "that you would leave your house, where you were waiting in a state of great anxiety for a delayed guest, and step out of the window in your dinner clothes without a word to your servants. There is no doubt in the mind of any person with common sense that you were decoyed away somewhere, and there is very little doubt but that your disappearance was associated in some way with the disappearance of Mrs. Brandt. Why do you handicap the course of justice by refusing information to which the police have a right?"

"Let me remind you, General," Sir Humphrey pronounced, "that you jump to conclusions when you state definitely that I was decoyed away. I acted that night, and I am acting now, as I think fit and best in my own interests and the interests of others, and I repeat to you what I have told Colonel Matterson—for the immediate present I have nothing official to say."

"You will permit me to remark—even if it involves handing in my resignation—that I find your attitude preposterous," General Moore declared.

"Such a remark does not involve your resignation for one single moment," was the suave reply. "I agree with you entirely. The attitude is preposterous, but then, you see, I am in a preposterous situation. I claim the right to use my own judgment in my struggle to escape from it alive."

The chief commissioner responded quickly to the more friendly note in Rossiter's tone. He was, nevertheless, very sad.

"You are notoriously a man of common sense, Sir Humphrey," he acknowledged. "The position you have taken is utterly incomprehensible, but no one, of course, can compel you to speak. I hope you will admit that I am only doing my duty in protesting."

"Certainly I admit it, General. I should feel just the same if I were you. Let me tell you this, if it makes you feel any more at ease—I may be keeping details back from you, but what the mischief this whole business means, in which I have become an unwilling participator, I can assure you that I don't know. I am more mystified than any man ever was in this world. It is because I fear to do the wrong thing that, until I get a ray of light, I am keeping silent."

"BUT silence means inaction," the chief commissioner protested.

"And action might mean stirring up a hornets' nest," Rossiter rejoined. "One has to temporize sometimes to obtain the best results."

"But don't you feel that you are in any danger?" the chief commissioner persisted.

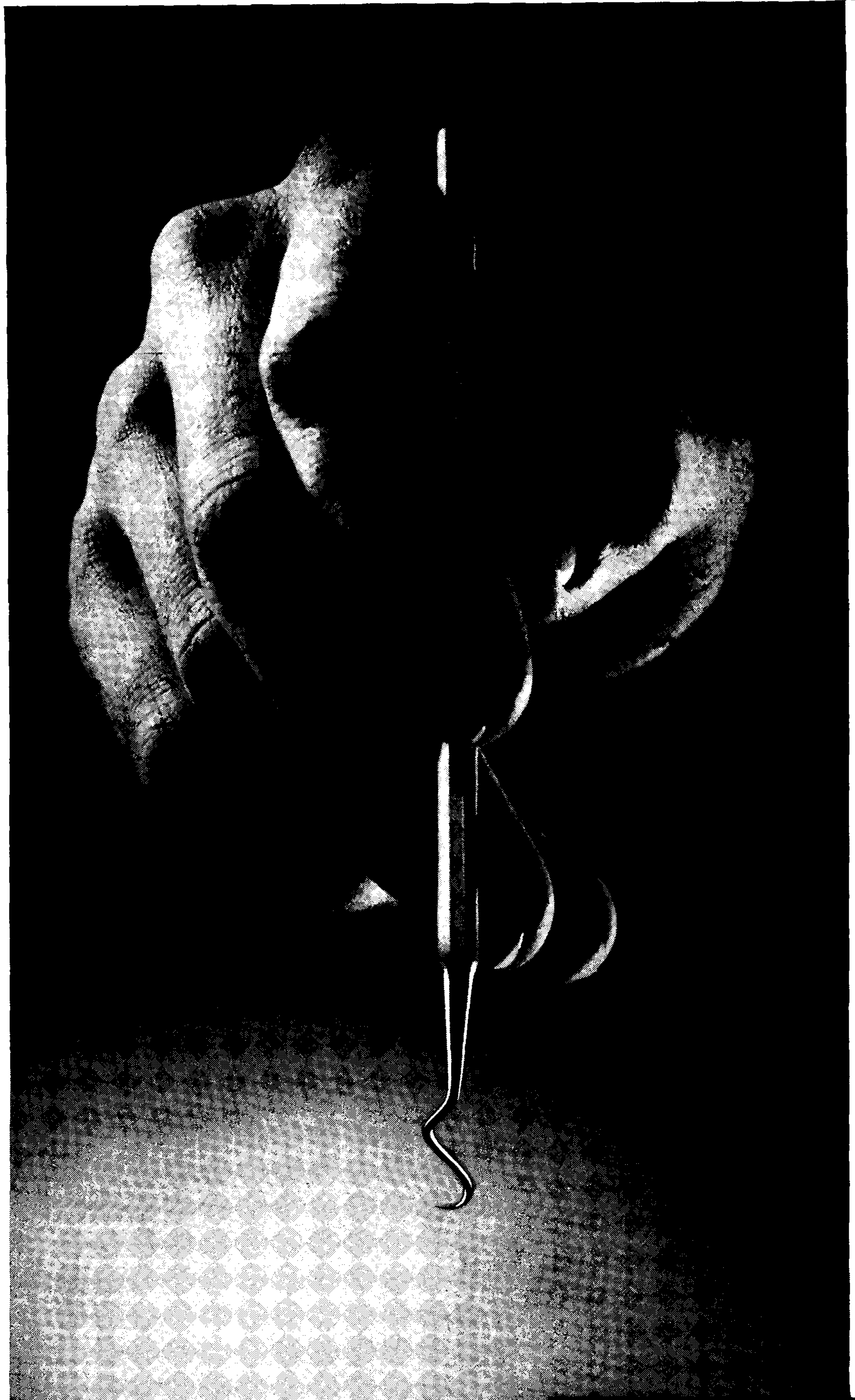
"Possibly," was the equable reply. "Fate deals out a certain amount of danger into the life of every one of us. This particular risk which I am running now I am going to run for a short time longer."

The general rose to his feet.

"I have nothing more to say," he decided. "I dare say you realize that you have already been accorded the Cabinet Minister's dole."

(*Continued on page* 36)

"it's going to hurt..."



but that's what ACID MOUTH costs you!

Acid Mouth—the enemy of your teeth. The driller of thousands of tiny holes. The destroyer of the priceless enamel. The unseen, unfelt burrower that channels, pits and gnaws—night and day—at your teeth.

Check it. Stop it . . . And this warning includes YOU . . . for many dental authorities estimate that 95% of the public have Acid Mouth. And that Acid Mouth is the main cause of tooth decay.

Pebeco was created especially to fight Acid Mouth. Pebeco contains ingredients, used by no other tooth paste, that are directly aimed at unhealthy acid conditions.

And the vigorous, perfect processes of Nature herself are turned to your advantage by Pebeco. For Pebeco actually assists in stimulating the mouth glands. And the flow of alkaline saliva—Nature's own corrective for Acid Mouth, and the best!—is greatly increased.

Pebeco cleans without scratching. Polishes without cutting. Whitens without injuring the enamel. Tobacco stains and tobacco taste vanish like magic.

So effective against halitosis that you will find mouth washes needless.

So healing to tender tissues that firm and healthy gums are universal among Pebeco users.

A WORD OF WARNING

There are more than 400 "candy" dentifrices on the market today. If you are not SURE that the tooth paste you are now using is effective, try Pebeco . . . Pebeco IS effective.

© 1933, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

PEBECO

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

says "STOP" to ACID MOUTH

THE BEGINNING OF TOOTH DECAY

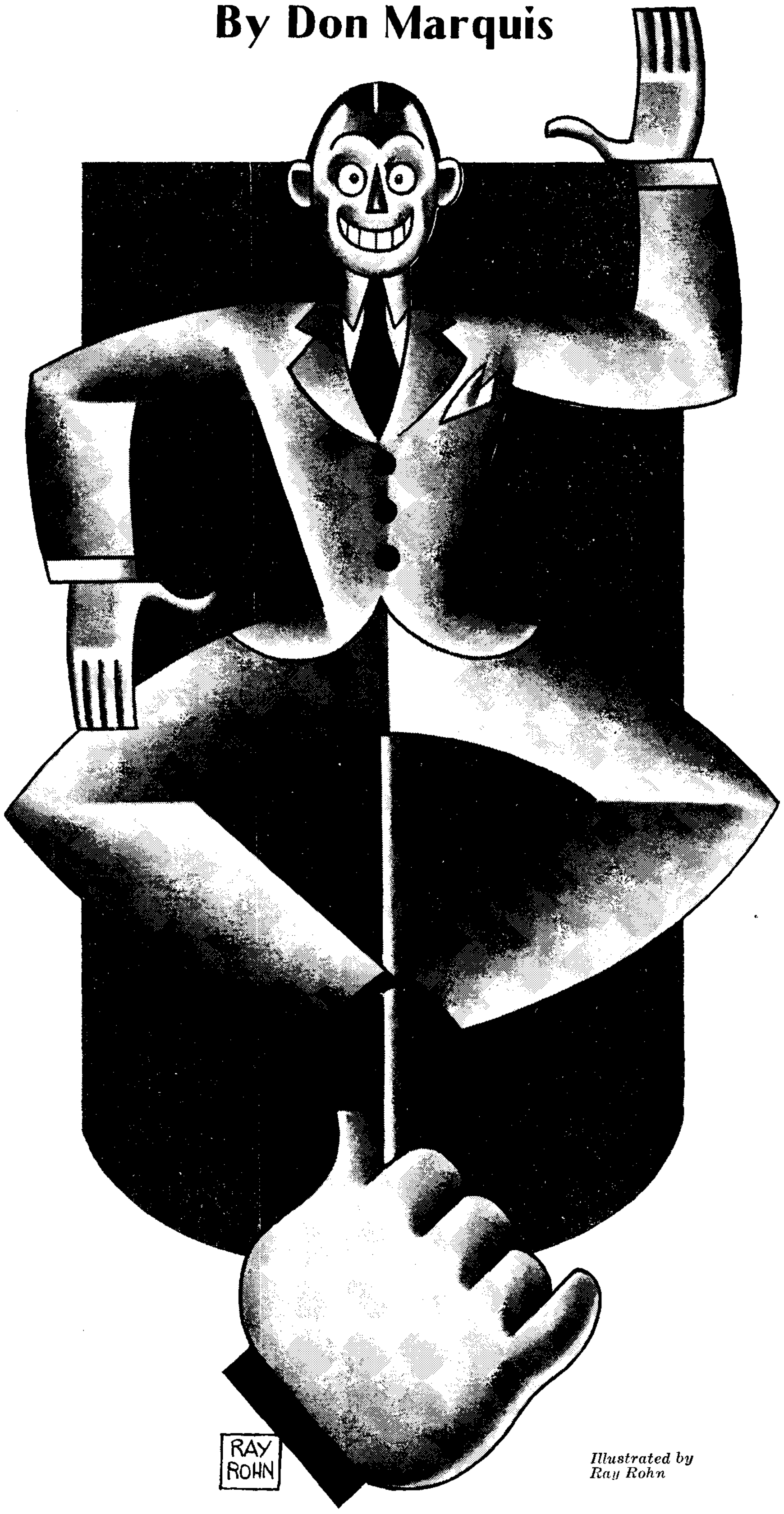
It's *not* a picture of the volcanoes on the moon! . . . It's the enlarged surface of a tooth that *looked* perfect to the naked eye. See how Acid Mouth is pitting and drilling the enamel? And Acid Mouth will soon turn that dark spot into a deep, irritating cavity. Then the painful and expensive dental repairs will begin.

MAGIC TAB TEST

It's free . . . including a FREE sample tube of Pebeco. Five little strips of blue litmus paper. Put one in your mouth and moisten it. If it turns pink, your mouth is acid. Now brush your teeth with Pebeco. Use another test paper. It will stay blue in color, due to the saliva stimulated by the use of Pebeco. Write your name and address in the margin below this advertisement and send to Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PC-3, for the free MAGIC TAB TEST.

Man, the Universal Simp

By Don Marquis



Illustrated by Ray Rohn

FOR years and years," said the Old Soak solemnly, "I warned the country that it was workin' too hard and too steady, and it never paid any attention to my advice nor my example, neither one. And what's the result? More food and everything else in the country than can be used or sold, and nobody gettin' any money for it! No jobs anywheres because people have worked too hard and fast in the past—work just plumb used up and done for months ahead!

"I warned everybody! I hope when prosperity returns people will have learned to take their labor in moderation, like I always done. Any fool can work his self to death but it takes sense to enjoy life; and it's the same way with a country. Ain't it a ridiculous kind of a depression—with so much produced in the country that nobody's got anything?"

Current indoor sport: Ask ten persons to define Technocracy for you, and then compare the answers.

AS IT LOOKS TO ARCHY

ants go on their cheerful way
merrily from day to day
building cities out of sand
and they seem to understand
dwelling therein peacefully
disciplined and orderly
and the much lauded bee contrives
for to fill his thundering hives
with a ranked society
based on work and honesty
and a thousand neat examples
could i cite of insect lives
free from much that tears and tramples
human beings and their wives
even the coral in the ocean
throughout his dim and damp existence
scorns political commotion
and labors with a glad persistence
worthy of large commendations
to erect his naval stations

man the universal simp
follows lagging with a limp
treading on his neighbors toes
the way the little insect goes
in a million years or more
man may learn the simple lore
of how the bees are organized
and why the ants are civilized
may even hope for to approach
the culture of an average roach
if he is humble and not smug
may emulate the tumblebug
for we insects now inherit
all humanity has builded
all they raised with brawn and spirit
all the domes and spires they gilded
time the anthropophagous
swallows down all human works
through his broad esophagus
moslems christians hindus turks
pass to their sarcophagus
leaving nothing much on earth
which even beetles find of worth
where o where is babylon
and the echo answers where
for its former ruling wizards
sleep in sand and silicon
with gravel in their gizzards
and sand burs in their hair
and the centipedes are dancing
in the chambers of the palace
where the kings and queens entrancing
used to quaff the ruby chalice
and proceed to their romancing
i look forward to the day
when the human race is done
and we insects romp and play
freely underneath the sun
and no roach paste is scattered
about anywhere i got another jolt of it
last night and today i seem to have a case of intestinal flu
the trouble with you human beings
is you are just plain wicked
archy the cockroach

▲ ▼ ▲

I *don't* really see *how anarchy* is going to save the world . . . or an archy, either.

We human beings waste so much time trying to learn how to live that the remainder of life seems scarcely worth living.

Well, when you come to think it over, the men who govern nations are not really any more stupid than the nations they govern.

We will say this for the politicians . . . they were able to keep anything real from invading public life for a good many generations.

Some people *hope* an industrial and economic revolt may be accomplished without flare-ups and fighting . . . and others are *afraid* it may.

The attempt to achieve impossibilities may make them possibilities for the next generation.

There is one thing about going to heaven that makes it seem worth while to try . . . there won't be anybody with a pianola living in the flat above.

One of the most delightful things in the world is to introduce one bore to another . . . and then duck.

I'm not a grouch nor a pessimist exactly, but some of these voices over the radio are so professionally cheery that I have to take a big dose of honest gloom afterwards.

The trouble about revolutions is that so many persons fight, bleed and die for doctrines they don't understand.

With what complicated emotions must a dentist watch his offspring cutting a tooth.

A good many of us are willing enough to leave duty to the kind of people who seem to enjoy it.

Almost anybody can write sob-sister stuff, but it takes a strong man to read it.

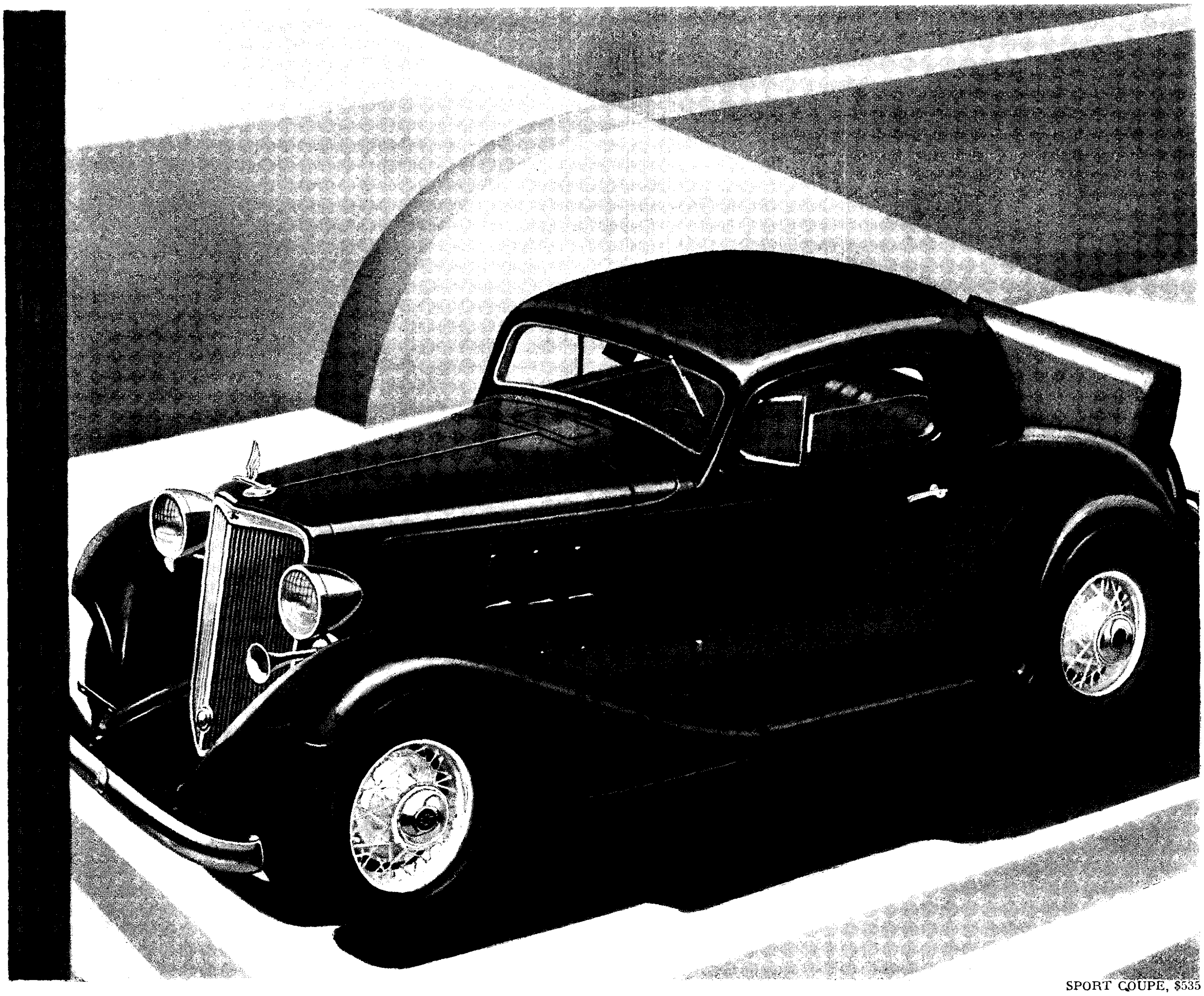
"All men are liars" . . . and now and then a woman approaches the truth in a quite original manner.

Maybe you have noticed that the Little German Band is back on the streets again these days. But it isn't the same. The mustaches don't curl right without a bath in a schooner of beer.

I have always thought that my friend archy the cockroach pretends scorn and contempt for the human world out of jealousy. As a matter of fact, human society is almost as enlightened as insect society.

New CHEVROLET *Six*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



SPORT COUPE, $535

It couldn't be the leader in value without the emblem

BODY BY FISHER

● The Chevrolet Six is *different!* You can tell that the minute you look at it. Different from any other low-priced car in the way it *looks—feels—runs—rides.* And it's these major differences, in things that count, which make Chevrolet the leader that it is—leader in value—world leader in sales. Take bodies, as one striking case in point. The Chevrolet Six offers bodies by Fisher—it's the only car of lowest price that does. And who could ever look at a Chevrolet body, then at the body of a rival car, without preferring Chevrolet? Fisher coachwork is so *obviously* better. *The whole basic principle of Fisher construction is better*—it's the wood-and-steel type, instead of steel alone. And the body of practically every expensive car is built of wood and steel. Another thing: Fisher bodies are *smarter*—they have that dynamic "fine-car" look. The interiors are richer—the seats feel like lounge chairs. And instead of the old-fashioned type of ventilation, in common use since 1910, these bodies have the newest and latest type: *Fisher No Draft Ventilation.* Everybody wants *that*, for 1933. Chevrolet is very proud of its new Fisher bodies—proud to be able to offer them in a car of lowest price. Without them, Chevrolet leadership just couldn't be as complete as it is today . . . or as *outstanding!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

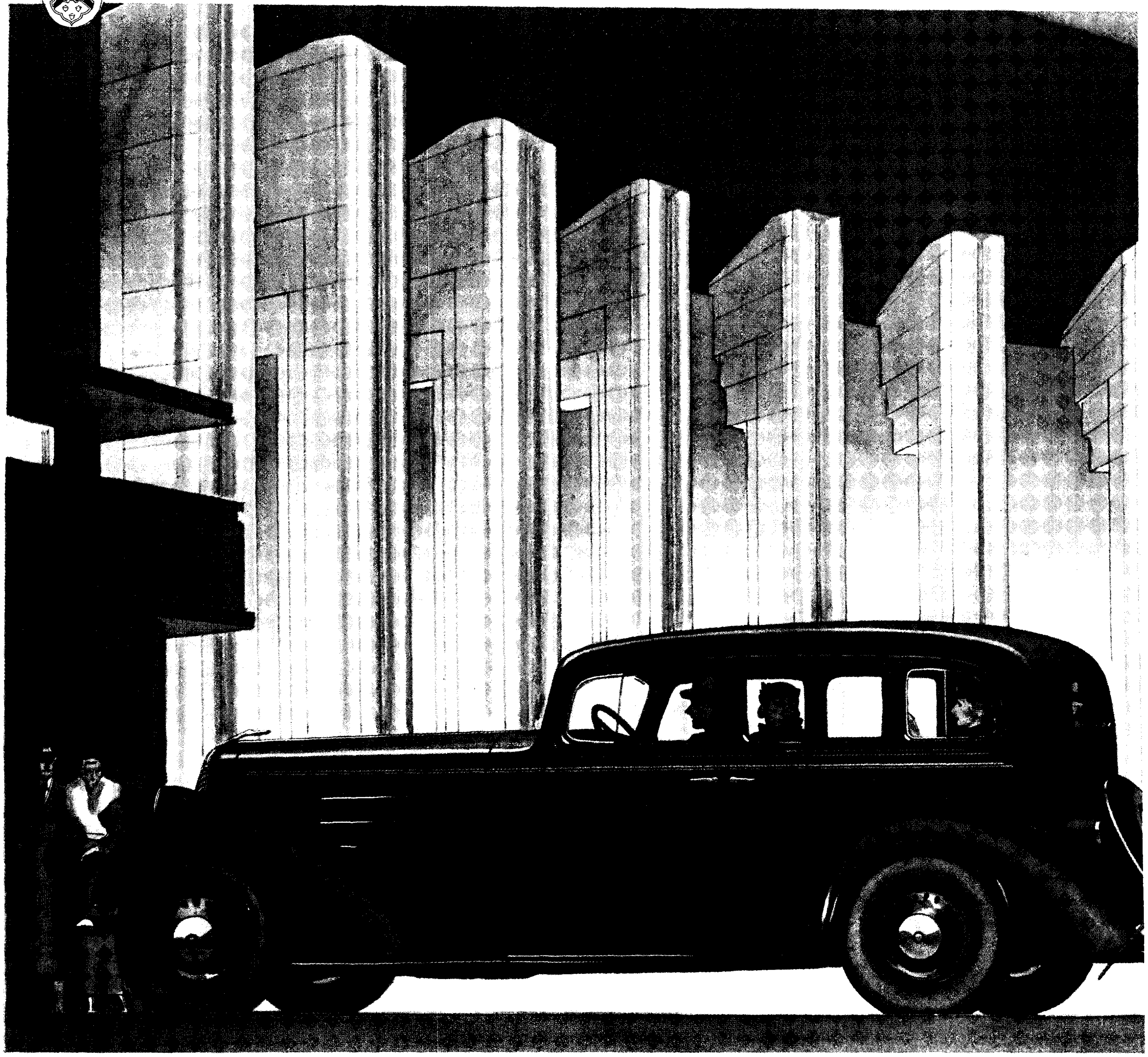
AT A NEW SCALE OF LOW PRICES

SPORT ROADSTER $485 COUPE $495 COACH $515
PHAETON $515 SPORT COUPE $535 SEDAN $565
CABRIOLET $565

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms

"THE LEADER CAN ACCOMPLISH CHEVROLET WHAT OTHERS DARE NOT TRY"

Two General Motors Values

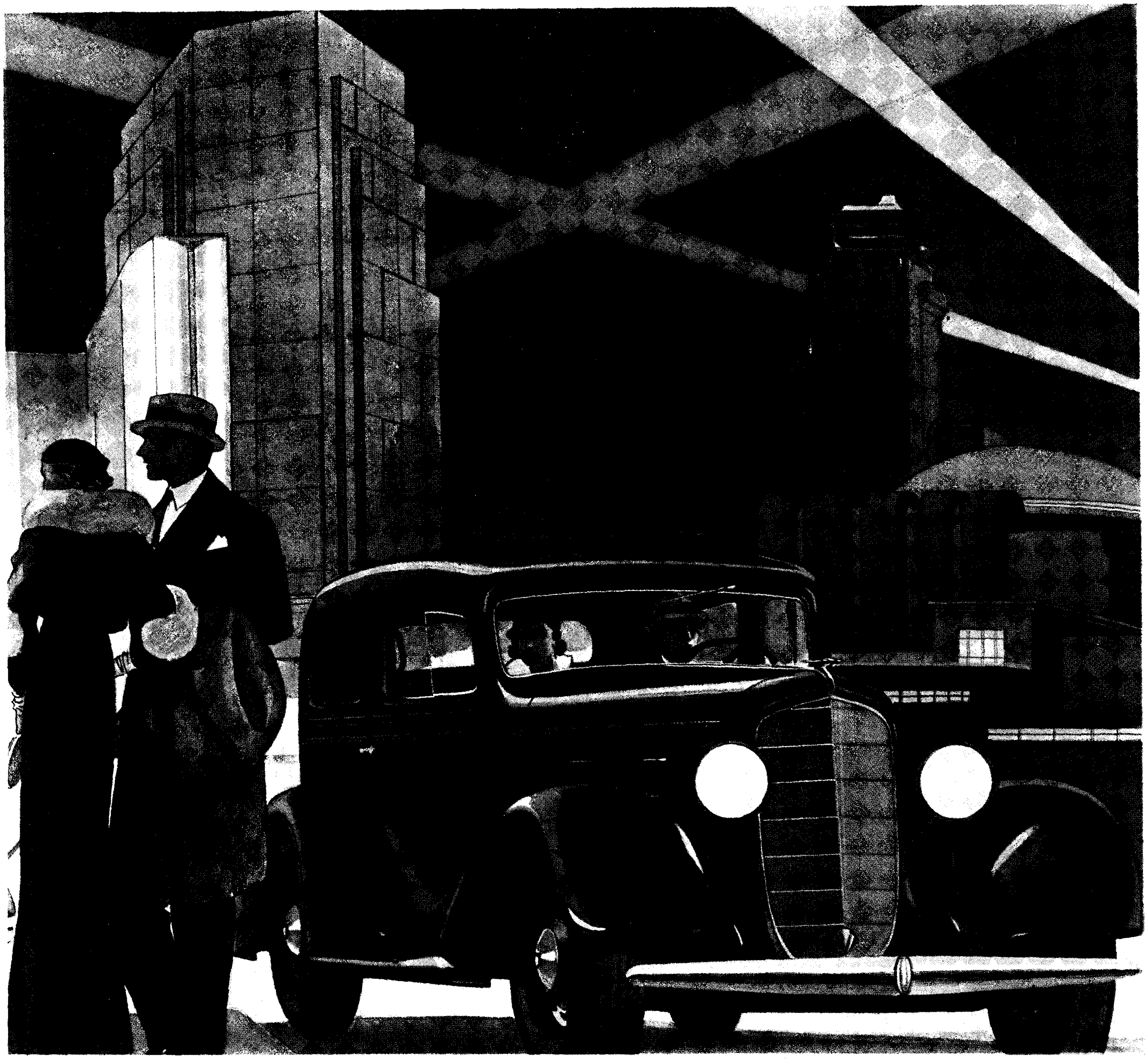


America's most modern structure, Science Hall, at the Century of Prog

Expressing the most modern ideas of style and smartness . . .

THE BRILLIANT NEW OLDSMOBILES

New low prices . . . the Six $745 *and up* . . . *the Eight* $845 *and up*



sition, Chicago. The cars are the new Oldsmobile Straight Eight and Six.

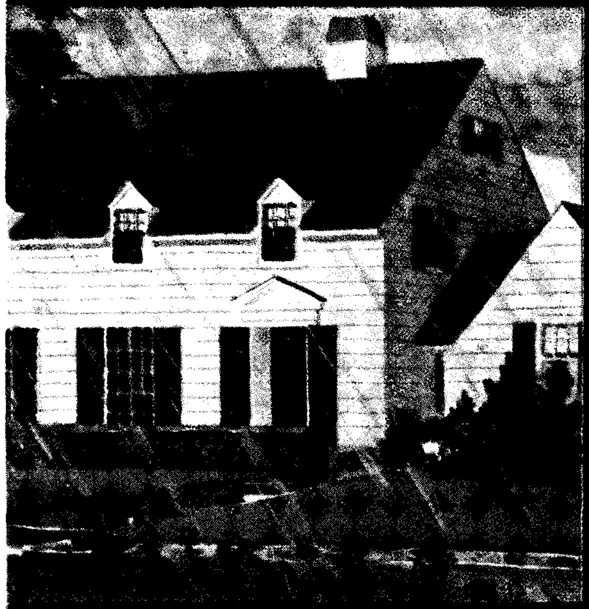
Among all the motor cars produced this year, there are none so truly modern as the two new Oldsmobiles. For in these cars Oldsmobile's designers have expressed an entirely new conception of motor car style, beauty and character. . . . It was necessary to break with the past almost completely to design two cars so thoroughly original. But that was done. And the Oldsmobiles which resulted are being hailed as the motor car style leaders, not merely for the current year, but for a whole new era of modern designing. . . . Moreover, this long forward stride in styling is matched by equally important mechanical advancements. . . . Oldsmobile's well-known reputation for dependability has been made more secure than ever, through improvements in the chassis which add to its ruggedness and long life. . . . Performance is more brilliant — with greatly increased power, added smoothness and actual stop-watch speeds of 75 to 80 miles per hour for the Six, and 80 to 85 miles per hour for the Eight. . . . Oldsmobile prices, too, are now so attractively low that they provide an additional reason for considering these cars. . . . And so it is evident that, in addition to being smartly modern, the two new Oldsmobiles are well-balanced automobiles combining the four outstanding characteristics of sound motor car value—Style, Performance, Durability and Low Price. All four are essential to complete satisfaction. So make no compromise. *Demand* all four—and *get* all four—in a new Oldsmobile Six or Straight Eight.

• • •

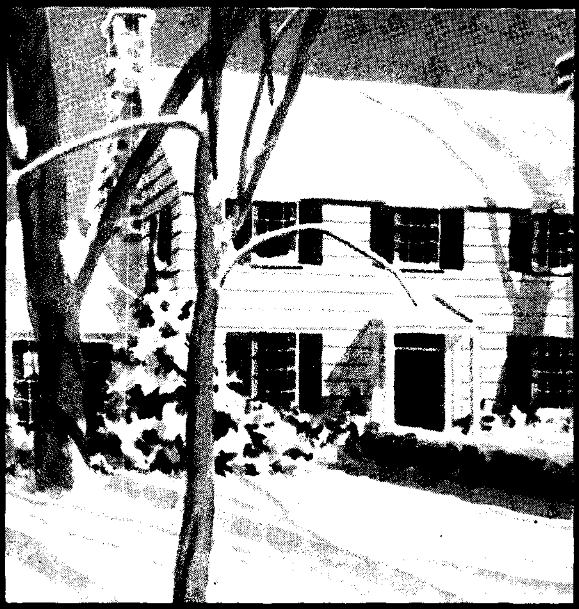
The 1933 Oldsmobiles are available in 13 beautiful body types, priced from $745 to $855 for the Six, and from $845 to $955 for the Eight. All prices are f. o. b. Lansing. All models may be purchased on G.M.A.C. terms. And all closed models have Fisher No Draft Ventilation, Individually Controlled.

YOU CAN'T FOOL THE WEATHER

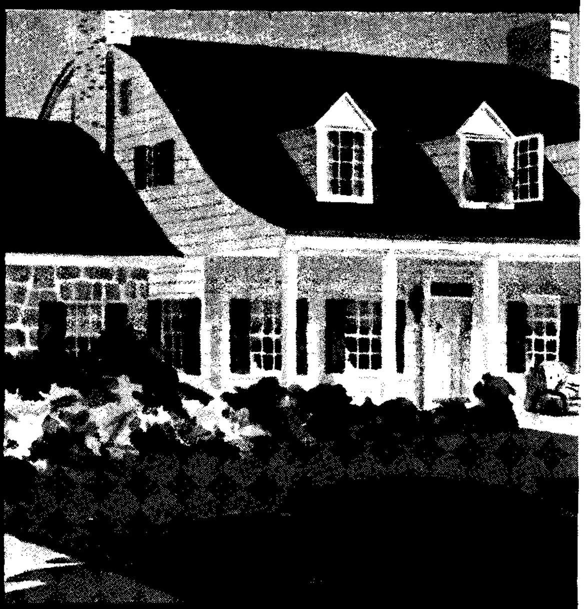
...with a 'CHEAP' Paint!



RAIN: Moisture means destruction to exposed wood. Dutch Boy White-Lead paint keeps rain and dampness out.

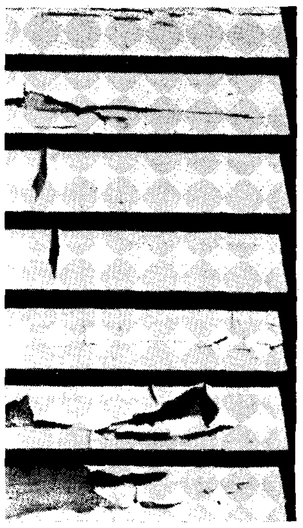


SNOW: When snow settles in crevices and corners, moisture preys on wood. Keep out damp and wet with Dutch Boy.



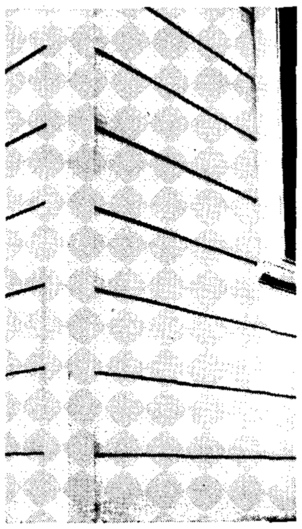
SUN: The summer's sun dries and warps unprotected wood. Dutch Boy shields the wood from the sun's attack.

"CHEAP PAINT"
AFTER 1 YEAR



- *This job* one year ago *cost $165. Today it will cost $30 more . . . for burning and scraping before it can be repainted. Total $195 for* one *year, without figuring in the cost of new priming coat needed.*

DUTCH BOY
AFTER 5 YEARS



- *This job* five *years ago cost $215. Same town in Ohio . . . same conditions of weather and exposure. Paint is still in good condition . . . still protecting the wood. Yearly paint cost to date, only $43.*

. . . why spend your money to PROVE it can't be done?

● Look ahead to months of sun, rain and snow and you'll never decide on a "cheap" paint job . . . it's far too costly in the end. You can't afford the extra dollars it will take out of your pocket. And you don't need to pay good money to find that such a job doesn't stand up.

Look at the examples shown at the left, *actual photographs.* See how one house-owner made an *apparent* saving of $50 at *the start . . .* and how within a year that saving turned into a $195 loss.

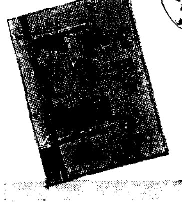
See how "cheap" paint quickly cracks *and scales . . . how it peels away and lays* bare surfaces it was meant to protect. Such a job must be burned and scraped before it can be repainted. And it will also require a new priming coat before the finish coats are spread.

Contrast that performance with the Dutch Boy White-Lead job. Paint made with Dutch Boy doesn't crack or scale, but wears down by gradual chalking and leaves a perfect foundation for the new coats. There is no costly burning off . . . and consequently no extra coat . . . to pay for.

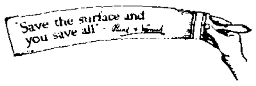
Does money-saving appeal to you? Call in an experienced painter and when he says "Dutch Boy, of course?" answer him "You bet!" Then stand back and watch the custom-made job he gives you. Watch him mix the paint until its composition is just right for your particular house. And watch him tint it to the exact color you've specified. A good painter, like good paint, pays for himself.

You'll find the free booklet below at left mighty helpful in showing what points to check on *before* you paint . . . while you're planning the job. Send for it.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Pennsylvania, 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



"The House We Live In" *shows painting mistakes and how to avoid them. Helps you save money. Sent free on request to Dept. 8, care of nearest branch.*


"Save the surface and you save all"

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 USE

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

Cold Trails

Continued from page 19

Horse Dunn looked startled. "What's that?" he demanded.

"I didn't see anything," Marian said. "I don't know how the fight started. Billy just suddenly jumped his horse at the other horse, and it went over backward. That's all I saw."

Horse Dunn turned to her.

"I've known Billy Wheeler since he had to shin up a horse's leg to get on. You think he'd lie to us here?"

"No; I didn't say I thought he lied."

"Then what's to stop you from backing him up?"

IN THE girl's eyes showed something Billy Wheeler had never seen there before. She seemed to be looking into something terribly sad, but completely inevitable; she faced it without excitement and without flinching. "I can't swear to something I didn't see."

Horse Dunn looked at her, then turned away and let his hands fall in a gesture of utter futility.

Old Man Coffee broke the awkward pause. "Look here," he said. "There's something about this I don't get. Yesterday you shot Link Bender through the arm, Horse, right before the sheriff's eyes. Nothing comes of that. How is it the sheriff lets that pass, yet jumps in with both feet the minute Billy Wheeler raises his hand in self-defense?"

"You want to know the answer?" Horse Dunn demanded. "He didn't take me because he hasn't got the guts to take me. He knows it can't be done! What he fails to allow for now is that the 94 will back Billy Wheeler just the same as if he'd been here all his life. When he finds that out you'll see him drop back!"

"I'm not so sure," said Old Man Coffee.

"You're not sure? Look at it, man!"

"I am looking at it. Seems like to me, Horse, the game is a little different from that. He may be laying off of you because his crowd has a little different plans for you. I'll say right here, this sure makes it look to me like they must have a case against you on the murder of Lon Magoon—a case we maybe can begin worrying about."

"Then why do they turn and jump on Billy Wheeler?"

"It might be because Billy Wheeler is kind of strong as a cattleman. I'm speaking of bank strength. I don't know anything about how Billy Wheeler stands in this mess. But it may be they think he might work out as an ace card in patching up the finances of the 94. That being the case, naturally they'd like nothing better than to set him aside to cool for thirty days. A man can't read his facts unless he looks a little into the people situation. It sure begins to look," said Old Man Coffee, "as if I'm going to have to go to Inspiration for this trial."

"No," said Horse Dunn. "Because there isn't going to be any trial. They'll take Billy Wheeler no place."

"I think," Marian Dunn said, "you must be mad!"

"Mad, is it? Mad or not mad, the coyote pack will never take Billy Wheeler in."

"There's this about it, Mr. Dunn," Val Douglas drawled: "Tulare says that tonight or tomorrow Amos can raise up a posse of a hundred. We'd look good trying to bronc-stomp a hundred men."

Horse Dunn bellowed, "You stand there and tell me—"

Billy Wheeler cut in: "He's right, Horse."

"*What?*"

Billy Wheeler looked Val Douglas over coolly. "Val doesn't strike me like a feller that would be right very often," he said, at last. "But this ought to raise his percentage, I guess. I'm going to leave 'em take me, Horse."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Horse Dunn told him. "I'm boss here!"

Billy Wheeler sprawled relaxed, as if he were resting, and met Dunn's glare evenly.

"I don't know as you can stop me, Horse," he said.

Horse Dunn did not give in at once. That old man was from other, wilder times; and his tremendous, robust vitality, which made it seem as if an Indian medicine kept him from growing old, upheld in him the embattled spirit of his youth. Never in his life had he gained anything by bending; always he had stood and fought for his own. Now, in the unacknowledged advance of his age, it was a bitter thing for him to bend even a little way. But Wheeler was right in one thing; if he meant to submit to trial, Horse Dunn couldn't stop him.

So Dunn gave in at last. He ran a big hand through the thinned, roan hair. "How long? Oh, Lord, how long! If only Bob Flagg would come. . . ."

The day was hardly breaking when Sheriff Walt Amos came hammering at the door.

The sheriff came alone, without show of force. Wheeler's surrender he outwardly took as a matter of course; though a close observer might have detected a certain pleased relief.

IT WAS nearly six in the morning as they rolled down the dusty ruts toward the first test of strength since the killing at Short Creek. Three cars drove to Inspiration, for Billy Wheeler had reserved certain privileges of free action; and the sheriff returned to Inspiration alone in his own car, as he had come. A second car was driven by Horse Dunn, who took with him Gil Baker, Steve Hurley, and Tulare Callahan; and—what seemed more important—Marian Dunn, between Val Douglas and her huge uncle in the front seat. The Old Man of the 94 was possessed by a vague, persistent hope that somewhere, sometime, Marian would see something which would change her opinions as to the balance of force and justice in the Red Hills ranges.

Old Man Coffee rode with Billy Wheeler, who drove his own roadster.

"There in that one car," said Coffee, watching Horse Dunn's tower of dust, "goes all that's left of the 94 outfit; except for you and me, who don't really belong here."

Billy Wheeler nodded. "I couldn't hardly believe," he said, "that Horse was trying to run twenty thousand head of cattle, even through the quiet months, with only four men and himself."

"He's got twenty thousand head, has he?"

"The book count shows twenty thousand head. Allowing for death losses, he supposes he's got fourteen to sixteen thousand. Short-handed as he is, he can't be right sure."

"I've seen the day," Old Man Coffee said, "two, three years ago, when the 94 bunkhouse never held less than twelve or fifteen hands. And in round-up times I've seen better than fifty riders follow the 94 wagons. But I guess those days are gone."

"He thinks the cow business has gone to pieces because of too much fancy handling. He figures if you get enough range and enough cows on it, the thing ought to work itself out by main strength—like in the old days, when the Great Plains was open."

Coffee suggested that Horse Dunn was getting old. "It's hard for us old fellers to bend to new ways of handling cows—or men. Horse Dunn is like this old dog."

Between Old Man Coffee's knees sat his big, black hound, old Rock. A grizzle of white hair salted old Rock's forequarters and, though his body was still as cleanly molded as that of a young dog, his scarred old face showed the droop of age.

"Old Rock was boss of my pack for years," Coffee explained. "He showed the way, punished the pups into line. But a different, younger dog is pack boss now. That's why old Rock has to be with me all the time, and make himself a nuisance—so's he'll feel he's above mixing with common dogs. Without that he'd die fighting or bust up the pack."

Old Man Coffee let his mild, deep-set eyes wander over the Red Hills range. The twisting, deep-swinging road had to go a long way before it got off 94 territory.

"All us old fellers come to the same thing this old dog has come to," Coffee said. "Horse Dunn might just as well get ready to swaller that, like Rock and like me. He's forced his way for a long time; but comes a time when he can't force it no more."

"And that," Wheeler said, "is what we've got to save him from. For God knows he'll never bow his head! It's up to you, more'n anybody."

"Don't count on me."

That was Old Man Coffee's attitude. Because of his uncommon sixth sense in handling a trail and because of his widely heard-of luck in making shrewd deductions, Old Man Coffee had been called in on many a mystery killing in the intermountain country. But though he worked hard without cost to anyone, he stubbornly avoided any official responsibility. "I got nothing to do with it." That was the Coffee theme song on a murder case.

But now he added: "Something's wrong. When I first looked at this case I thought it was open and shut. But something's the matter with this case. Somebody knows something they're not telling me."

BILLY WHEELER waited, but the information which silence would have brought from most men was long in coming.

"People in this country is going to the dogs," Coffee complained. "Take you. Your old father had a pair of eyes that could find out the devil through the smoke of hell. But you—you ain't got any eyes. I not only got to do your thinking for you. I also got to see for you and hear for you and ride for you. I'll give you just a sample."

An ironic amusement faintly altered Old Man Coffee's gaunt face. This was where he got his fun out of life—making other people feel like fools. Coffee would wear himself out helping someone without pay; and then, with a tongue like a horse rasp, do his best to get himself hated for his pains.

"Answer me one question," he said now. "What weapon killed Lon Magoon?"

Billy Wheeler looked at Coffee sidelong, and for a moment he hesitated. "Lon Magoon," he said, "was killed by a shotgun. Is that what you wanted to know?"

(Continued on page 34)

As easy as "skinning a cat" you can cut down SHOE BILLS

HE'S got to have fun or he won't live and grow. But o-o-o! how hard that fun can be on shoes! There's one easy way to take care of that. Put his active feet on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

Tougher...longer-wearing ... *waterproof!* Goodyear Wingfoot Soles are the way to lower shoe bills. Millions of parents have found out that.

Why don't you ask for these extra-service soles on new shoes or when having shoes repaired? They cost no more than ordinary soles.

Put new spring in your step. Wear Goodyear Wingfoot Heels!

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot

SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

"If that's catnip I'm a caterpillar!"

THE Colonel tried to be kittenish . . . but the result was catastrophe! There is one tobacco that domestic pets (from wives to kittens) run *towards*, not *away from!*

With Sir Walter Raleigh you are almost guaranteed a perfect smoke. Why the "almost"? Simply because *no* tobacco can overcome the handicap of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-preserved briar there is just nothing like the satisfaction you get out of a bowlful of Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild mixture, kept fresh in gold foil. Your nearest tobacconist has this orange and black tin of rare Kentucky Burleys. You'll agree with thousands of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-33

How to Take Care of Your Pipe
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(Continued from page 33)

"Part. What else?"

"It was fired from in front of him, a little to his right-hand side, by a man on a horse."

"What else?"

"The shell was home-loaded. And that's all I know, yet."

Old Man Coffee was regarding Wheeler with a peculiar, fixed expression. "Son," he said at last, "I back down; I'm free to admit I had you wrong. You're further along the trail than most of 'em. You got the shotgun right, at least. I suppose you seen that one shot pellet bogged into the seam of the leather on Lon Magoon's saddle horn?"

"Yes; I saw it."

"That little pellet is pretty well hid. I guess nobody saw it but you and me. But the rest of your dope's wrong. For one thing—Magoon wasn't killed by no man on a horse!"

"How do you know that?"

"HOW did you know the shell was home-loaded?"

"Because the charge was weak. The sign showed the horses was close together when the shot was fired. If the charge hadn't been weak that pellet of lead would have plowed a whole lot deeper than it did."

Old Man Coffee nodded approval. "A good catch," he said. "But I think you got it wrong. If the charge had been fired from close, like you say, the killer could have rammed the long shotgun barrel plumb against Magoon—there wouldn't have been no shot in the saddle horn. It was *distance* slowed that pellet up. Lon Magoon was shot by a third man, from up on the flat ground above the cut!"

"Seems like," Wheeler objected, "the trail of the third man should have showed up, somewhere about."

"Maybe; if it had been read proper before the cattle pawed out the sign. But—*there's one man mixed into this* that knows too much about trails to have left one hisself—even if he'd been there. Son, did you think of that?"

Old Man Coffee's eyes were boring keenly into Billy Wheeler; Wheeler could feel those sharp old eyes, even though his own were on the road. Wheeler felt a wakening stimulation. He could see why the Piutes believed Old Man Coffee to have second sight. "Cayuse," he said. "Cayuse Cayetano—he might not leave a trail."

Coffee was silent.

"That changes things some," Wheeler said, "if you're right."

"You'll see two, three things change, son, before we're through."

"If we had time for a long fight—"

"I don't think it's going to be a long fight, son; I think it's all going to come quick and soon. I've only been here two days, Billy; you've been here only three. But there's some things can't go on long before something pops."

They fell silent, while the hard-working engine threw the rack of the road behind them in big spasms and gouts of dust; and far ahead presently showed the faint disturbance on the plain which was Inspiration.

Inspiration consisted principally of a main street, backed by a few score houses, some of them neatly painted, with a tree or two; many simply unpainted shacks. The main street itself somewhat outdid the town that backed it. It was unpaved, but it had a shriekingly modern brick business block, and twenty-five or thirty frame business buildings, all with wooden false fronts, many with wooden awnings which extended over the sidewalk.

To a stranger the town would not have seemed so full of people as Tulare Callahan's report perhaps suggested. But Billy Wheeler at once recognized a dozen or more cars which would not ordinarily have been there, and about an equal number of dozing cow ponies. And, as the 94 cars pulled up in front of the little frame building that housed the county office, Wheeler noticed a small, inconspicuous stir in doorways, a too casual moving together of spur-heeled loungers at two or three places along the street.

Billy Wheeler caught Horse Dunn's signal as he slid his roadster to a stop. He stepped down from the wheel and walked forward to Dunn's car.

"We want to all kind of keep together, here, as we move into this," Horse Dunn said casually. "I don't think there's going to be any trouble of any kind. Still—I wish Bob Flagg had got here. There aren't so many of us as there has been some years."

There had been a time, Billy Wheeler knew, when the 94, twenty or thirty cowboys strong, would not have hesitated to stand this town on its head. Once the 94 had been almost a minor hang-out for the wild bunch, and people had claimed that no horse-and-gun disorder occurred within a week's ride without participation of a horse or two branded with the 94. For years it had been traditional that a 94 cowboy who was whipped in town could look for work elsewhere; and in some of these false fronts could still be found bullet holes commemorating the rampages of 94 cow hands of a Saturday night. Even yet the name of the brand alone should command a certain respect.

Glancing at Marian Dunn, Billy Wheeler saw that the girl's eyes were wide with appeal as they rested upon his; but he felt unable to respond. He supposed that she wanted him to try to keep her turbulent and ungovernable uncle out of war, but he found himself stiff and indifferent, eager for trouble, almost. Once he had offered this girl everything in his life, without arousing in her any emotion other than regret. Even now, today, she did not propose to speak in his behalf. And he resented the situation which kept him close to this girl who would never mean anything to him but disappointment and trouble.

But—as he met her eyes he knew that she was still the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

The sheriff pulled up and stepped to the sidewalk. Now that he was on his own ground again there was a perceptible hardening and stiffening of the man; he did not look like the same peace officer who had so politely suggested, at daybreak, that Wheeler submit to trial in a peaceful way.

"Court won't open yet for a little bit," he said. "You, Wheeler, park yourself around here close. You're lucky not to be in the lock-up, by God! You, Dunn, I'll speak to you inside. I've got a couple of questions I figure to ask."

"All right," Horse Dunn said. "Come on, folks."

"The rest of you stay outside," Sheriff Amos said. "You're the one I aim to talk to, Dunn."

Horse Dunn looked up and down the street, noting how the groups of booted loungers had grown. Hardly a doorway in that street was empty now. Wheeler saw Dunn run a quick glance along the second-story windows across the street. Dunn turned to his car, relaxed, casual.

"Marian, take this here car around the corner and park it; then wait there until someone brings word."

Marian glanced once questioningly at her uncle, then once more, almost despairingly, at Billy Wheeler. Then the car lumbered away in the dust as she obeyed.

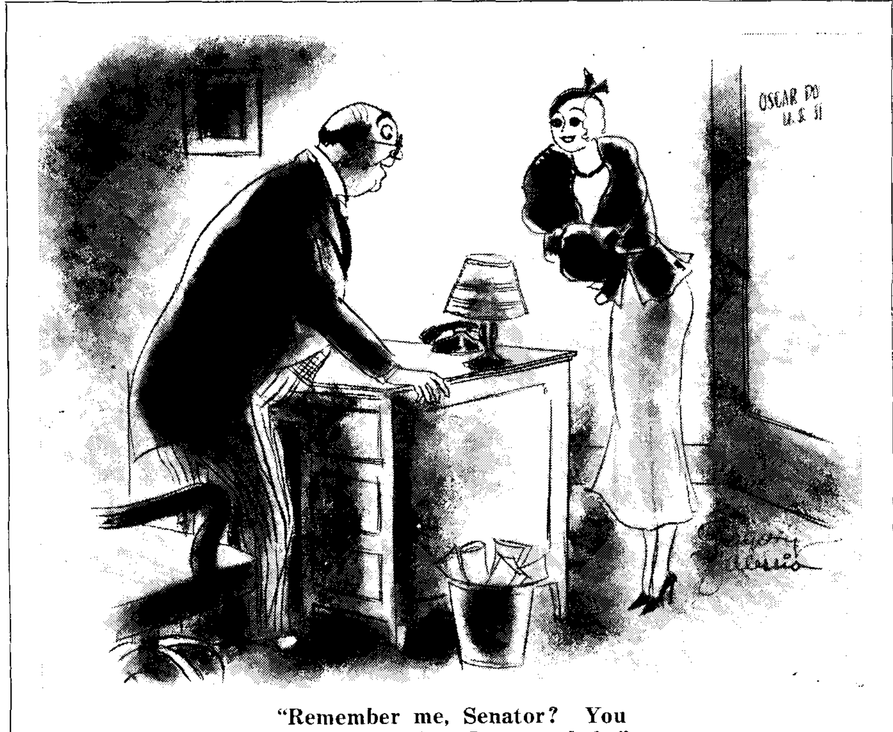
Horse Dunn turned with a curious mildness to the sheriff. "I don't figure to give any answers, Amos, that I wouldn't just as leave my outfit would hear."

THE Old Man of the 94 stood square-planted—smiling a little, almost bland; but the confidence of a lifelong dominance was in the easy set of his enormous shoulders, so that he seemed then bigger than the town, bigger than the range. All up and down that street were Link Bender's men—the sheriff's men—a hundred guns could be brought down on the old range boss with the first puff of smoke. Yet Sheriff Amos looked smaller, a badgered man, standing there in front of Horse Dunn. Flanking their Old Man, the cowboys of the 94 stood nonchalantly, spread out a little now; they watched three ways without seeming to watch. But it was Horse Dunn who stood like an immovable mountain. There was something in the Old Man that could break men down.

The sheriff hesitated; he knew what he was up against. Abruptly he burst out, "I decide these things here!"

The mild mask fell away. "Then give your orders to people you can boss," Dunn snarled at him.

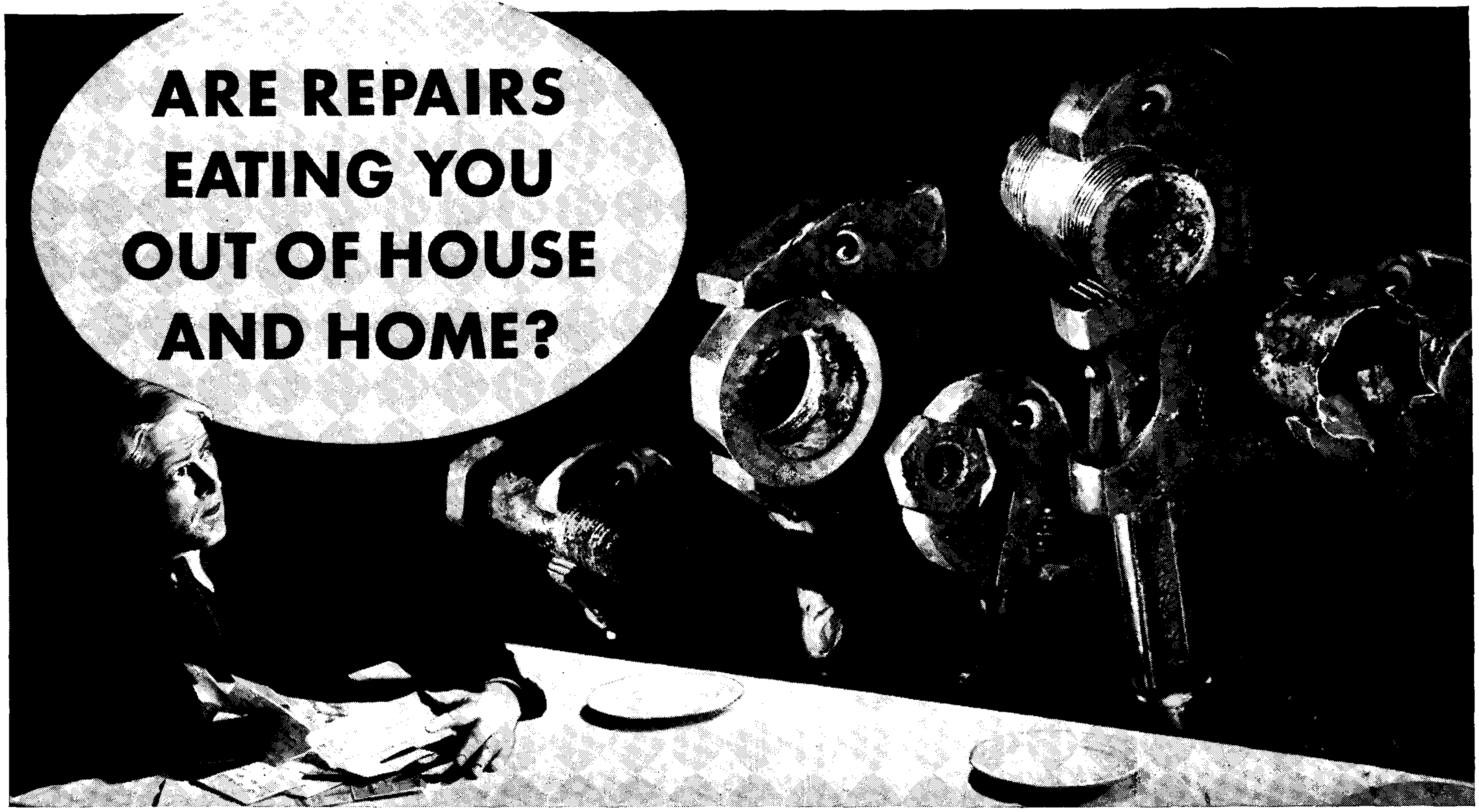
(To be continued next week)

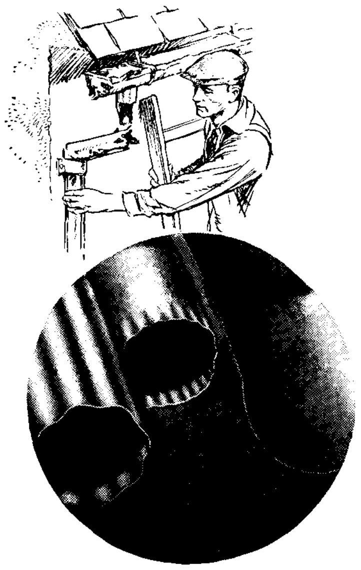


"Remember me, Senator? You kissed me when I was a baby"

Gregory D'Alessio

...*Interesting* NEWS *about* COPPER *and* BRASS

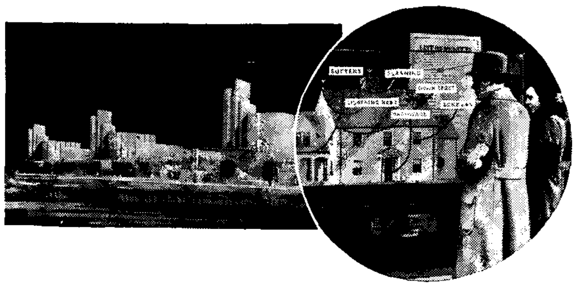

ARE REPAIRS EATING YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME?

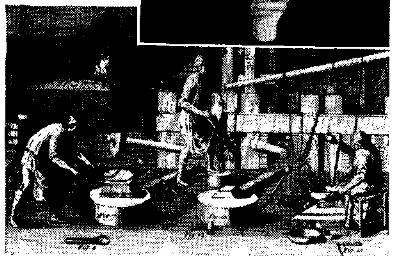


WHEN IT SEEMS AS IF YOU COULD PICK THE HOUSE APART —as the workman above appears to be doing—you discover the least expensive material is *the kind that can't rust* . . . Copper gutters, leaders, downspouts (circle, above) *can't rust.* Usually, *they outlast the house.* Divide their cost by the years of repair-free service they give. Could anything be cheaper?

HOW THEY ELIMINATED REPAIR BILLS IN 1785 . . . Nine years after America declared her independence, Mr. R. B. declared *his* independence—of rust-repair bills. He put up the copper leader-head (right). It's dated 1785. It's still on the job today! The print below it shows how they worked copper at that time. Some of the articles made in this quaint foundry may be in use right now!

What hungry visitors those repair tools can be! They eat up half a billion dollars of our money every year, just for rust-repairs. (As much as our fire losses!) Ask any reputable contractor how to get rid of these unwelcome guests. He'll tell you the one sure way: Use copper, brass and bronze. *No rust, no rust-repairs!* Whatever you fix this year, fix once for all! *It may never again cost as little to end rust-repair bills forever.*

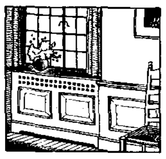




LOOK INTO THE MATTER OF the rust-proof house, at the great Century of Progress Exhibition at Chicago this summer. This is your invitation to visit our booths. (Numbers 19-21-22-23, General Exhibits Group, Pavilion 1). You'll see some marvelous things... But if you can't come to Chicago, visit the Architectural Exhibits and Model Homes in your community. *All* use copper, brass and bronze wherever rust might do harm.

WHEN IT TAKES AS LONG TO DRAW THE WATER as it does to take the bath—beware! That trickle means trouble. First, rust clogs the pipe. Then, rust eats through it. Then—add a repair bill for a ruined wall or water-damaged furniture or a flooded floor... Or, act now before the damage is done. It's much cheaper to replace a rusted pipe than to repair a ruined house. Ask a master plumber about *pipe that can't rust.* He'll tell you all about *brass pipe and copper tubing.*

SOME NEW PLACES where copper and brass will do away with repair bills. Copper is opening up a whole new world. Out of the laboratory are coming new, marvelous *and rust-free* inventions. For example:



That new copper radiator! Quick-heating. Unbelievably compact. Fits in the thickness of a wall. Out of sight, out of mind.

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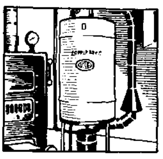

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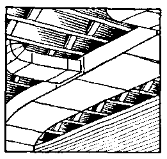

Air-conditioning! Brings vacation breezes into your city home. Copper and brass eliminate the ravages of rust.

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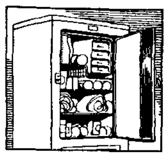

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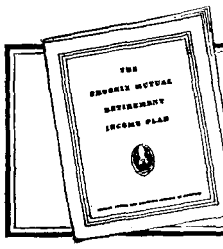
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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 26

"What do you mean?"

"You are under police protection so far as we can supply it. There are detectives in this building, one guarding your house and one will be on the outside of your car or following it in a taxi when you leave here."

"Have I asked for this sort of thing?" Sir Humphrey demanded.

"A request from you was not necessary," was the dogged answer. "We have ourselves and our reputation to protect. Anyone who has been threatened as you have is guarded as a matter of course. If anything were to happen to you the first people to be blamed would be Scotland Yard."

"I'm glad you have told me of this," Sir Humphrey said, "because it gives me an opportunity to speak plainly. You will be so good as to withdraw these men."

"I'm sorry," the chief commissioner objected. "They are there in accordance with custom, and the necessity for their presence has already been proved."

"No misunderstanding about this, please," Rossiter insisted. "These men are to be withdrawn. I won't have my house watched. If anyone wants to pay me a visit as friend or enemy I want the road to be open. Neither will I be watched here or in the streets. If anyone wants particularly to assassinate me a detective hanging around won't improve my chances."

"Those are your orders, sir?"

"My definite orders. I will not be guarded. Especially I will not have the avenue to and from my house blocked."

"Meaning that you actually want to get in touch with the criminals?" the chief commissioner suggested shrewdly.

Sir Humphrey shrugged his shoulders. For a moment he seemed at a loss.

"That is my business," he answered.

There was a brief silence. There were a great many things which the chief commissioner was longing to say, but he was beginning to realize their hopelessness.

"Would you mind putting your orders in writing, Sir Humphrey?" he begged.

The Home Secretary adjusted his eyeglass and scribbled a few lines which he handed over.

"That will let you out officially," he observed, "if I am removed bodily again or transported to another sphere. Good morning, General. My first day back in harness and a busy one. Interviews are all curtailed. Forgive me."

He rang the bell. The chief commissioner folded the paper he had received, and took his leave. Outside he tore it into small pieces which he dropped into the muddy street out of his taxicab window.

"HOW are we getting on, Carthew?" Sir Humphrey asked his secretary an hour or so later.

"We shall have cleared up everything important, sir, when you've signed one or two more letters," was the cheerful reply. "It's four o'clock now. No need for you to be down at the House until half past seven or eight. I have ordered the car round. I thought you might like to rest at home for a short time. I can come along in case there is anything there."

"That sounds all right," the Home Secretary agreed. "Bring the letters at once and we'll get along."

Tea and buttered toast in the warm luxury of his study, a pipe of fragrant tobacco and a very comfortable chair. Sir Humphrey relaxed gratefully and shook out The Times. The wind was blowing outside but there was little to be heard through the closely drawn curtains. It was the most peaceful hour of the day. Carthew came in from his own room with some papers in his hand.

"Glad to see you looking so comfortably drowsy, sir," he observed. "Do you good to take a nap. I'm afraid you will have to say a few words tonight about that Maryford affair. Simple business, though. I have all the notes here. There's nothing else to trouble you about except one caller."

"Who is that?"

"A man I think you will have to see, sir. Mr. Debenham of the firm of Debenham, Twiss & Debenham. Excellent firm of lawyers in the West End. He has been asking to see you personally every day for a fortnight."

"A firm of repute, you say?"

"Without a doubt, sir. Mr. Debenham, the one who is calling to see you, was in the House for some time—member for Wolverhampton. Lost his seat at the last election."

"I remember," Sir Humphrey murmured. "Yes, he must be all right. I will have a word with him when he calls. Meanwhile, take the telephone over to your room and leave me undisturbed."

THE period of quiescence was brief, however. It was less than a quarter of an hour afterwards when Carthew reappeared ushering in the expected visitor. Mr. Debenham, as a West End solicitor and representative of an old-established firm, conformed to type in every respect. He was fashionably but quietly dressed, pleasant, well-mannered and well-spoken.

"Terribly sorry to disturb you, Sir Humphrey," he apologized, as he accepted the chair to which the latter motioned him. "It really is in a way, though, an urgent affair. It has to do with the estate of that poor fellow, Cecil Brandt, who was hanged."

"Good gracious!" Rossiter exclaimed. "How am I interested?"

"Well, curiously enough," the other announced, "you appear to be one of his executors."

Sir Humphrey frowned. This was a contingency which had never occurred to him.

"Brandt should not have done that without asking my permission," he muttered. "I'm not at all sure, Mr. Debenham, that I shall feel inclined to accept office."

"That course is quite open to you, sir," was the courteous reply. "In your official position you would naturally have every excuse for refusing. I must tell you that Mr. Brandt's affairs are largely in the hands of a New York firm of lawyers for whom we in this country act only as agents. They asked us to see you to ascertain whether you would be content to serve, and also to put one or two questions to you."

"Mrs. Brandt is a very old friend of mine, as she was of my wife's," Sir Humphrey reflected. "Who is the other executor?"

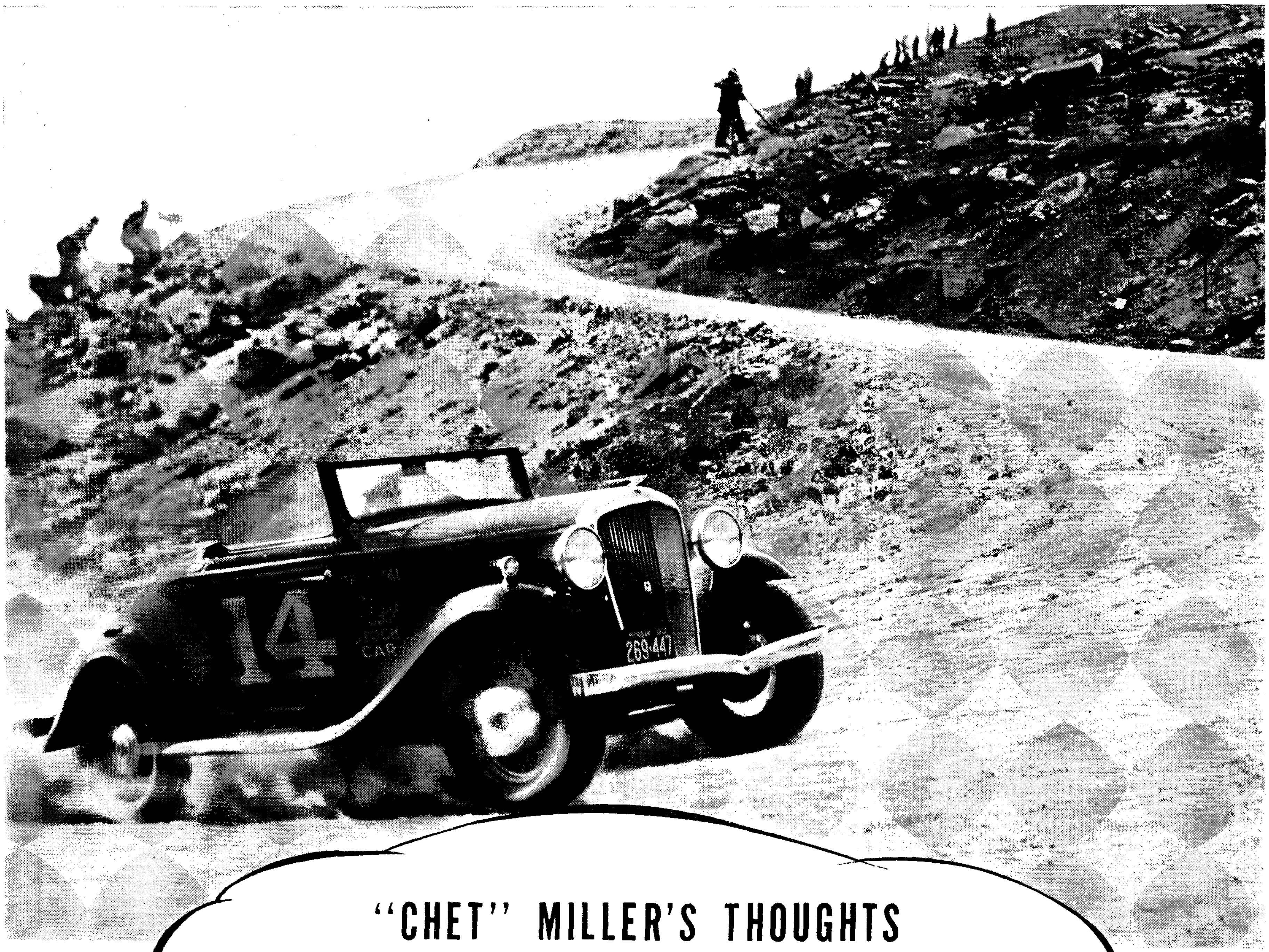
"Only Mrs. Brandt."

"Humph! That simplifies matters. What questions were you to ask me?"

"Well, they appear to be based upon the supposition that you were intimate enough with Brandt to know something of his affairs. The estate in New York is of considerable dimensions, but there seems to be an idea on the part of the lawyers that Mr. Brandt also possessed a large fortune over here."

"I know no more about his affairs than the man in the moon," Sir Hum-

(Continued on page 38)



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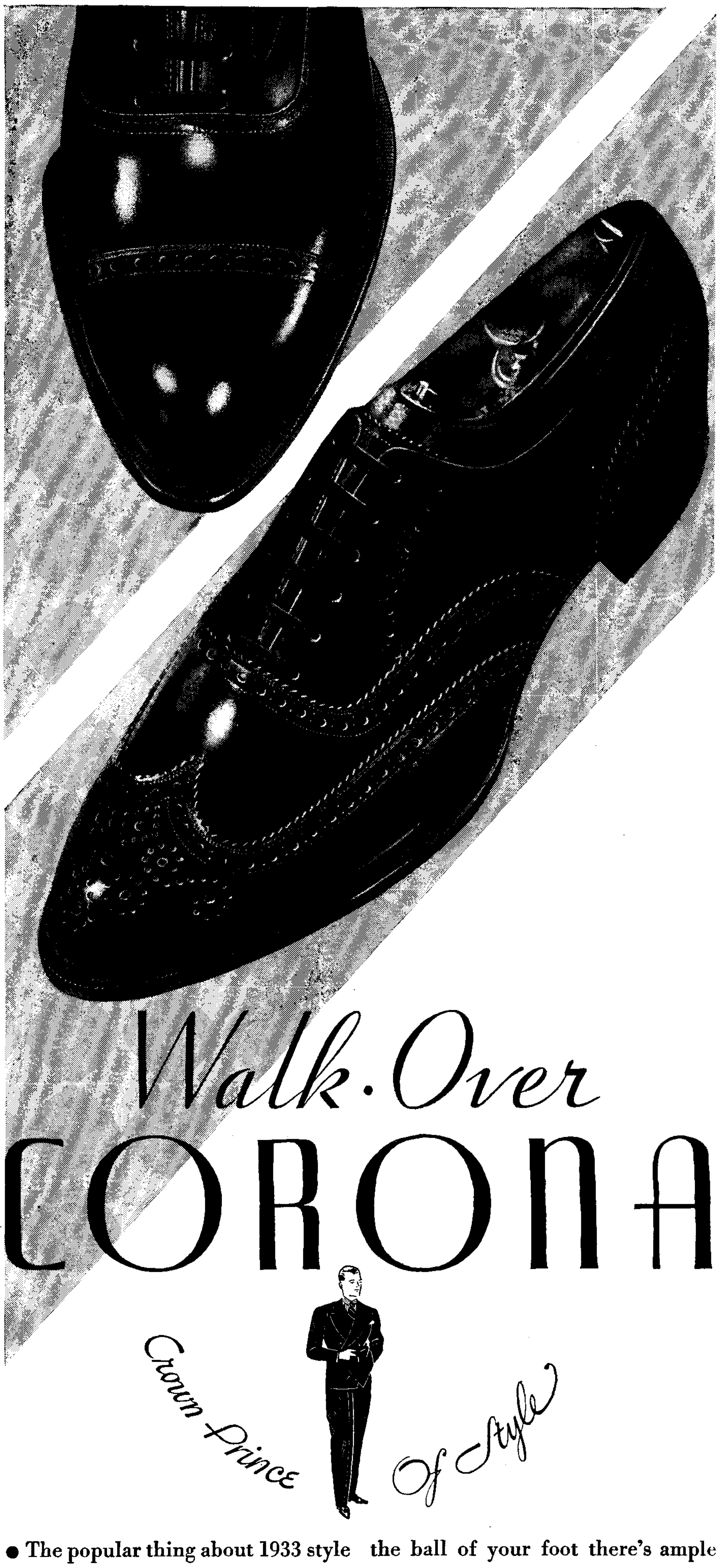

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 36

phrey declared. "He always had the reputation of being wealthy and he has certainly spent large sums at times—the theater, for instance, which he gave to his wife."

"Our correspondents speak," Mr. Debenham confided, "of a large quantity of bonds or similar securities deposited on this side. They have no ideà where they are, and his bank, although it holds a considerable balance, knows nothing of any securities. I naturally called first upon Mrs. Brandt, but unfortunately she was away."

"I SEE," Sir Humphrey meditated. "Well, so far as information about poor Brandt's estate goes I'm afraid I am useless to you. I was on no sort of terms of intimacy with him. It was his wife entirely who was our friend."

"That would make you the more acceptable to her as executor," the lawyer ventured to remind him.

"I'm not saying that I will refuse the post," Sir Humphrey confided. "I shall ask you to give me a day or two to consider it. I should say there is no doubt but that Brandt had money on this side somewhere. Only last year he offered to settle five hundred thousand pounds upon his wife if she would promise to leave the stage finally."

"All the information we have been able to gather," the lawyer observed, "points to Mr. Brandt's having been a man of great wealth. The position will no doubt elucidate itself."

"I gather the will is an American one?" Sir Humphrey asked.

"The only will we have knowledge of at present. We wondered, as there seems to be some mystery about the English estate, whether perhaps it was deposited in some way to avoid death duties. It seems certain, however, in that case, that Brandt would have left a letter explaining things and, so far as I can gather, no one has received anything of the sort. You don't happen to know of any intimate friend with whom Brandt might have left it?" the lawyer asked, as he rose to his feet.

"Not one," Sir Humphrey confessed. "I used to see his name in the papers with his wife's at a great many of these social gatherings, but I myself have been somewhat of a recluse for the last few years. Good afternoon, Mr. Debenham. You shall have my reply very shortly."

Sir Humphrey sat back once more in his chair with a little shiver of distaste. It was not a pleasant position. Executor to the hanged man!—and a large estate missing. He summoned Carthew.

"No one else, I hope?" he inquired.

"I'm terribly sorry, sir," his secretary apologized. "A young American gentleman has been waiting for some time on the chance of seeing you. I know him slightly and didn't like to turn him away altogether—Mr. Van Pleyden."

"What does he want?" Sir Humphrey demanded a trifle irritably.

Carthew shook his head.

"He knows that I am your confidential secretary, sir, but he would not tell me. I explained that you were most unlikely to see him without knowing his business, but he decided to take his chance. For what it's worth, sir, I might tell you that I met him in Washington when I was at the Embassy. He was their best man at polo, almost good enough for the international game, and he put me up for the Hampton Club in New York when I came across him there."

"So he's that sort, is he?" Sir Humphrey observed, "and you feel under certain obligations to him. I quite understand, Carthew. I will see him for a few minutes. Afterwards tell Parkins to get a bath ready. I will change into another morning suit and go down to the House. No dinner at home, tell him. I will have a cutlet there when I find out how things are going."

Carthew picked up the letters which his chief had signed, and disappeared for a brief space of time. When he returned he brought with him a tall, broad-shouldered young man, pleasant-faced, clean-shaven, of rather boyish appearance, but with several significant lines in his face.

"This is Mr. Van Pleyden, Sir Humphrey," Carthew announced.

"Sir Humphrey Rossiter," the young American said, crossing the room with a stride which seemed to eat up the ground, "I am proud and glad to know you, sir."

Sir Humphrey liked the warm clasp of the young man's hand, and he liked too his frank expression. He had rather a weakness for Americans, and this one seemed to be of a pleasant type. He welcomed him affably and pointed to a chair.

'What can I do for you, Mr. Van Pleyden?" he inquired.

"I have come on rather a curious errand, sir," the young man announced bluntly. "I want something you have in your possession."

Sir Humphrey felt a sudden chill. Vaguely the voice seemed to him to be familiar. He was conscious too of an odor, pleasant enough in itself but reminiscent of throbbing moments of agony —the odor of aromatic soap or toilet water. His mind drifted back to those awful moments of his ordeal in Norfolk. He was oppressed with the sense of danger.

"First tell me who you are, and then what you want," he suggested.

"That is simple enough," the other replied. "You know my name—Richard Van Pleyden. My people are well-known in Washington and New York. I served for a time during the war and was afterwards in our Intelligence Department in Washington. When the war was over they wanted me to become a bond salesman, but I couldn't stand it, so I went into secret service work."

"WHAT does that mean in America?" Sir Humphrey asked.

"Oh, we have a secret service—with plenty of work to do," the young man confided. "I've been to Ecuador, for example, twice, and to Mexico once. There wasn't excitement enough about it, though. Now I'm working for a syndicate—a very different matter. You have been away some days, have you not, Sir Humphrey?"

"I have," the latter admitted. "Came back yesterday."

"Noticed anything about your belongings?"

"My belongings? No. What should I notice?"

"Haven't looked in your safe, I suppose?"

"Good Lord, no! I don't open that once a month."

"Open it and have a look," Van Pleyden suggested.

Sir Humphrey rose to his feet, and every instinct he possessed warned him to ring the bell and summon Carthew. He resisted, however, out of sheer obstinacy, crossed the floor of the room and opened the safe.

"Everything as you left it?" the young man inquired.

Sir Humphrey, who was genuinely startled, made no reply for a moment.

He stared in dismay at the disordered chaos of papers.

"Rather an untidy mess, I'm afraid," Van Pleyden continued. "We left the safe till the last and fancied we heard someone coming. Try your desk."

Sir Humphrey unlocked his desk and looked through its contents, usually a miracle of neatness, now in obvious disorder. In a very few minutes he returned to his place.

"My papers, both in the safe and the desk, appear to have been disturbed and the contents of both thoroughly ransacked. Have you had anything to do with this?" he asked sternly.

"Certainly I have," the young man assented. "You're up against a pretty difficult proposition, you know, Sir Humphrey. While you've been away there is scarcely an inch of this house that has not been searched, and yet I'll bet your servants are as honest as the day. Well, I'll own up, sir. You've put one over on all of us. You've been too clever for us."

"I'M GLAD of that," Sir Humphrey remarked. "Quite reassuring."

"So was the lady. There isn't one of her boxes that has not been gone through, and the rooms she has been occupying have been searched just as thoroughly as yours. No luck. However, the situation at the present moment is slightly improved. We are here alone together under favorable circumstances, and you have to sit there and face the question which I am going to ask you. Where is it, Sir Humphrey?"

"So you're a secret service agent," Sir Humphrey meditated, leaning back in his chair. "Forgive me for taking rather a professional interest in this matter."

"Not in these days," the young man replied. "That was what we used to call ourselves when we were in government employ. I quit Washington some years ago."

"For whom are you working now, then?" Sir Humphrey inquired.

"Myself," was the cool reply. "I am one of the syndicate."

"What syndicate?"

"It's just a little too early to ask that question," Van Pleyden regretted. "We want something that either you or Mrs. Brandt must have. We have had a pretty good search for it and failed. During the last few hours we've had absolutely definite information. We know now that we need not bother the lady. It is you, sir, who have what we want. I am here to get it."

"Your manner is good," Sir Humphrey acknowledged, "original, too. You might make yourself more comprehensible, though. For instance—what is it that you want?"

"You know that perfectly well, sir."

"I can assure you that I do not."

Van Pleyden smiled incredulously.

"We want the key," he confided.

Sir Humphrey drew his bunch of keys from his pocket.

"Any particular one?" he asked.

"Cheap bluff," the young man scoffed, shaking his head. "Cut that out. We want the key. We were inclined to think that Madam had it. We know now that you have. You've got us beaten as to where your hiding place may be, but it doesn't matter. We want the key, and you'll have to produce it."

The Home Secretary was beginning to feel that he liked this young man less and less. The gayety and bonhomie of youth had left his face. Something more menacing and formidable had taken its place. After all, it would have been much wiser to have rung for Carthew when he was on his feet.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "I have no key that belongs to anybody except myself."

"Sir Humphrey," his visitor said, "I came here hoping for a peaceful interview, and that you would have sense enough not to make trouble. You see, the key is not yours. It did not belong personally even to the man who sent it to you. It belongs to us all, and we are going to have it."

"You could not tell me what it is the key of, I suppose?" Sir Humphrey inquired. "I am beginning to believe that if you would only be a little more confidential with me—"

"You lawyers are great word-makers," the young man interrupted ruthlessly. "I am a doer, and that is why I was chosen to come and see you tonight. I have no more time to waste. You are supposed to be an honest man, English Cabinet Minister and all that sort of thing. Give me that key and I'll guarantee that the whole matter shall be dealt with fairly."

Sir Humphrey leaned towards the bell. Instantly he was flung back in his chair, his wrists held in a grip such as he had never before experienced. He would have shouted for help but he was too late. His assailant had his fingers upon his throat. He was no longer such a nice-looking young man. He looked more like a murderer.

"Sir Humphrey, I'm going to choke you if you don't give me that key. I mean it!"

The grip upon his throat was becoming a torture. Once more it seemed to Rossiter that he was looking death in the face. He could neither speak nor hear distinctly. The rumble of traffic seemed farther and farther away, the honk of a passing taxicab a faint muffled sound. He made a desperate effort at speech. The young man slackened his grip.

"Are you going to give it to me?" he demanded.

"All that I want to know is—what key are you talking about?" Rossiter gasped.

"You'll be able to guess in a minute," was the brutal reply. "You're in the way anyhow. We might square things with the key—without it you are going."

THE brief respite was over. The fingers were back upon his throat and waves were beginning to flow before his eyes. Then, as once before the telephone had saved him, came another even more dramatic interruption. A brief command was snapped out from only a few feet away.

"Put your hands up. Quick!"

The young man stepped back. He was taken wholly by surprise. From between the curtains opposite Sir Humphrey's chair a man in dark clothes and a peaked cap had stepped out and, although he was considered a gunman himself, Mr. Van Pleyden realized that he had never seen a revolver held by steadier fingers. His hands went up to the limit.

"Keep them there," was the brisk command. "Don't move an inch forward. Now take a pace backwards—one pace. Don't let your hands even twitch."

Van Pleyden obeyed. He recognized the voice of authority, and this was no fool who had seen the bending and twitching of his knees, who had seen him getting on the balls of his feet for a spring. Detective Pank thrust his left hand into his pocket and drew out a whistle. He blew it loudly and insistently. In less than ten seconds there was a thunderous knocking at the outside door and the sound of the bell. The Home Secretary sat up in his chair.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I'm so dizzy I can scarcely see."

"Inspector Pank, in charge of your night shift, Sir Humphrey. Just come on duty. The commissioner's strict orders were that we were to keep out of

(Continued on page 40)

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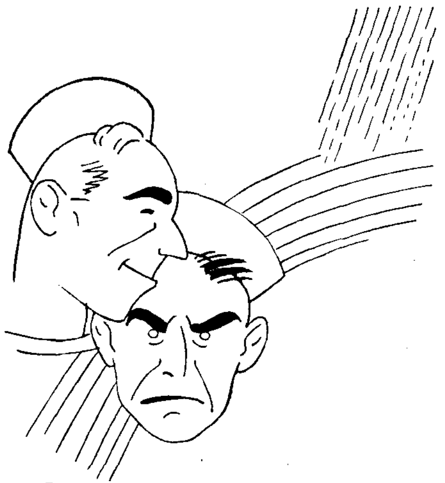

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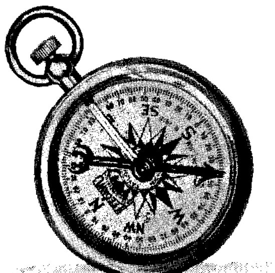

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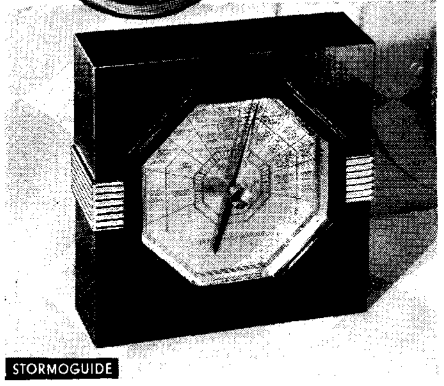

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(Continued from page 39)

sight unless we were wanted. Seems to me we're needed pretty badly just now."

There was the sound of the front door being opened, of heavy footsteps in the hall. An eager light shone in Rossiter's eyes. He felt his heart beating quickly. With the arrest of this young man must come the answer to that terrible query which had been making havoc of his life for the last two months. But the young man had not the slightest idea of being arrested. His backward step, taken at Pank's command, had brought him almost into line with Rossiter. He suddenly ducked. In less than a second Sir Humphrey was exactly between his rescuer and his assailant. The latter, stooping low, pushed the easy-chair before him, and Pank, leaning forward, met the chair full in his stomach. He gasped for a moment. Still he dared not shoot.

"Crouch down, sir," he shouted to Sir Humphrey. "Crouch down in the chair!"

It was too late. With one spring Van Pleyden, shielding himself to the last moment with the easy-chair, was through the window with a crashing and splintering of glass into the street. Crouching on his knee, Pank fired two low shots at the figure crossing the square, and watched him stumble. The door of the room had been thrown open. Two plain-clothes men were by Pank's side. He waved them on through the débris of the window.

"He'll take the south side of the square for certain," Pank shouted. "He cut his face and hands going through, and I got him in the calf of the leg. If he turns to the left, one of you follow him directly and the other take the next turn and double back. You'll get him between you then."

The men were already out of hearing. Sir Humphrey staggered to his feet.

"Where on earth did you come from, Officer?" he gasped.

"I was on duty, watching the house, sir," Pank replied. "As soon as the young gentleman called I opened this window softly from the outside, and I clambered through when I thought I was wanted. I should have been on hand before, but the orders at the Yard were very strict about keeping out of sight."

"God bless my soul!" Rossiter muttered thickly, his fingers still lingering about his throat. "Parkins," he added to the butler, who had hurried in, "whisky and soda for the inspector and for me. . . . And I thought that young man was one of the nicest young fellows I had ever spoken to!"

PANK was busy tying up his finger, which had been cut by a piece of the flying glass.

"If he was one of the gang we have news of, sir, you've been lucky," he remarked dryly. "They're killers, every one of them. What was he after?"

"A key," Sir Humphrey replied. "The whole wretched business seems to center now around a key. He would not believe that I didn't know anything about it. My safe and my desk have apparently both been gone through while I was away."

There was a startled exclamation from the background. Parkins had disappeared. Presently he came in again. He was carrying a silver salver and upon it, side by side with the whisky and siphon, was a soiled square envelope of cheap quality. It obviously contained something heavy.

"Sir Humphrey," he said in great agitation, "I'm truly and deeply sorry. What with the excitement of the last few days and your coming back and everything being so upset, things seem to slip out of one's mind. It was early one afternoon some two months ago—it was the day Mr. Brandt was hanged down at Wandsworth—a warder from Wandsworth Prison brought over this envelope and left it for you. I put it on the kitchen dresser and there it has been ever since."

Sir Humphrey opened the envelope. It contained no word or message of any sort, only a medium-sized key, fashioned out of what seemed to be oxidized silver, of strange shape and with an inscription down the shaft. Sir Humphrey and Pank both bent over it.

"Grimmett 1431," Pank spelled out.

Parkins was pouring out the whisky. His hand trembled with agitation. Sir Humphrey patted him on the shoulder.

"Thank God, Parkins, you didn't give me the key before," he said fervently. "I don't know whose it is or to what it belongs, but that young fellow's fingers were so infernally strong I really believe that I would have parted with it."

LORD EDWARD KEYNSHAM detached himself from the little group of friends with whom he had entered the dining-room of the Carlton Club on the following day and, with a brief word or two of excuse, crossed the room to the solitary table where Rossiter was lunching. The latter laid down his newspaper and greeted him with an imperturbable expression.

"I thought you were abroad, Keynsham," he remarked.

"I returned this morning," was the somewhat weary reply. "I rather wanted to see you. In fact, I wanted to see you very particularly, so I rang up Whitehall. They told me that you might be lunching here. May I sit down?"

"By all means," Rossiter acquiesced. "As a matter of fact, I should be rather glad to have a few words with you myself."

Keynsham drew out the opposite chair, gave an order to the waiter and leaned across the table. He had evidently not recovered from the fatigue of his journey, for there were lines under his eyes and there was a general air of strain about his appearance and manner.

"Humphrey," he confided, "I am going to make an appeal to you."

"An appeal?" Rossiter repeated gravely. "That sounds quaint."

"You will think so before I have finished," Keynsham went on. "I will start by making a confession. That fellow Brandt who was hanged—I knew a great deal more of him than people ever imagined. He was one of my partners in the great enterprise of my life."

"Was that the reason," Sir Humphrey asked severely, "that you became involved in that disgraceful outrage at Norwich—an outrage which might have cost me my reason?"

Keynsham winced.

"That had something to do with it, of course," he admitted. "I was only one of half a dozen. We were all in the same boat. We didn't want Brandt hanged until one of us had seen him."

"And therefore you put me to the torture—"

"It couldn't be helped," Keynsham interrupted doggedly. "Brandt had done a hellish thing. No ordinary brain could have conceived anything so utterly malicious. You only half believed us, Humphrey—Louise and me—when we carried you and Katherine Brandt out of the picture for a time, but when you got back you must have understood better. You can guess what would have happened to you if you had been around when they searched your house. Van Pleyden probably gave you an idea."

"So he is one of your gang, is he?"

"He is one," Keynsham confessed. "He's not the worst, though, as I'm afraid you will find out unless you will listen to me. Humphrey, you have got to listen to me. I want to save your life and there is only one way."

A waiter bustled up with some dishes, and Keynsham leaned back in his chair to allow himself to be served. He sipped a glass of sherry which had been placed by his side.

"Is this ours?" he asked the wine waiter confidentially.

"I am afraid not, Your Lordship," the man acknowledged. "To my mind it is not nearly as good as your Amontillado. This is a sample bin we had in from another source."

"I must remember to speak to someone on the wine committee," Keynsham reflected. "I agree with you, Henry, it is not so good as ours. . . . Forgive my talking shop," he apologized to his companion.

Sir Humphrey smiled.

"You need not apologize," he said. "I would sooner talk about wine than murder—at luncheon time, at any rate. This port, for instance." He sipped the wine with which he had just been served, held the glass up to the light and sipped again. "Now, I wonder," he went on, "do you supply the club with this wood port?"

"The club has four different brands of tawny port," Keynsham confided, after a moment's pause. "Two of them are ours. I couldn't tell you about the wine you are drinking because I don't know which it is. I am not much of a judge of anything except vintage wines."

"It's very good, anyway," Rossiter murmured. "Now, Edward, if you have anything to say to me—anything that spells sense I mean—out with it, because I must be off in a few minutes."

"What I want," Lord Edward said firmly, "is for you to refuse the executorship."

"Why should I?" Sir Humphrey asked. "Katherine Brandt is an old friend. I feel that I ought to help her in any way I can. If being Brandt's executor means that I'm going to stumble against some things about you and your friends which you don't want known, well, any other man who was put in my place would probably be equally objectionable to you."

"Yes. But the trouble is," Keynsham explained, "that you are Home Secretary and quixotically conscientious."

"You flatter me," Sir Humphrey observed dryly.

"WILL you give up the executorship?" Keynsham persisted.

"Certainly not," Sir Humphrey replied. "Someone has to be the man's executor, and that someone should be a friend of Katherine Brandt's. If she would rather I retired I will, but not if she's frightened into persuading me to give it up. As to you, Edward, I don't know who your friends are or what in God's name you have been up to, but I am going to warn you—I'm not taking all this business lying down, you know.

"Scotland Yard know everything that I know, and have been waiting pretty anxiously for you to come back from abroad. All your friends have been proud of you and your success, and it would break Louise's heart if anything ugly were to turn up. I put the Norwich affair into their hands naturally, but I am not vindictive, and I shan't go any further with it than I am compelled to. But—you leave me alone, Edward, and see that your friends do. Unless Katherine objects, I shall be proving Brandt's will and going into the matter of his estate within a week."

Keynsham shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his lunch. More than once in his life he had faced a mortal crisis with apparent indifference.

"Then God help us all!" he said.

(To be continued next week)

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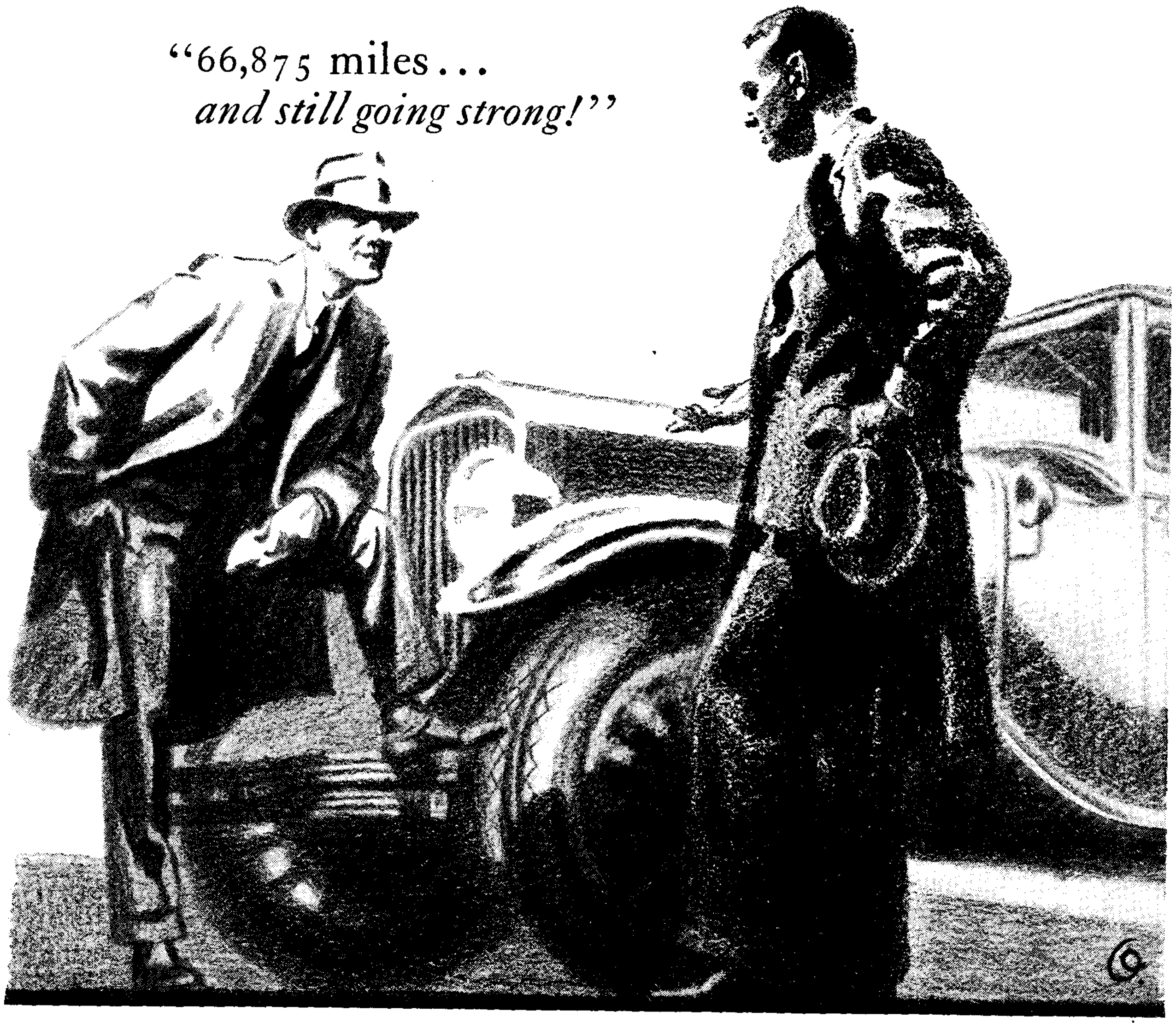
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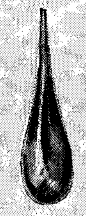

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COOKS IN 3 TO 5 MINUTES
ROLLED WHEAT WITH ALL THE BRAN

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with All the Bran

With the Cape Mail

Continued from page 9

held her mouth tight against his own so he could not think at all.

"Then you really love me?" he said at last. "You'll really marry me? I honestly didn't know your uncle was General Barlow and I haven't a cent. . . ."

"Darling! As if that mattered!" And she kissed him again—as Captain Marmon appeared in the doorway!

"So this is the way you keep your watch, sir! The ship six points off her course! A lady here!" Captain Marmon shuddered. "The last straw, sir. We'll attend to you later. . . . Miss Maine, I'll speak to His Excellency tomorrow."

Helen Maine gasped and fled. Mr. Owen opened his mouth and shut it. There was nothing to say. He was through now. He shuddered to think of His Excellency's remarks and he was still shuddering when eight bells struck. He groped below somehow, and there luck and a copper moon showed him Mrs. Le Sarre leaning on the rail and smoking a cigarette. Mr. Owen had a faint revival of hope then. He had a lot of faith in Mrs. Le Sarre.

"HELLO, Buttercup," she said when he joined her at the rail. She was in her pajamas and a silk wrap, beautiful, blond, statuesque, and thirty-five. She was a widow and she owned half a county of orange orchards and part of a diamond mine. Mr. Owen had done her a very discreet favor once and she had never forgotten it. But apart from that he amused her and she really liked him.

"We played bridge until nearly four," she volunteered absently. "And it's too hot to sleep." His silence caused her to look at him covertly. "Well, what's the matter with you?"

"I'm in a jam," said Mr. Owen gloomily. "You see, it's like this . . ." And he talked for a full half hour. Mrs. Le Sarre laughed to herself.

"You certainly are in bad," she agreed. "But I suppose I'll have to help you." And she spoke at some length while Mr. Owen's eyes grew rounder.

"You'd really do that?" he demanded, awed. "You're a sport!"

"I'm probably being a fool," she said flatly, "but give me a couple of days and we'll see."

And it was as a result of this conversation that the next morning His Excellency discovered a strange deck chair had been moved close to his own. His Excellency had been somewhat of a gay dog in his time but he had now reached that age and dignity where he preferred to allude mysteriously to his past rather than add to it. Still, he was only human and Mrs. Le Sarre was a vision that made his eyes pop. She had been reading Who's Who and she was well prepared.

"I've read your book on big game hunting, General," she said without preliminaries. "And I enjoyed it so much. It's a remarkable piece of work."

"Eh?" said His Excellency, sitting upright with a jerk. "My book?" That was his pet and he felt himself thawing. "Enjoyed it? Did you really?" He adjusted his mustache and hitched closer his chair. By noon he felt twenty years younger. By teatime he had accepted an invitation to Mrs. Le Sarre's hunting lodge and was making inquiries as to her first name. He had forgotten all about his niece and her affliction and had paid very little attention to some story Captain Marmon seemed to insist on telling him about her. So matters went.

It was just eleven-thirty two nights later when a steward brought a little scented note to Mr. Owen.

"It's about time," he said to himself, feeling nervous. "And if matters flop I'm as dead as a herring."

Thereafter he went along the all but deserted decks of the Broadmoor Abbey and tapped on the door of a cabin from behind the curtained ports of which were coming the loud noise of a phonograph and much laughter. Mrs. Le Sarre opened the door, a great deal wider than was absolutely necessary, and the phonograph descended into abrupt silence.

Mrs. Le Sarre held a champagne glass in one hand and a cigarette in the other, while behind her could be seen His Excellency with another glass and a cigar. There was a silence for a moment and Mr. Owen took off his cap.

"The line's rules are very strict," he said severely. "Someone's reported you are making a good deal of noise, and it's late. I'm afraid I'll also have to report you for entertaining a gentleman after nine o'clock. The rules . . ."

Mrs. Le Sarre was indignant.

"What do you mean to imply?"

"Oh, it's nothing to do with me, madam," Mr. Owen assured her. "But the rules, you know. Captain Marmon will have to be informed."

"Eh?" said His Excellency suddenly. "Captain Marmon informed? What the devil! We're just having a little drink and a chat. Nothing wrong, eh? Mrs. Le Sarre invited me in."

Mr. Owen's blue eyes grew pained.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir, but Captain Marmon's very strict. The line doesn't care to have any scandals."

"Scandals?" His Excellency choked. Mrs. Le Sarre drew herself up.

"His Excellency will be leaving immediately," she said. Mr. Owen pursed his lips.

"I'm afraid then I'll have to wait until he does, madam."

"Very well!" She closed the door abruptly and turned to discover His Excellency mopping a suddenly wet forehead. "I'm afraid you'd better go," she said nervously. "I'd forgotten all about the rules. They make a frightful fuss about a gentleman in a lady's room after nine. Can't you talk to the officer, my dear General? Gossip, you know. My reputation."

"Good heavens!" declared His Excellency. "What an infernal presumption! But I'll speak to the young man."

HE LEFT the cabin quite hurriedly and very perturbed. It would never do for such a story to be circulated in his colony, or to go back home. Entertained in a lady's cabin alone, nearly midnight at that. He took Mr. Owen's arm and led him to the ship's side.

"Now look here, young man," he said firmly. "This mustn't go any farther. It's all a mistake, of course, but people will talk. *You* know!"

"Certainly *I* know it's quite all right," murmured Mr. Owen. "But the rules, you see . . ."

"Forget the rules! Come to my room in the morning and we'll talk it over. I'll see Captain Marmon myself and explain if necessary. . . . What is your name?"

"I'm Mr. Owen, sir. Second officer."

"Owen?" Something dawned in His Excellency's confused brain. "Owen? Are you the young devil . . . er . . . that is, I've heard of you. For my niece's sake . . ." He broke off and coughed. "Look here, Owen, be a good fellow. You don't need to report a thing." He coughed again as something struck him. "Wasn't Captain Marmon trying to tell me something about you? Confound it, I can't remember. Let it go. Come and see me in the morning and we'll get the whole business threshed out. Ahem! And of course as far as Mrs. Le Sarre's concerned . . ."

NO ONE was more upset than Mr. Owen when he found that Captain Marmon was already closeted with His Excellency when he arrived the next morning. Helen Maine was in the cabin also.

"Ah, yes, Owen," said His Excellency. "Come in! . . . Now . . . er . . . you were saying, Captain?"

"I was trying to inform you of this young man's indiscretion of the other night in entertaining Miss Helen on the bridge at two o'clock, sir. I commenced to tell you at dinner last night but you were . . . er . . . occupied."

"I believe I remember," agreed His Excellency, lighting a cigar. "Very indiscreet of my niece. Very! I'll speak to her about it."

"I assure you Mr. Owen will be punished," Captain Marmon went on. "He has consistently broken the rules ever since he has been with us. I trust that my dismissing him will be satisfactory to you, sir."

"Satisfactory?" echoed His Excellency. "Why . . . er . . ."

"It doesn't really matter, sir," put in Mr. Owen pleasantly. "You see, I intended to resign in Cape Town, anyway. I expect to be married."

Helen Maine saw her chance.

"That's right, Captain. And he's going to be general supervisor of river vessels and government boats or something. Uncle's appointing him. Aren't you, darling? It's only a thousand a year but we can get along all right."

His Excellency was cornered. The devil, he thought. If I make a scene the young devil will bring up last night and this Captain Marmon seems a stuffy old bird. May make a fuss with his beastly rules! On the other hand, I shouldn't appoint such a young man . . . even if Helen does love him. His eyes met Mr. Owen's wide blue ones and he was struck by a wave of compassion. Mr. Owen was so very young and innocent. Probably knew his work, though. And then too, Mrs. Le Sarre had spoken at breakfast. She was very perturbed about her reputation. She relied on him to protect her. At all costs. Charming lady; beautiful; and she appreciated him. He'd have to continue their acquaintance.

His Excellency drew himself up and glared at Captain Marmon.

"What?" choked the captain. "Give that . . ."

"Sir," observed His Excellency, "you are speaking of a future relation of mine whom I have just appointed to my staff. May I consider the matter closed?"

"Tom!" said Helen Maine, and almost knocked His Excellency over in her hurry. Mr. Owen put his arms about her and made a mental note to buy something expensive for Mrs. Le Sarre. Captain Marmon groped his way out on deck, still somewhat dazed.

"General supervisor . . . soft shore job . . . thousand a year!" he croaked. That was more money than he'd ever make. And what was to become of discipline and important rules if such things happened? He asked himself and found no answer. "Bah!" he said at last, and stamped up on the bridge to find fault with the third mate.

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No Fingerprints

Continued from page 24

"That's right. How do you figure it?"

"He may be a married man," I said importantly.

"You're pretty smart. Well, we done a lot of work and got nothing by it, and I'm ready to call it a day and start again tomorrow morning—and I guess we won't get nothing then, either."

I met him the next morning.

"Elwood's taking them letters to the precinct station-house," he stated. "I said we'd meet him there."

We went to the station-house and found Elwood there. He had a half-dozen letters and O'Malley looked them over carefully, but there was nothing in them of importance.

"Nothing in these," O'Malley said. "This is one case where we ain't got a single lead, unless it might be we missed something at that apartment. I'm going there again. Will you come with us?" he invited Elwood.

"If I can be of help. You don't seem to be getting anywhere. Why don't you get that man?"

We went to the apartment.

"This place been fingerprinted yet?" O'Malley asked the cop on duty there.

"Not yet."

"What's the matter with them guys? You two got gloves. Better put 'em on."

Elwood and I put on our gloves.

"I been tryin' to think out how this job was done," O'Malley said gloomily. "I figure the guy come here the same night the girl moved in. She hadn't got unpacked yet. He took care no one seen him come in. Then what? When her back was turned he hit her with the poker. Well, where was he before that? I figure while he was planning how he'd do it, he stepped in the kitchen. When she was busy and her back was turned, he stepped out again. That brought him to the poker. He picked that up and had to make one more step."

He put out his hand to take hold of the edge of the kitchen door and show us what he meant; then he remembered about fingerprints and didn't touch it.

"I WANT this place printed," he declared.

He said something to the cop and then he and I went downstairs and telephoned the identification bureau. They said they'd send a fingerprint man immediately. When we got back upstairs the cop was standing in the fifth-floor hall and Elwood was looking out the window of the apartment. The fingerprint man got there in about twenty minutes and blew his powders on all the smooth surfaces in the place.

"No prints except the girl's," he said.

"You try that kitchen door."

He tried it. "No prints at all here."

"The guy was too smart for us," O'Malley said in discouragement.

We went back to the street and parted with Elwood. When we got around the corner O'Malley started to run, until we found a cab.

"We got to move quick!"

He gave the cabman an address but I didn't know where we were going until we got to the East Side place where Elwood lived.

"Mr. Elwood said he'd meet us here," O'Malley told the landlady.

"His door must be unlocked, then. Third floor, the room in front."

We went up. The door was locked but O'Malley found a way to open it. He searched the place as fast as he could. In the space under a dresser drawer he found a dozen letters and six of them were the same as the ones that Elwood had given us, but they were written with a different typewriter.

"What's the meaning of this?" I demanded in bewilderment.

O'Malley didn't answer me because there was an interruption. Elwood had come in the door.

"What's the idea?" he shouted.

O'Malley got between him and the door. "No idea at all, except I'm going to put the cuffs on you for murder, Robert."

Elwood was quick. He was halfway out the window when we caught him by the legs.

"What *is* all this, O'Malley?" I demanded, after we had taken Elwood to the station-house.

"This Elwood's people live in Washington. We got a wire on him now at headquarters from the Washington police. There's a girl there with plenty of dough his folks want him to marry, but he'd got mixed up with this Mary Neal they didn't know about, and she wasn't the kind he could break off with without her making trouble. So he schemed to get rid of her. I figure he picked that apartment without ever going in it, because he could see it had a vacant one underneath it, and he told her to take it so they could live in it when they was married. Then he went there and knocked her off. He knew he'd be the first one questioned when they found her, so he beat us to it by coming to the station-house and saying she had disappeared. There wasn't no guy with a small mustache."

"Of course," I said, "he wrote that farewell letter to himself."

"You're getting good. When I asked him for her other letters he seen that if they weren't on the same machine he'd be suspected. So he had to copy them. There ain't any typewriter in his place, so I guess we'll find he used one at the place he works. He's a smart guy, but smart guys have dumb spots in 'em. It was a dumb spot when he kept the letters after copying 'em."

"BUT," I objected, "I'm sure when we went to that apartment this morning, you only suspected him, and when we came away you knew that he was guilty. How was that?"

"You forget the kitchen door."

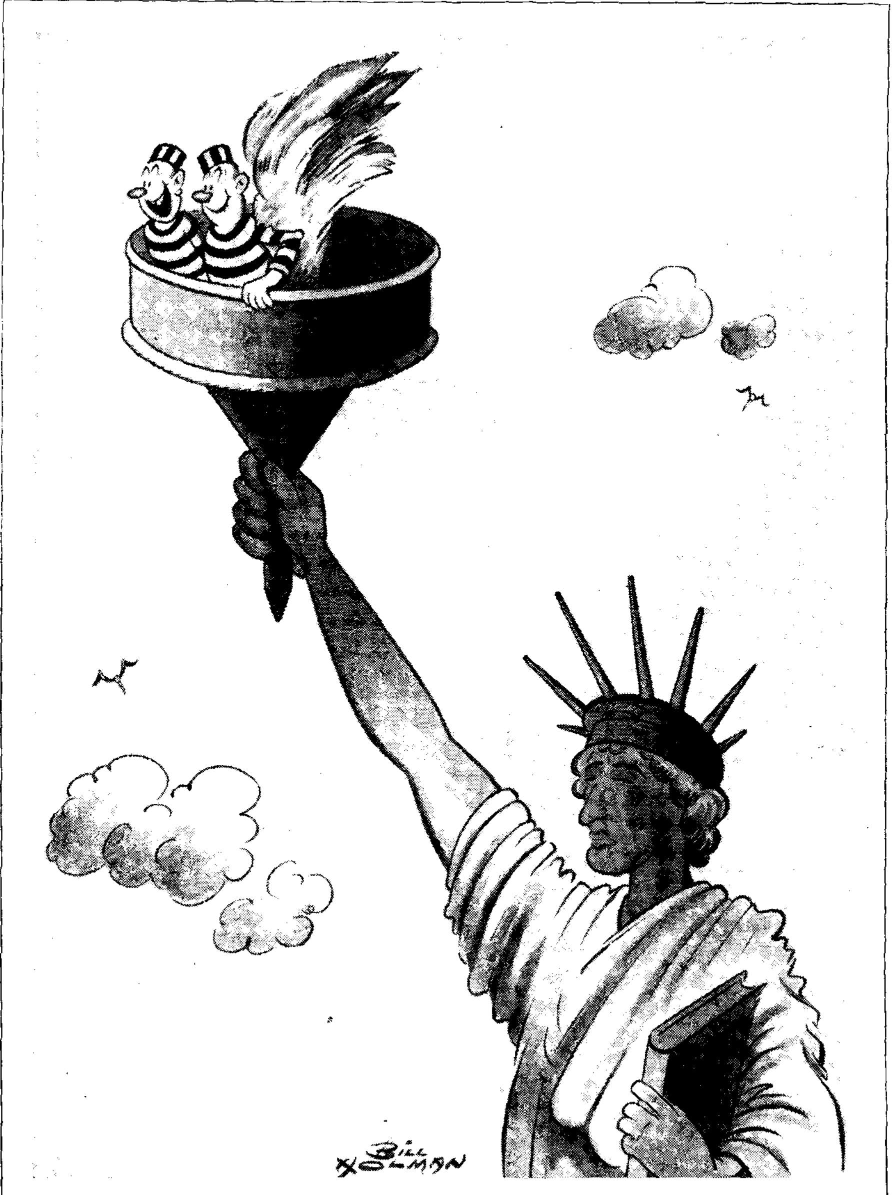
"There were no marks on the kitchen door," I said indignantly.

"There'd ought to have been. I put mine on when you two wasn't looking."

I didn't get it. Then suddenly I did.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "You put your fingerprints on the edge of the door without his knowing it. Then you and I went to telephone and you'd told the cop to step out into the hall. Elwood had been careful not to leave fingerprints when he did the murder, but he couldn't remember whether he'd touched the kitchen door or not, and he took the chance to wipe it off. When the fingerprint expert found no prints there, you knew Elwood was guilty. You're one clever cop, O'Malley!"

"I wish you was police commissioner, then I might get promoted. So far, the only guy I can make think I'm smart is you."



"Who would think of looking for us here, Spike?" Bill Holman

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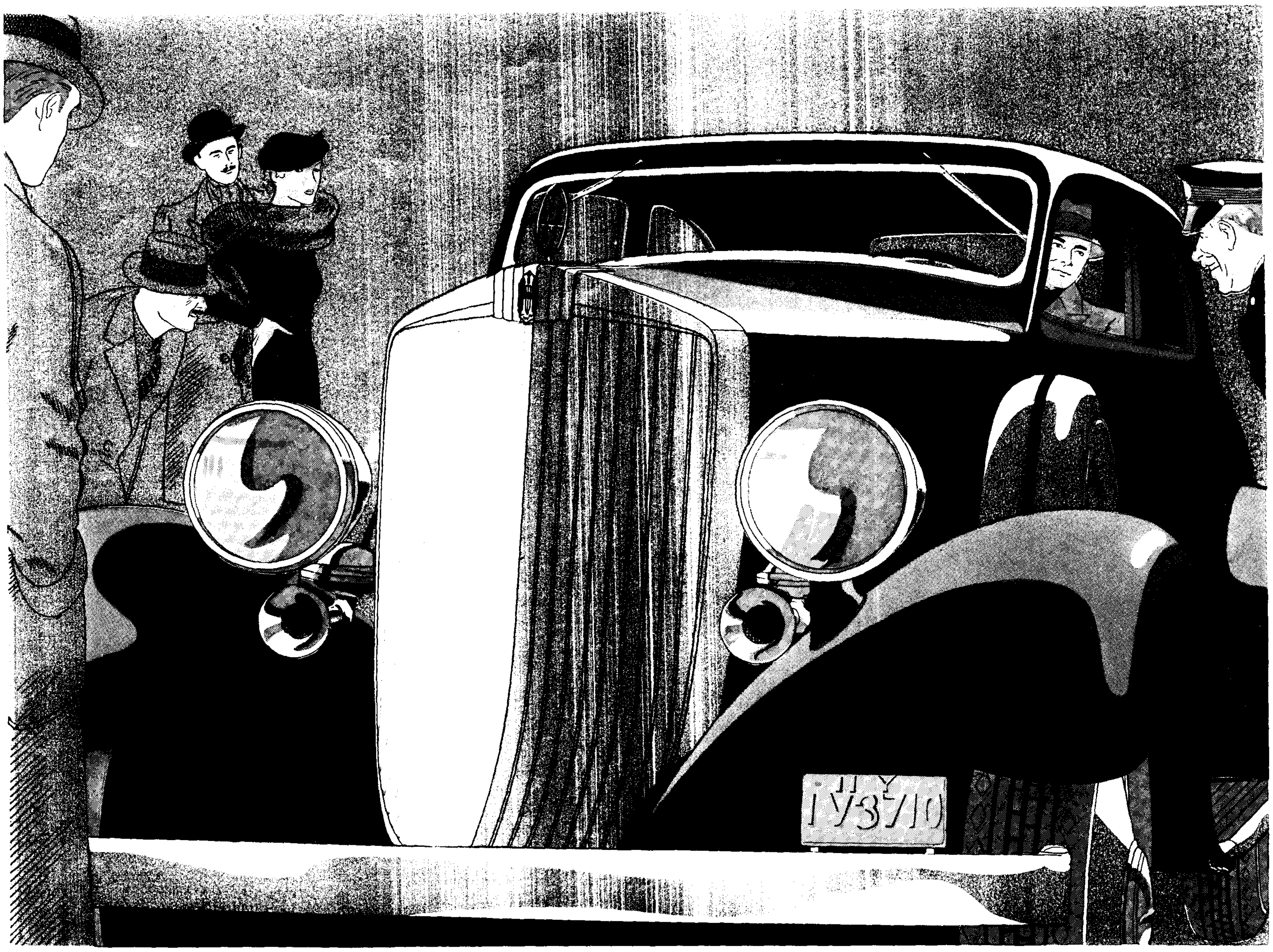

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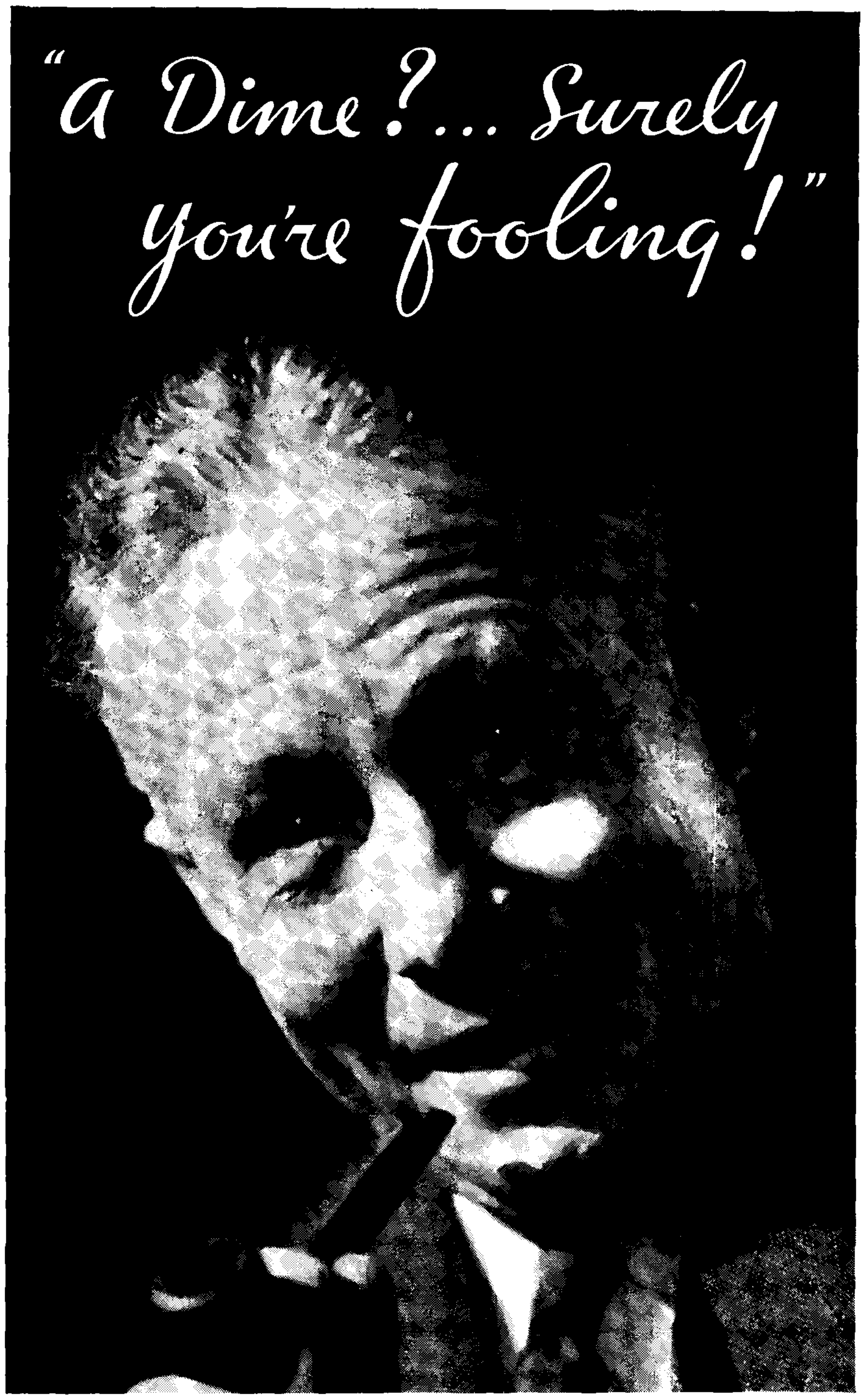
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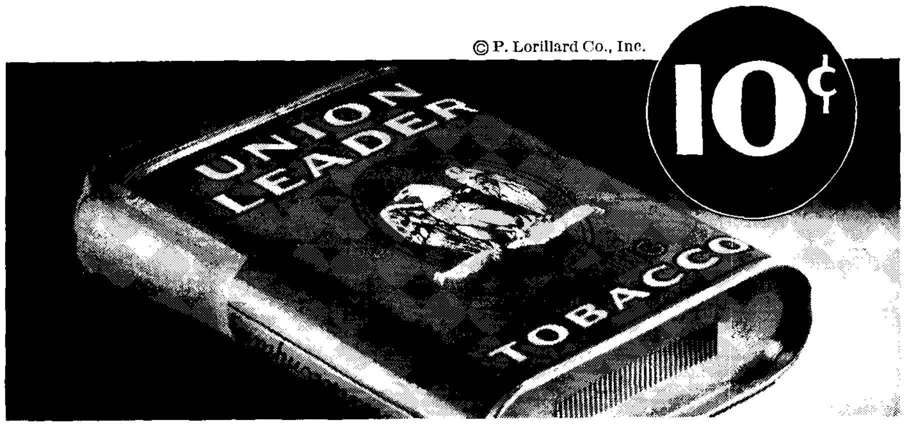

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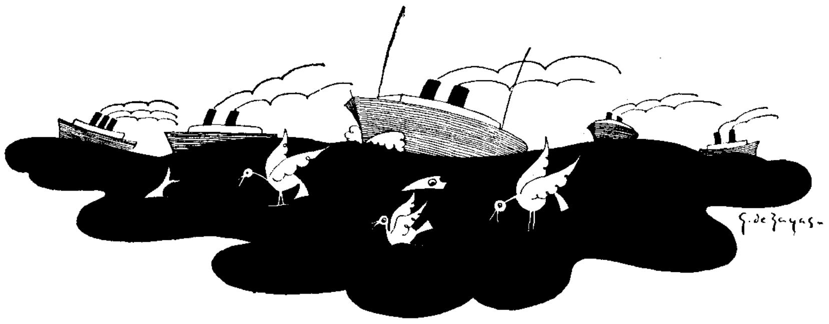


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A report on harbor pollution by oil from passing liners states that a film extends out over the ocean for 500 miles from both New York and Cherbourg. In some areas the oil is so thick and gummy that numerous birds have been stuck in it—and have starved to death.

Ivar Kreuger was one of the greatest spenders in history. A recently completed audit of his personal accounts revealed that his living expenses during the last 14 years of his life averaged $160,000 a week.

The cost of educating a child in the public schools of the United States is 20 times greater today than it was in 1880.

The Hindu Laws of Manu, one of the most influential moral codes of all time, condones lying in only two instances—in saving one's life and in paying compliments to a lady.—*By M. V. Gelin, Bangor, Maine.*

People in tropical countries frequently suffer from the thread-like guinea worm. It enters the body in the larval stage and, when fully grown to several feet in length, appears under the skin of the arm or leg, from which it must be drawn out.

Both America's Fathometer and Italy's Echometer, automatic marine sounding devices that register once a second the depth of the water beneath a vessel, are used chiefly to check a ship's position, the navigator knowing from previous recordings the depths that should be shown on the dial at all times.

The old problem "Is Life Worth Living?" found an affirmative answer in a study made among a number of average persons in various occupations. Their feelings, recorded throughout each day for a month, showed that 50 per cent of their time was passed pleasantly, 28 per cent of it indifferently and only 22 per cent unpleasantly.

The Seris, an almost extinct Indian tribe living on Tiburón Island in the Gulf of California, were studied in 1894 and found to be the fleetest individuals in the world. On foot, they ran down horses, coyotes, deer and even jack rabbits.—*By W. F. Stewart, Kansas City, Missouri.*

For centuries up to 1833, compurgation was a common method of defense in the law courts of Europe. Despite the evidence, an accused person was freed from a charge if a number of friends swore to his innocence.—*By Elizabeth Cronin, Freeport, Long Island.*

In Russia a prison record is not an indelible blot on a man's life. His police and court papers are destroyed five years after his release from jail, and he then has the legal right to disclaim his criminal past—even under oath.

International law demands that the ships of all countries but one carry bells for time-keeping and fog-signaling. Turkish ships, for some unknown reason, are permitted to use drums.

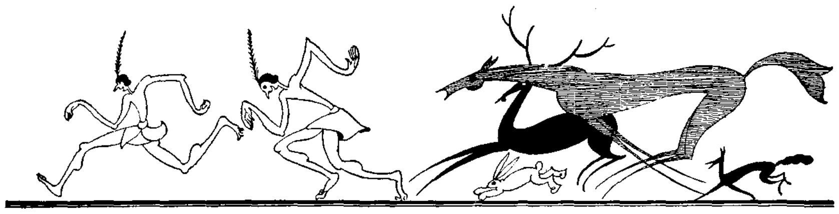
The most stupendous death warrant in all history was signed by King Philip of Spain in February, 1568. It sentenced to death as heretics the entire population of the Netherlands, comprising three million men, women and children.—*By F. W. Moellering, Fort Wayne, Indiana.*

Less than 400 years ago Russian wives were so accustomed to being beaten regularly that the omission of such treatment was believed by them to indicate a lack of affection. Books were even written on how to beat one's wife with technique and thoroughness.

On the Samoan Islands in the South Pacific the natives still hold *malangas,* or glorified excursions. Whole villages pack up and go to call on a number of other villages, these trips often lasting for several months at a time and including visits to islands sixty miles away.

The natives of New Guinea have discovered a way to enlarge hens' eggs. The chickens are fed a certain seed which makes the eggs grow to several times their normal size after they have been left in the steamy atmosphere of a mangrove swamp for about ten days.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Matinée Idol

Continued from page 15

young player had been pointedly loud in mob scenes preceding Eisenbach's appearance. A director had curbed him. But when the great comic complained that his first entrance in a rural farce didn't have the right zip because the villagers were too restrained, he started something.

At the opening performance, after several rehearsals that didn't altogether satisfy him, one villager's voice dominated with a loud and long "Halloo." Lederer. The comedian stopped in his tracks, singled out that villager for a return "Halloo." A simple trick, but it got a big laugh, as simple tricks sometimes do.

Lederer's First Foothold

Eisenbach was pleased, as what comedian isn't when he finds an unexpected foil? He personally congratulated the young man and built up for him a little part in that play. This was Lederer's first foothold. His second came under the same starry auspices. One of those characters rarely absent from Teutonic drama, a shy lover, was allotted to a player who had too good a German accent. Eisenbach wanted one lingually limp. Herr Eisenbach favored Lederer and Lederer got the job.

This established him in that stock company in Prague. The use to which army life put all his waking hours taught him how important the budgeting of time was in a young man's life. He had no college education; but he forthwith made the decision—at twenty-one (he's only in his twenty-seventh year now) that he would be an artist. He overdid it—as youth will. He went up to Vienna and reminded the director who had offered him a job of acting before that he was ready to go to work. The director asked him quite seriously what, in Hollywood, would be a belly-laugh question:

"Can you wrestle?"

In the physical training of the Czech army, wrestling was popular, which may account for the numbers of gentlemen with unwieldy biceps and unpronounceable names imported by Monsieur Jacques Curley during American outbreaks of that sport. Lederer could wrestle, he could box, he could swim. The army had made him an athlete.

So in a Viennese production of Herr Wilhelm Shakespeare's As You Like It he appeared as the wrestler and captivated women playgoers with his graceful skill.

At the end of the run he felt himself qualified for another part under the same management. So did the management; but that manager was meant for Hollywood.

"We'll wait," he said, "for another play with a good wrestling scene."

Ambitious to remain an artist, Mr. Lederer did not include the art of wrestling in his orbit. He hied himself to Berlin with enough kronen to keep the wolf on distant terms and frequented cheap cafés not for cheap liquor—he doesn't drink—but to perfect his German accent and increase his German vocabulary.

Valentino and others had set the craze for very young men as leads in pictures. Emil Jannings and von Stroheim had made a mark for German picture direction. But their acting was all character. At the UFA studios in Berlin somebody had the bright idea to try to combine German technique with the American type of talent. Among others, one of their leading directors consulted a wise old man of the stage.

"We want lithe, young men who can act," said this director, Eric Pommer. "There are plenty of actors not young, not lithe; there are plenty of athletes who cannot act."

The veteran smiled knowingly—one of the most provocative mannerisms veterans have.

"I've seen a young man who's athletic and who can act," he said, and he named Francis Lederer. But his own name as endorser was more important than the endorsed. He was Max Reinhardt.

So Lederer, picking his way, as he thought, through small parts to the top, found himself suddenly catapulted. UFA sent for him, gave him screen tests—and a job.

His early twenties found him enrolled as a juvenile lead with the most desirable of screen companies in Europe. Eric Pommer, hailing him as a find, put him through his paces in two pictures—Pandora's Box, with the American, Louise Brooks, and A Wonderful Lie, in which the famed beauty, Brigita Helm, shared the lead.

Then something happened. In a German picture which he regarded as no great opportunity—a mere program piece—there was a young woman. Lederer, as a gigolo tantalizing rich and weighty ladies, was supposed, according to script, to meet the fresh and honest maiden and fall in love. He did, doubly—with and without benefit of script.

"It was the first time," he confesses, "that I knew the suffering of true love."

His pictures, his music, his intense desire for celebrity as the most versatile of artists, became forgotten. An unknown *Fräulein* whom he will not name became far more important.

Theirs were warmly amorous scenes, for which the raw and rowdy modern romanticists have invented a hideous but durable phrase—hot-cha. Lederer thrilled to every second of his screen work with this lady. One night there was a rehearsal. During those days of that picture he went about personifying a gigolo—side-burns, eyebrow mustache and pleated trousers. During this improvised rehearsal for shots to be taken on the morrow, he and the lady wandered in a country wood by moonlight. Beside a pond they sat on a bench, and as swallows skimmed the twilight waters he took the girl's hand, whispering that the part he played as her lover was the rôle he wanted for life.

The Inconvenient Fiancé

A better scene, doubtless, than any the camera caught between those two.

"I feel toward you as you feel toward me," she said. "But—"

That little word has epitaphed many love affairs—too many.

"I already have a fiancé," she said. "He's dangerously ill in Vienna. If he were well, I could tell him—of this."

"I understand," said Lederer.

When he left the lady he stopped on the way to his lodgings for coffee. He picked the first café at hand—the wrong place. He looked like a gigolo, and brisk young men drinking stronger stuff than coffee in a coffee house don't like the looks of gigolos. They taunted him. A counter-irritant to arouse a man in love. Lederer didn't get quite the best of the conflict that ensued. All participants were shoved out on the sidewalk to run as the *polizei* came pounding to attack. He reached safety, winded, ruefully convinced that true love carries penalties too great for a young man eager to make his way in

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

the world. Not only had his artistic zeal been smothered by fiercer ardors, but his condition had lapsed so that a minor brawl made him breathless.

"Did that lady's fiancé finally perish or survive?" I asked.

Lederer shrugged muscular shoulders.

"We finished that picture and I started on another," he said, casually. "I forgot to ask the lady."

This offhand air is symbolic of the course he decided on thereafter—to keep head and hands so busy that his heart would never be perilously open to capture.

Off for England

He plunged back to art. Too literally. In a desperate scene in the picture called Atlantic he had to drive a motor car through a shallow stream. The stream wasn't shallow enough. The car stalled and before he could be rescued he had been trapped, almost drowned, in chill water for an hour. During days in a sick-room he had time to reflect. He determined to learn English and to seek his further fortunes in England. He sent out for a bilingual dictionary—Czech and English—and began a course of simple self-instruction word by word in a language he has mastered to a degree that permits him to play a full-length piece. His only perceptibly foreign accent is on hard consonants.

He went to England. The lady with the ill fiancé had more to do with that emigration than he'll admit. Before sailing he stayed in Berlin long enough to make The Wonder Bar an outstanding success, so that from America and elsewhere impresarios cabled him offers. He became the toast of the town. So fast and far did his fame travel through Central Europe that there was clamor to see him in his native land.

He read a formal invitation to actor friends in a club. It set out in the bragging periods of formal invitations that the countryside would go gala. The actors were not enthusiastic. It added that the virgins of the region would strew flowers in their path.

That stirred interest.

Lederer and a company went, to be met by bands and garlands and triumphal arches of flowers. The virgins were there, too, because the occasion was a *vocdrau*, which means a festival. There seems to be an old custom in the Czech country related to that prevailing on St. Catherine's day in Paris which the midinettes celebrate. At the festival, maidens about whose slender necks garlands are draped are supposed to have been marked for marriage. Minus garlands they are cruelly relegated to spinsterhood. The day was gay, the evening gayer, with a play and dancing. Yet in all such merriment a touch of sadness somehow invades to mark the balance of life.

Breaking away from the festivities for a respite, Lederer strolled, breathing deeply of his native air. About the improvised stage in the open, girls were dancing—garlanded girls. He saw one apart, ungarlanded, although in her hand she held a sash of flowers. He watched her as she slid behind a tree in the shadows. She lifted the garland and dropped it over her head, then went to join the dance. He caught up with her. He was her partner in the dance.

He awoke in the morning to a serenade from village brass bands outside the window of his inn. At the station a girl pressed through the crowd and thrust at him a bouquet of fresh field flowers. The plain face of that country girl is more vividly in the memory of this man who lives his professional life before the faces of admiring women than numberless beauties he has seen.

On his last night in Berlin they—the theater—made his farewell an occasion. A young pugilist of prominence, Max Schmeling, was among others of European renown to greet him.

"Don't stay long in London," he said. "America's the place."

Lederer had his ticket for London; but his mind was on New York—and Hollywood. Glory in Europe was great; there was sweetness in acclaim as a star so young. But America meant money, and Lederer, with only five years' continuous stage experience, had decided financial independence was a more desirable item in his plan than acclaim or adulation.

His English managers wisely decided to experiment. They knew of continental imports who had been busts. They would try him out in a simple piece called Autumn Crocus, the love story of a plain English schoolma'am taking a summer holiday in Austria and meeting the rapture of her prosaic life—a week-end romance with the youthful master of a mountain inn. A trifle. The thing ran for a solid year in London.

Lederer, amazed by the eagerness with which English society lionized him, fled the city for all but work. He rented a house in the suburbs, built a gymnasium in a garage, and hired a sparring partner for boxing and wrestling. His English managers encouraged this. They knew, clever lads, that exploitation generally works by reverse methods in the two great English-speaking countries. In America you hide a celebrity and he's no longer celebrated. In England, your celebrity flees the limelight and it pursues.

That suburb house became a place of pilgrimage. Women were the pilgrims. They called Lederer an Austrian Adonis, which was incorrect; he was reputed, being seen so often in spirited combat with a colored sparring partner, to be a master boxer. That was dangerous. Sporting gents in check suits and with cigars came to sign him up with the then reigning and subsequently reclining champion of England. He shut up his gymnasium and fell to his books, learning French and Spanish as diversions. A most unusual young man.

His reticence paid. Duchesses led housewives to his matinées, and beyond the sea it was whispered along Broadway that the matinée idol had been reborn.

He came, he was seen, he conquered, but remains uncaptured. His American managers, more articulate and direct than any he had known in a brief and bewildering career, took no chances. They had ballyhooed Francis Lederer as a male magnet, a lad the ladies could not deny. They reversed the Missouri process and showed 'em instead of letting them ask to be shown.

How to Attract the Ladies

Lederer knows how to take it. He's trained. Smartly avoiding the fashion-plate elegance of the old order of matinée idols, he lives the he-man's life. His attire is ordinary—no flowing ties like a misplaced laundry line, no lavender spats. Tall, lean and muscular, he appears in a simple sack suit and soft collar and devotes enough attention to his shock of caracul hair to keep it carelessly curly.

The ladies throng to see him in action. That's box office and he approves. But he lives where no women can penetrate, at least beyond the confines of visitors' parlors and special dining-rooms. "American girls are rather aggressive," he says. He lives at an athletic club because it offers, without trouble, the pulleys and bars and boxing, the rowing machines and swimming pool that are his daily regimen.

So well did the inspired idolizing of Lederer work that quite early in his Broadway career he had to apportion part of a comfortable salary to a secretary. As the weeks passed, his cult grew. Now he has two secretaries, and his mail is a fragrant concert of all the perfumes.

At the stage door I was privileged to see what a matinée idol does when through matinéeing. Girls packed a narrow vestibule, shepherded by a scowling doorman. There were many more in a rain-splashed alley outside. Our hero smiled, his wide brow corrugating in three deep creases as he did so. He shook and kissed each girl's hand. If anybody says the old appeal of the glamorous male for the weaker of the species isn't as strong as ever, Lederer's your answer.

After weary minutes in the rain, that is, for an unmobbed male spectator, he escaped in a cab. At the athletic club were other females sitting in a sitting-room, which is the correct thing to do. All stood as he strode through the lobby. He bowed at the door, signed autographs and explained that he had to hurry because he had a broadcast before the evening performance.

He didn't hurry. He took a nap—then talked about the way ladies write him—soulful, yearning missives and frank proposals from purposeful dames who know whereof they seek. He answers each, delicately, diplomatically.

When he strides toward the gym for his evening workout before dinner, there's a smile quite unlike the hunted look he wears in that lobby passing that sitting-room where women wait.

"You seem," he was told, "to be nervous about meeting female admirers."

A Search for an Ideal

And that was instantly contradicted. A very pretty girl eyed him as he passed—the sort of eying that in days of chivalry led matinée idols to don iron pants and joust with other matinée idols, who also had iron pants. Mr. Lederer returned that look, and what was visible of that sweet young thing as she passed from view he didn't miss.

"I'm always looking for the ideal," he said. "And some day, it will come. She will come.

"Character—that is it. Beauty of course, but character is the charm of woman.

"I remember seeing in Paris a death mask I shall never forget. I have bought many pictures of it. A poor girl was dragged from the Seine one day and a great French artist, seeing her, instantly made a death mask of her face. He called her 'L'Inconnue de la Seine.' Her face is utterly beautiful in death—calmly whimsical like Mona Lisa's but spiritually subdued. That girl had tragedy in her face—but the character of complete self-possession. If ever I see another face like that—" he shrugged his shoulders as if hearing distant echoes of a little march from Lohengrin.

Cabbing from the club, he popped into an obscure hall where more and more girls waited to sing songs at a Czech equivalent of an Irish beefsteak dinner, but with less apparent acoustics. Next he broadcast in a jammed studio.

In the rainy street he reappeared, a young man at his side. Again girls stood under a canopy. For some reason or other they ignored this young man and his companion. Their eyes were on a massive doorman in a gaudy blue and gold uniform.

There's something inexplicably feminine in that—feminine being a synonym for the inexplicable. Because here was a pair of professional pulse-speeders, and the gals didn't give them a tumble. Francis Lederer was one. The other was Rudy Vallée.

Eat it Any Time

Continued from page 17

old twenty-four-hour minimum requirement which has been used for years as a basis of a healthful general diet. It runs as follows:

One egg; one pint of milk; one potato; one portion of meat (average serving); two slices of wheat bread or equivalent in wheat cereal; three pats of butter; two cooked vegetables; two raw vegetables; one orange or other citrous fruit or one tomato or tomato juice; four other fruit units, two raw; two teaspoonfuls or equivalent of simple sweet (honey, jam, marmalade, hard candy, sugar).

The only stipulation as to how and when the elements of this minimum requirement are to be eaten is that they shall be divided into three approximately equivalent meals a day, at nearly equal intervals. If more food is wanted and needed it can be added to the minimum when and where desired.

Sweet News for Children

Of course there are people who cannot manage the normally balanced diet. These are roughly of two classes: Those who cannot handle even an average amount of fat, and those who do not split starch well. We assume that these people have a natural deficiency of the fat-splitting and the starch-splitting enzymes respectively. As we grow older, and the liver ages along with the circulatory system, our ability to take care of fat grows less, although even in childhood the liver is often a temperamental organ. The inability to take care of starch is more often seen in early youth, whether as a persistence of a need for the simple sugars or not, we don't know.

As a matter of fact, the digestion of the starches is a bit complicated. The starch is first converted into one of the sugars by either the saliva or the pancreatic juice. These sugars are then split into the simple sugars by the intestinal secretion before they can be absorbed into the blood stream and used as food. The saliva plays a comparatively small part in starch digestion. Undoubtedly it could and would do more if we gave it a chance by chewing more. But the pancreatic juice in the normal person contains not only the starch-splitting enzyme, but one for protein and one for fat, and rennin for curdling milk. These four elements are constantly present, not alternately. But we can reasonably assume that in the young child the pancreatic juice has not yet acquired much of the starch-splitting enzyme.

Whatever may be the cause, we find that in some children if we can skip the first stage of carbohydrate digestion by feeding them sugar instead of starch we get good results in the children's improvement. If a child eats badly, and doesn't gain even when forcibly fed; if there is constipation and the stools have an unnatural odor and consistency, it does no harm to try the sugar-instead-of-starch feeding system. In the older child, where cutting out bread and cereal and desserts means real deprivation, diastase can be artificially fed. The older child who is a large eater and still does not gain or seem satisfied by his food should always be suspected of a failure to digest starch. The child who is frequently "candy-hungry" is also probably not getting the sugar from the starch he eats, which his body needs. We have to overcome the old time-honored prejudice against sugar to try a starch-free or starch-low diet, but it can be done. After all, if sugar is bad for the teeth, why did Nature provide that the saliva should convert starch into sugar?

A starch-low diet for the little child follows:

Breakfast: Orange pulp or juice; milk, 8 ounces; scrambled egg or bacon; one slice of zwieback or melba toast with butter or marmalade or honey.

Mid-morning: Raw apple, pear, dried figs or dates.

Lunch: Portion of meat; two vegetables, one root and one leaf; starch-free dessert (gelatin, junket, ice cream or stewed fruit).

Mid-afternoon: 8 ounces of milk; fruit as in morning.

Supper: Purée of vegetable soup made without flour; salad of fruit or vegetables with dressing; one whole-wheat cracker; stewed or canned fruit or one piece of hard candy; milk or cocoa.

For the older child the same diet serves, but the amounts of every food are increased, with the exception of the toast and crackers.

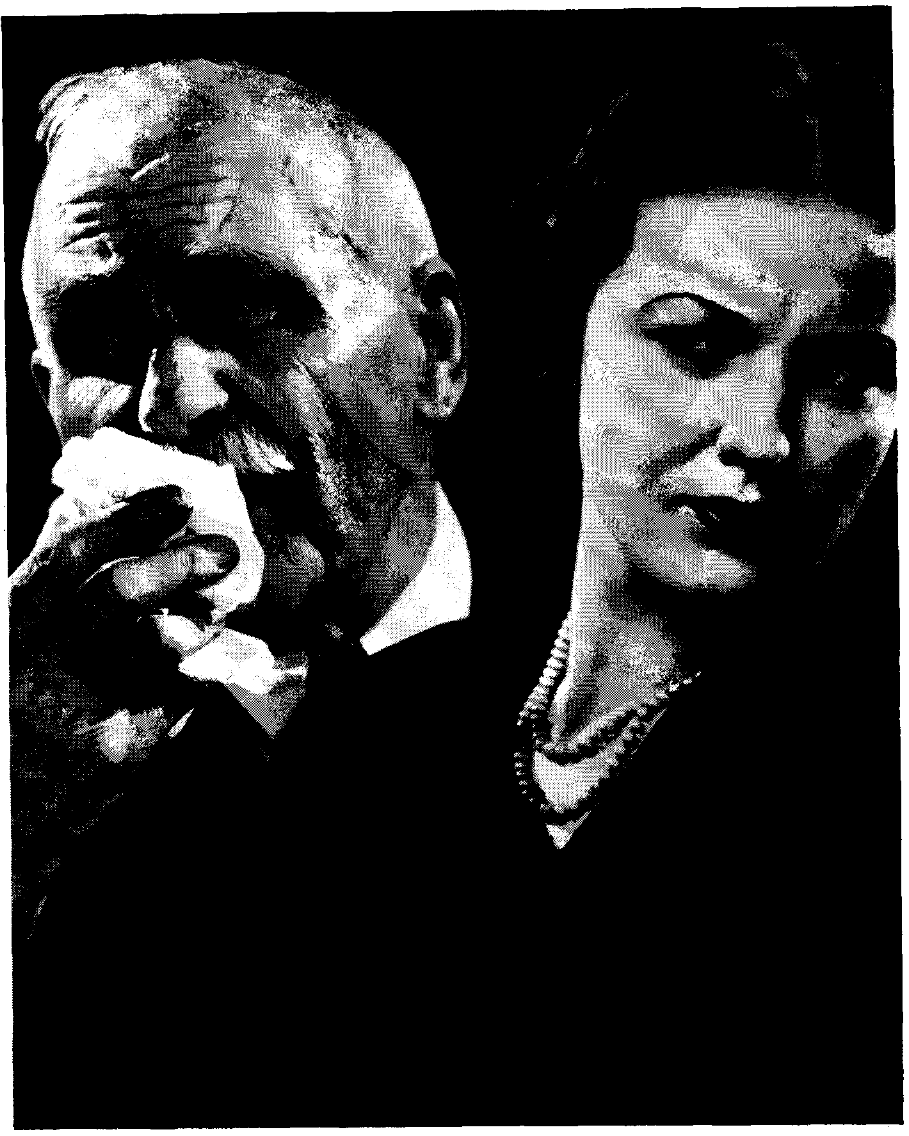
It is a mistake to think that if starch cannot be digested, we can make up calories with fat. There we meet again our old friend acidosis, which is the result of taking more than one third as much fat as carbohydrates. We may not call it acidosis, but those of us who have been persistently underweight and have tried to put on weight by pushing the butter and cream know that we defeat our own ends by getting "upset stomach" or "biliousness," which may be a revolt of the liver or may be a true acidosis.

The great thing, as Mr. Blank very sensibly pointed out to his wife, is not to get "faddy" about diet any more than you would about anything else. Diet is not the whole answer to health, although it is important. And its importance is much more general than it is specific. There are restrictions for the gouty; there are severe restrictions for the diabetic if insulin is not used, and there is the low-fat diet for those with chronically lazy livers. But on the whole, the rules for a healthful diet hold for everybody, the sick and the well, the young and the old.

Healthful Diet Rules

And the rules are these:

1. Eat moderately, not as much as you can hold.
2. Eat regularly: don't fast for 16 hours and then eat two heavy meals in the next 8.
3. Mix your diet.
4. Keep the proportion of fat to carbohydrate in your diet as one is to three. This sounds hard, but you can work it out by not substituting bread on your butter for butter on your bread; by not drowning your potato in butter and your salad in mayonnaise.
5. See that your food is well diluted; first, by drinking plenty of water (a quart a day minimum), and, second, by eating plenty of bulky food, once known as roughage.
6. Get variety in your diet: don't eat the same things day after day just because you like them best.
7. Don't get prejudiced about any of the staple foods such as milk, meat, eggs, potatoes.
8. Don't think that everything has to be cooked to be digestible, nor entirely digested to be wholesome. Remember the time-honored apple, which is not more than one third digested, should never be cooked and is supposed to keep the doctor indefinitely in the bread-line.



Makes $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

FEWER colds this year—quicker relief from those you catch—and money saved besides. That's the promise Pepsodent Antiseptic makes you. Millions by experience can tell you it's true. Pepsodent Antiseptic is different from other leading mouth antiseptics.

$1 *does the work of* $3

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful in killing germs—it goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds. In fighting stubborn colds, remember there really are only two leading kinds of mouth washes on the market. In one group is the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds!*

It is bad enough to pay the extra cost of using antiseptics that must be used full strength...it's worse to dilute them and fail to kill the germs...so choose the antiseptic that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe!

IMPURE BREATH
(Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore throat colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
Tired, Aching Feet
Cuts and Abrasions
After Shaving
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"

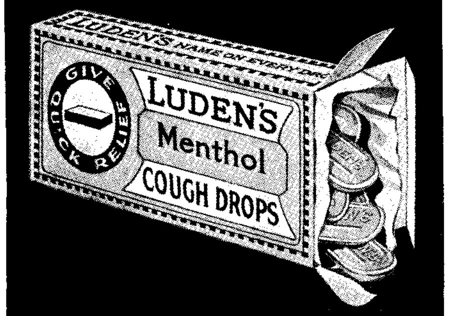
Pepsodent Antiseptic

Yes, these

ELEVEN Medicinal Ingredients give Quickest COUGH RELIEF

You will find them recognized and listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia. Your physician, or your druggist, knows what that means!

Common sense tells you that a *medicinal* cough drop — LUDEN'S — will give you quicker and more positive relief than an *ordinary* cough drop.



LUDEN'S 5¢

The Horse that was wrong in his Head

Continued from page 14

accomplish one of those dream flights of his.

On one occasion—though this was some time later, after I had learned in the hard school of necessity how to ride—he made a sudden rush with me across the mud flats leading down to the Nile; and, being sure that he would pull up when he reached the river, I gave him his head. He, however, had apparently expected to rise into the air, and when he failed to do so he charged straight into the water and took me for a swim instead.

A native who was fishing called out: "In the name of Allah, where are you going?"

"North!" I answered lightly, there being some seven hundred miles of river in that direction. And it was this jocular remark which went the rounds of the bazaars, and led, in part, to the belief that Filfil and I were both crazy.

And So to the Hospital

Once when I had ridden out across the fields toward the desert east of Luxor and was some three or four miles from home, Pedro, my pariah sheep dog, who was with me, cut his foot on a sharp flint and, though I doctored it as best I could, he was too lame to do anything but sit in the middle of the pathway holding up his paw in piteous dejection. So I had to carry him—the great lump; and presently, finding him altogether too big and heavy, I tucked him under my arm, got back somehow into the saddle, and there held him in front of me.

For a while our progress was uneventful, but at length Filfil broke into a canter, at which Pedro began to bark, and thereupon the startled horse bolted. The path through the fields was straight but none too wide, and as we thundered along I had fleeting visions of natives with their camels, donkeys, cows and water buffaloes floundering into the ditch.

Presently we dashed through a small hamlet, scattering the inhabitants to right and left, and leaving a cloud of dust behind us. The dogs leaped up the walls to get out of our way, and barked madly at us from the low, flat housetops; while Pedro, with the wind blowing his hair back from his clown-like face, barked frantically in reply, struggling in my arms as he did so; and the wilder the noise the faster Filfil galloped. Chickens sprinted for safety; donkeys backed against the walls, squashing their riders; camels danced about, tugging at their headropes; children ran away and fell flat on their faces; and women coming from the well with pots on their heads spilled the water all over themselves.

One of my stirrups swung loose and drove Filfil onward by banging against his flank; in struggling with Pedro I dropped the reins and could not reach them again; my hat fell off; and I only managed to keep my seat by gripping the front of the saddle with my one free hand, and clinging on with my knees until they ached.

Thus at length we pounded into the outskirts of Luxor—a mad horse ridden by a mad sheep dog with a mad human being behind him. Now the hospital for sick animals, which I used to run, was situated in this part of the town; and either because Filfil was spent or because he remembered it as a refuge from the anxieties and cares of life, he suddenly pulled up before the gates—or rather, he slowed up sufficiently to let me get hold of the reins again and help him to make up his mind to call it a day.

We arrived, however, just at the moment when some English and American tourists were visiting the hospital, and it was before this audience that I made my spectacular entry—I nearly ran them down, in fact, and covered them with dust. One of them asked me angrily what was the big idea, so I pointed to Pedro and explained casually that he had hurt his paw and that I was just taking him in to have it dressed. Then, seeing that Filfil was bathed in sweat and flecked with foam, I added that speed had been necessary because the dog was showing signs of lockjaw—a word I hastily changed to hydrophobia when Pedro began to bark furiously at the gathering crowd.

My devotion to a dumb animal was referred to very charmingly by the chaplain in his sermon on the following Sunday.

I think I can say that as time went on Filfil became fond of me in his own unhinged way, although at the beginning of a ride, when I placed my foot in the stirrup, he used to put his ears back, turn his head around, and fix me with a bloodshot stare of surprise and indignation; but after he got going he seemed to regard me as a fellow lunatic and accomplice in his efforts to fly, and by the end of a ride there was always a sort of bond between us, expressed on his part by a lot of fumbling around me with his nose when I had dismounted.

One of his oddities was that he could not bear anything that fluttered such as washing on the line, or a flag, or voluminous native robes in the wind. He was not actually afraid of such things: they simply irritated him, and when he saw anything of the sort he used to shudder, glare at it with glassy eyes, breathe loudly, and try to go for it with his teeth.

Now it was part of my official duties to make myself agreeable to important visitors, and to guide them around the ruins; and one day I found myself trotting politely along beside a middle-aged, stout and excessively dignified German princess who was riding side-saddle and was wearing a white linen habit which had evidently shrunk in the wash, so that the buttons were all straining, though the skirt was still pretty long and full. Behind us rode a couple of German officers so stiff with etiquette as to be barely human.

Suddenly I felt Filfil give a shudder, and I realized with dismay that his attention had been caught by the tossing of the folds of this skirt close to his eye—for the princess was on my right side, about a neck ahead of me—but before I could pull his head round he had made a grab at the skirt with his teeth and had given it a savage tug.

No Respect for Royalty

A button flew off with a *ping;* there was an awful sound of tearing; and the princess, uttering an outraged scream, sprawled over the saddle, clinging onto the pommel with one hand and onto her skirt with the other, while I pulled frenziedly at Filfil's bridle but only succeeded in intensifying the tug-of-war.

Then another button gave way, and the skirt began definitely to leave its wearer. One of the officers, white with panic, pushed in and hit Filfil on the nose with his stick; and at this he let go, reared into the air, and then bolted with me like an arrow from a bow.

I made no attempt to stop him; in fact, I urged him on with my heels, for my one passionate thought was to get far away from the painful scene; and actually the breakneck gallop carried me all the way home. Then I sent my secretary to make my apologies, and I told him to say that my horse had gone mad, and was to be sent immediately to an asylum, and that I myself, as a result of having been thrown, trampled and rolled on, kicked, mauled and bitten, was confined to my bed with incipient brain fever. There was no answer.

Filfil was certainly queer in many respects, and most of my friends expressed the emphatic opinion that he was not right in his head, though personally I regarded him simply as eccentric. He was obsessed, for example, with the idea that he was about to be stung by a hornet; and as he always expected the dreaded attack to come from behind, he was constantly going round in circles like a dog chasing its tail.

He used to make me quite giddy sometimes when the weather was hot; and the effort to talk to any friend I met on the road, while being spun round like a top, was very trying to the temper. Matters, moreover, were not improved by the fact that after a few rotations he could not remember which way he had been going, and often used to start smartly off again in the wrong direction. Any sort of *zzz*-sound worried him; and I have known him to be set going by nothing more than the distant buzz of an office bell.

A Trick in Time—

In view of his peculiarities, I do not suppose I should have kept him so many years had it not been for his great beauty and the general admiration his appearance aroused. But at length the job-master who had sold him to me, hearing of his renown in this respect, offered to buy him back from me. I was going away on long leave at the time and thought it best to accept the offer, particularly since advancing years had sobered him down considerably and he did not seem any longer to believe that with a proper take-off he could fly.

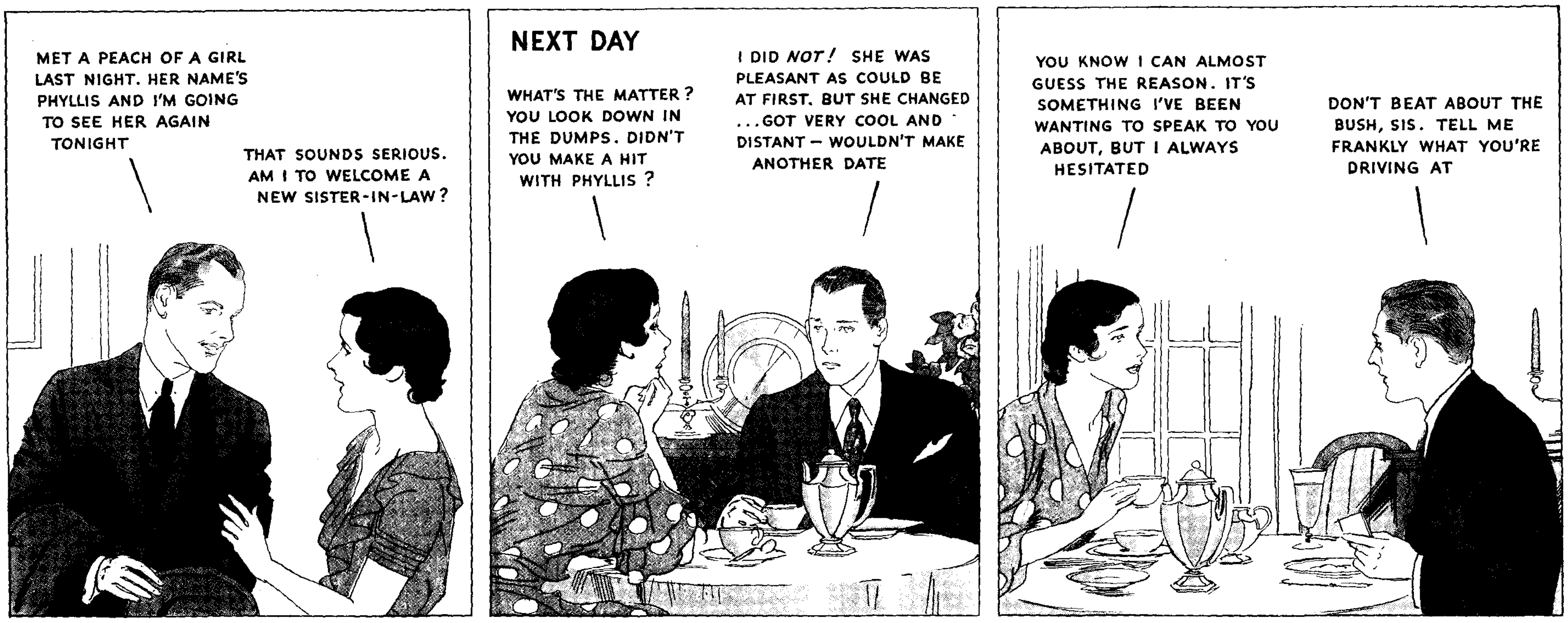
In Cairo, a year later, I came upon him as I was passing the gates of the livery stable, through which he had just appeared with a certain retired colonel on his back—a man who had driven me nearly daft at Luxor during the winter by trying to convince me that the Great Pyramid contained prophetic references to the end of the world.

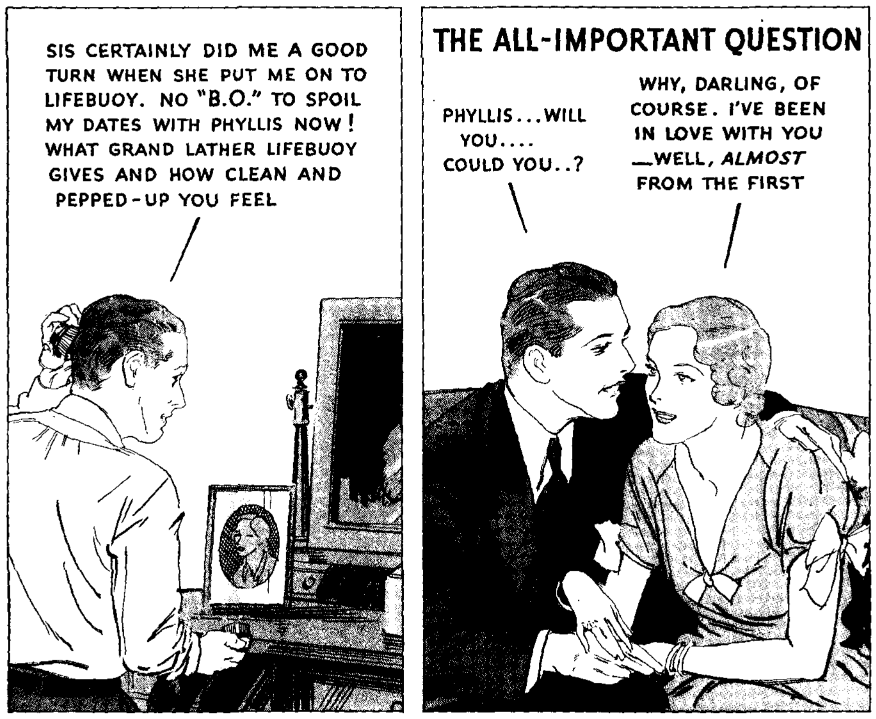
This personage greeted me as a potential disciple and at once asked me very earnestly whether I had ever observed the relationship of the entrance passage of the pyramid to the path of the full moon as seen when standing on one's head, or something of that sort; and not wishing to hurt his feelings I nodded vaguely and turned my attention to Filfil, who seemed to be rather pleased to see me and was nibbling the buttons on my coat.

But my questioner would not be put off, and he was just beginning another of his conundrums when a brilliant idea occurred to me. The horse's ear was close to my face, and into it I whispered a prolonged *"zzzzz,"* like the drone of many hornets.

The effect was magical. Filfil swung his head round and stared with horror in the direction of his tail. Then he began to revolve, and while he was still spinning I waved my hand to his bewildered rider and slipped around the corner.

A SISTER SPEAKS OUT — by Timmins


MET A PEACH OF A GIRL LAST NIGHT. HER NAME'S PHYLLIS AND I'M GOING TO SEE HER AGAIN TONIGHT
THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS. AM I TO WELCOME A NEW SISTER-IN-LAW?
NEXT DAY
WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE DUMPS. DIDN'T YOU MAKE A HIT WITH PHYLLIS?
I DID NOT! SHE WAS PLEASANT AS COULD BE AT FIRST. BUT SHE CHANGED ...GOT VERY COOL AND DISTANT — WOULDN'T MAKE ANOTHER DATE
YOU KNOW I CAN ALMOST GUESS THE REASON. IT'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT, BUT I ALWAYS HESITATED
DON'T BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH, SIS. TELL ME FRANKLY WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT

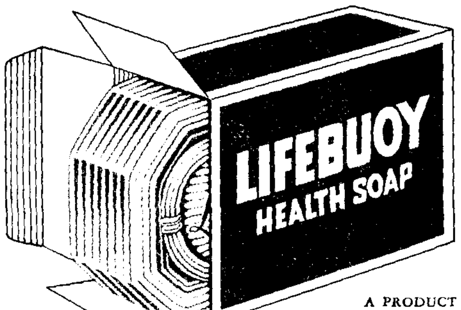

SIS CERTAINLY DID ME A GOOD TURN WHEN SHE PUT ME ON TO LIFEBUOY. NO "B.O." TO SPOIL MY DATES WITH PHYLLIS NOW! WHAT GRAND LATHER LIFEBUOY GIVES AND HOW CLEAN AND PEPPED-UP YOU FEEL
THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION
PHYLLIS...WILL YOU.... COULD YOU..?
WHY, DARLING, OF COURSE. I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH YOU —WELL, ALMOST FROM THE FIRST

"B.O." (body odor) may threaten YOUR happiness, too

EVEN ON cold days, our pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Overheated rooms increase the danger of "B.O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its creamy, searching lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

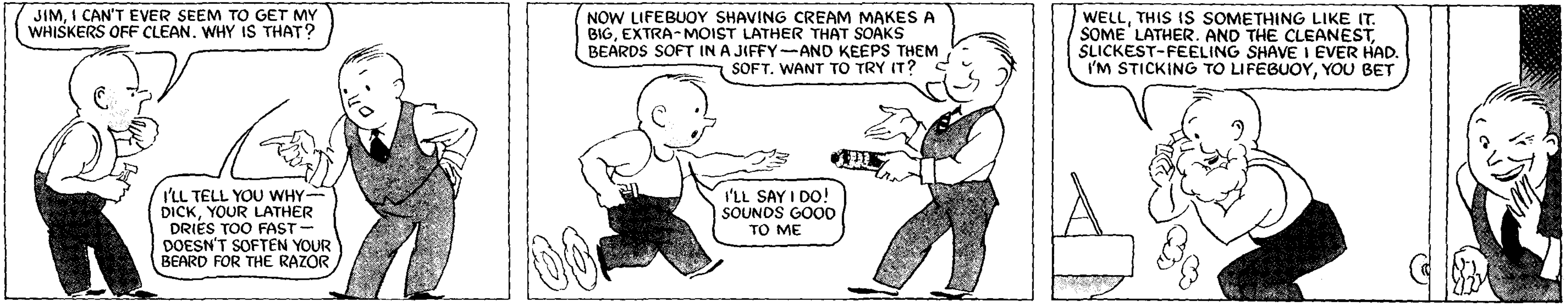
Complexions freshen

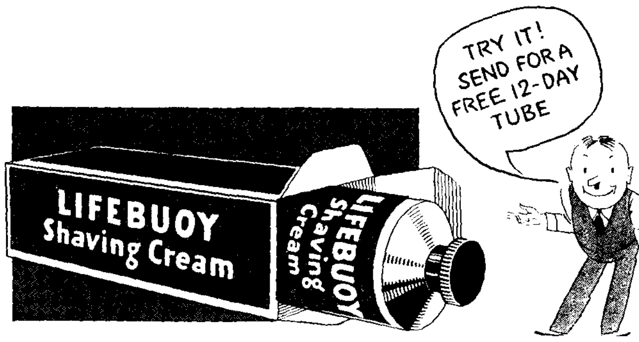
Millions of women, girls, *and men* are keeping their complexions young with this simple home care. Every night massage Lifebuoy's bland, *deep-cleansing* lather well into the pores; then rinse. You'll be amazed to see how quickly dull skin clears and freshens—glows with radiant health.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

GOOD NEWS FOR SHAVERS — by J.F. HART


JIM, I CAN'T EVER SEEM TO GET MY WHISKERS OFF CLEAN. WHY IS THAT?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY— DICK, YOUR LATHER DRIES TOO FAST— DOESN'T SOFTEN YOUR BEARD FOR THE RAZOR
NOW LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM MAKES A BIG, EXTRA-MOIST LATHER THAT SOAKS BEARDS SOFT IN A JIFFY—AND KEEPS THEM SOFT. WANT TO TRY IT?
I'LL SAY I DO! SOUNDS GOOD TO ME
WELL, THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE IT. SOME LATHER. AND THE CLEANEST, SLICKEST-FEELING SHAVE I EVER HAD. I'M STICKING TO LIFEBUOY, YOU BET


TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Extra-moist lather the secret of clean shaves!

New lather holds 52% more moisture—soaks whiskers soft—soothes skin

MEN, NOW you can get the world's cleanest, easiest, longest-lasting shave. Lifebuoy Shaving Cream will do the trick. For, unlike ordinary light, bubbly lathers, Lifebuoy lather doesn't dry on your face. Laboratory tests show that it holds 52% more moisture. Keeps your whiskers drenched from start to finish—soaks them soft, limp, lifeless—so the razor gets them off clean—right at the skin line—without pull, scrape or drag. Soothes and protects the skin—leaves it soft, satin-smooth and fresh as a daisy. Economical, too, a little goes so far. Try it. Get the big, cheerful, red tube at your druggist's today. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-113, Cambridge, Mass. (*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

SQUIBB'S

does a REAL job . . .

Give your razor a cushiony lather of Squibb Shaving Cream and it will always make a clean sweep of your whiskers. But that's only part of its work. The most important action of Squibb's is the day-long comfort—the *extra* comfort—it brings to your face afterwards.

For Squibb's contains oils essential to the comfort of the skin. You'll find this makes a big difference in face-ease at the end of the week.

Send 10c for the generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, 2203 Squibb Building, New York City.

- *Also for the shaving kit—Squibb Talcum*

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM

GO
SANTA FE
SEE IT ALL

—WORLD'S FAIR—Chicago
—CALIFORNIA
—COLORADO ROCKIES
—GRAND CANYON National Park
Santa Fe Pullmans to the rim
—INDIAN-DETOURS
by motor in New Mexico
—NATIONAL PARKS

You will be amazed how much you can see in so short a time for so little money.

SANTA FE'S NEW VACATION FARES—**CUT the COST**

All-expense Tours on certain days this Summer

mail coupon

W. J. Black, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1152 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Send booklets and new vacation fares Leaflet.

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The New Capitalism

Continued from page 13

incomes. When we buy with our savings we spend our past accumulated incomes. Most of our buying is done with our current money incomes.

Where do our money incomes come from? All money income is produced in one way—it arises out of the cost of producing or distributing goods and services. A factory manufactures goods. It pays wages, salaries, rent, interest on capital. These constitute the costs of production. These sums also constitute the incomes of those who furnish labor, management, land and capital.

Income—an Essential Product

In other words, every factory, every store, every railroad or utility produces two things. It produces goods or services. And it produces incomes. From all the industrial and commercial enterprises in the land two great streams flow out—one a stream of goods and services; the other a stream of money incomes. And these two streams are exactly equal. That is the important and commanding fact. The immense importance of this simple formula cannot be overstated—for it is the key to the whole problem. Three years ago John Maynard Keynes, the famous English economist, published a book on money in which he set out this great basic formula. That book has been, unfortunately, little read, but nevertheless it exercises a powerful influence over our economic thinking today.

If our money incomes are equal to the cost of the things we produce, why is it we cannot and do not buy what we produce? A book must be written to make clear the answer to this. I can only indicate that answer here:

First, our incomes are sufficient to buy what we produce provided we sell what we produce *at the cost of production*. But we do not do this. We must sell, under capitalism, at cost plus profit. Keynes believes that the producer's normal profit is to be included in the cost of production. I do not. But in either case we know that very large, excessive profits—what the economist calls "windfall profits"—are added to the cost of goods. And it is this excessive profit on many things which gets in the way.

Second, I have said that from our industrial plants two streams flow—one a stream of goods or services, the other a stream of incomes. This stream of incomes is what is used to purchase the goods. That means that the stream of money incomes must flow back to the business enterprises from which they emanated. But we all know that these streams of income do not flow back to the plants which produce them in the same way and in the same proportions and volume in which they flowed out. One plant produces much and sells only a part of what it produces. It does not get back as much income as it produces. It loses. Another sells all and at a profit. It gains. This further adds to the maladjustment.

Third, there is, however, one great and powerful instrument which is invoked to make this system work—to produce the necessary income. Our current incomes are not sufficient to buy our current production when profits (or large profits, as you wish) are added to the price. To supplement our current incomes, therefore, we draw upon our future incomes. This is what credit really is. It is a device for making future income available for immediate spending. This produces debt.

A corporation spends $5,000,000 on great improvements. This puts thousands to work. At the end of two years the buildings are completed. The $5,000,000 has been spent. It has gone to laborers, producers, and is, in turn, spent by them on clothes, food, automobiles, radios and so on. This produces a degree of prosperity. But to get that $5,000,000 the corporation has issued bonds payable in twenty years. This is nothing more than spending in those two years portions of the incomes of the next twenty years.

We produce prosperity, therefore, by spending current income and future income. But you do not have to be a great financier to understand that, unhappily, if you spend any portion of next year's income this year you cannot spend it again next year. Prosperity is always produced by debt. Great prosperity is produced by great debt.

The result of all this is that year after year we go on piling up debts, until after a while so large a portion of our incomes is consumed in paying debt charges that they are unavailable for current spending. When this point is reached the structure begins to topple.

It collapses gently at first, making itself felt in the weakest industries. These become what might be called depressive foci. The farm, textiles, coal, oil production—these are the weakest industries in our case because they suffered from outer maladjustments. They began to crumble long before 1929. The influence of their collapse was added to the natural force of inadequate and badly distributed income already described and thus hastened the coming of the final spectacular crash.

All this is an excessively simple statement of the theory. There is a great deal more to it. There are a great many modifications and corollaries. But this, in the main, is the heart of the problem.

Getting Out to Stay Out

No one can doubt this. If you doubt it then answer these two questions:

1. If our incomes are sufficient to buy what we produce, then why do we go into debt at all, at such a progressive rate?

2. Today we have in existence an enormous supply of goods unsold, all produced in the past few years, but where is the income of these years? Gone. But the goods are still here unpurchased.

This matter of producing and distributing income, therefore, is the central point in our whole problem. This, then, is the thing we must deal with if we want to rear a New Capitalism. And these ideas supply us, I think, with the clue to the course of action which we must take—the course we must take to get out of the hole we are in and then to keep from getting in again.

First, as to getting out of the hole we are in: The depression itself supplies us with the key. In other words, we should do for ourselves precisely what the depression is doing for us. What is it doing?

It is cutting prices on goods and services, thus bringing them more within the reach of available income. No one needs to have that proved.

It is canceling debts—our debts. No one needs to have that proved either. Thus our income is being made available for spending in the proportion in which debts are canceled.

The depression, therefore, like a fever, is both a disease and a cure. But unhappily it wastes the patient and produces other complications. If the depression merely cured, it would be well enough. But it does other things besides—inflicts ghastly wounds.

If we were more intelligent we would do voluntarily and in an intelligent, orderly manner, and swiftly, what the depression does to us slowly, painfully, violently and disastrously. But we have not been intelligent. We have not only not tried to cure ourselves; we have also resisted the curative powers of the depression—have fought them and thus prolonged them. We have tried by artificial means to boost prices and to preserve debts. All the efforts have failed because the laws of economics were too potent for us.

Break Off Our Debt Shackles

What should we do now? We need not worry about prices. In most cases they have been thoroughly deflated. We should now proceed with orderly debt cancellation.

Europe cries to us to reduce her debts—tells us she is crushed under the weight of debt. But we are the most heavily debt-burdened people in the world. And we will do well to turn our attention to this weight of debt which now consumes our expendable income and shackles our business. One of the most imperative jobs ahead of us is to bring creditors and debtors together on an extensive scale to work out practical arrangements to fit our new conditions. On the side of many creditors, therefore, this means canceling portions of the sums due them in varying proportions, depending upon the circumstances in particular cases. But will creditors consent to reductions in the debts due?

The choice is out of their hands. In three years three billions in debts have been canceled by bank failures; two billions by domestic bond defaults; another billion by foreign bond defaults, and at least two billions by commercial failures. Many billions have been wiped out through extra-judicial commercial compositions; evaporated equities in real estate and corporate securities. Many billions more must follow.

Why not carry forward this process in a deliberate and selective manner? Maybe you think this is preposterous. But it is not in the least. How will it work? Here are a few examples:

A great railroad has property valued in 1929 at 280 millions. It is not worth more than 190 millions today, if that. But it owes 190 millions in bonds and preferred stocks. It must pay profits to those security creditors whether it makes profits or not. It is not making the profits. Congress should pass a simple, administrative receivership law which will permit that and other railroads to reorganize and reduce their ridiculous capitalizations. The railroads would emerge healthier for themselves, their creditors and the country. But instead the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been paying the interest on the bonds for that railroad—pushing it further into debt.

Next, the United Gas Corporation has written down its capital structure by some $100,000,000—voluntarily. The United Fruit Company has cut its asset valuation by 50 millions. This should be practiced on a wide scale. But care should be exercised in these reorganizations that they are properly supervised in the interests of investors and the public.

Next, a large independent manufacturer in New York owing his creditors $1,250,000 called them together. "I am making a good profit now," he told them. "But it is being devoured by the payment on these debts. If I attempt payments for another month I will go into bankruptcy and you will get five cents on the dollar. But you will lose a customer. If you will take five cents on the dollar voluntarily, I can continue in business and pay my current bills promptly and keep 400 men at work." That settlement was made. Instead of a failure we now have a prosperous producer. Business creditors should study their trades and organize such liquidations on a vast scale. Dr. H. Parker Willis, author of the Federal Reserve Act and an authority on banking, has just publicly called upon banks to cancel hundreds of millions of debts by just writing them off.

Corporations can buy in their bonds at present depreciated prices and thus cancel many millions. Armour and Company thus rid themselves of over four million dollars of debt in a few months. Then there are the mortgages.

In the face of a widespread revolt of farmers against foreclosures, the great insurance companies, holding $1,700,000,000 in mortgages on farms, have decided to withhold, save in extreme cases, foreclosure proceedings on owner-occupied farms. The world is already familiar with the manifestations of violence by farmers which brought the companies to this policy.

In any case creditors can do this or not. But they cannot avoid some cancellations. They must submit voluntarily or suffer under compulsion. For unless widespread, orderly, selective liquidation takes place in this way, we will have debt cancellation first by bankruptcies and then by currency inflation. The House of Representatives, with both parties in agreement, passed a currency inflation bill at the last session. The Senate defeated it. Now the Senate is getting around to it. Senator Borah urges it. Many leading world economists urge it. Sir Arthur Salter has preached it for the purpose of cutting down indebtedness.

Getting the Most from Our Debts

Now, having thus abolished some fifty or sixty billion dollars in debt to get out of the hole, we must create some immediately expendable income. This we must do by going back into debt. For without debt the capitalistic system cannot exist. But the new debts must be wholly for useful public improvements which we actually need and there must be no twenty- or thirty- or fifty-year bonds to finance them. They must be debts which we propose to pay within a reasonable time.

Having climbed out of the hole, what form, then, should this New Capitalism take? What has been said here about income will give us the clue to our permanent policy. We must learn how to produce income and then how to distribute it soundly.

Dr. Paul Nystrom, Columbia University market expert, says out of every 100 people, less than nine live on the well-to-do level; about 71 between the well-to-do and the bare-subsistence level and the rest either just on or below the level of bare subsistence. We must improve these percentages before we talk of cutting production.

How shall we go about producing income? What we have already seen forces the conclusion that we must learn how to eliminate abnormal profits and how to limit unnecessary debt. To do that we must look into our system to find the devices which produce these excessive profits and debts. And we must then dismantle these devices. What are they?

They are our corporation laws, our speculative machinery and our banking system.

I do not attack the corporation. It is a useful instrument. It can be used to assemble large resources for large-scale production. That is good. But we must be sure the benefits of this production flow to the workers, the public and the legitimate investors. The parasites must be eliminated. The corporation can also be used for the business of stock manipulation. This is done through holding companies, numerous stock classifications, secrecy and many other devices. They should be abolished.

An End to Speculation

Speculation in securities should be abolished. Security speculation, I am convinced, serves no useful economic purpose. It is a source of limitless economic evil. I do not oppose stock exchanges. But I favor the dismantling of all their speculative machinery—short selling, margin trading and the other devices which go with them.

Our whole banking system needs overhauling. The trouble does not lie essentially in the unit banking system but in the practices of both unit and branch and chain banks. Bank affiliates, holding-company control of banks, security operations carried on in trust companies—these should be ended. Banks should be *banks and nothing else*. But this is not all. The whole problem of the use of securities as collateral for bank loans should be reëxamined and overhauled. And, above all, the use of bank credit in stock market operations should be stopped.

Do these things and a tremendous stride in the direction of curbing unnecessary and harmful excessive profits and debt will be taken. But there will still survive many inequalities in the distribution of income. These can be partially corrected at least, as follows:

First, by taxation. The income tax is the ideal method of drawing off excessive profits for government expenditure. Thus these profits are returned to industry as expendable income rather than as destructive investment. The tax maker must search out all the forms of excess profits and lay his income tax there, guarded by provisions which will prevent its wholesale evasion as in the last dozen years.

Second, by old-age pensions, unemployment reserves collected and managed by the government, compulsory to all employers and collected entirely out of gross earnings rather than from contributions by employees, save those in the upper brackets.

To carry out these reforms we should establish without delay an Economic Council, such as the one proposed by Senator La Follette, first to study our economic problems and then to put into effect, through legal enactments and voluntary organization in industry, the measures it proposes.

It can deal with the problems growing out of technological unemployment, which, in spite of the almost meaningless gibberish of the Technocrats, is by no means insoluble. It can bring about the five-day week and shorter day if necessary and can concert measures for a more orderly adjustment to new machine changes, and, finally, it can take measures for balanced production through the organization of trades under government supervision.

This is the barest outline. But it offers, I believe, a policy for dealing with what now is recognized as the supremely essential mission of this country—to bring the wild, undisciplined, disordered forces of capitalism into order for the service of society.

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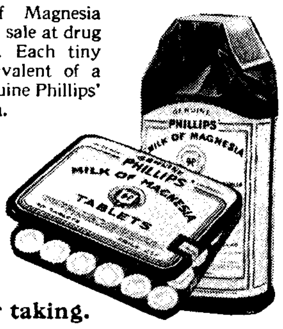
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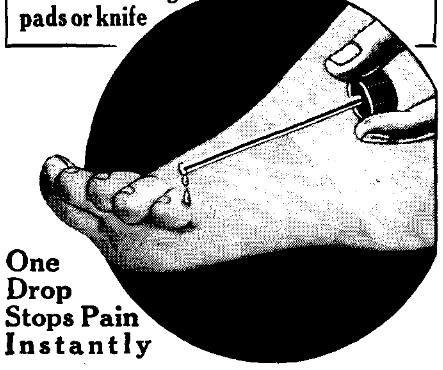

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FREEZONE

No Girl Would

Continued from page 11

Lewis said, "But that isn't vital. It's the ending."

"Yes," George said, "I think the ending's good."

"You read it?" Lewis asked.

"Why," George said, "I—are you kidding me? I wrote it."

"Maybe that's why," said Lewis.

"You mean—you mean you didn't like the ending?"

Lewis said, "If I didn't want to buy it I wouldn't criticize, of course. I'd simply let you take it somewhere else. But you've got a story there that I think our readers will like—if you can put some realism in the ending for them."

"Realism!" George said. "That's exactly what I did! I almost turned the moon on. Made it sappy. But I knew it wouldn't seem real."

"And you think it's real now?"

"Why, of course," George said. "Look, here's the way I doped it out: Take Wallace—here he is absorbed in his career. He's had the big break. Everything's ahead of him. He may have felt a little sentimental over Marcia up to then but, see, that changes everything. He simply wouldn't think of love or anything. Not then."

"That's right," said Lewis.

"But that's all," George said. "He simply sails for England. That's the end. No man in Wallace's position would be thinking about matrimony!"

"That's right," Lewis said. "He wouldn't dream of it."

"Well," said George, "so there you are. It might be nice and sentimental if I rang the wedding bells, but hardly realism. He's doing just what I'd do and I'm sure I've got the right psychology on that. Don't you agree with me where Wallace is concerned?"

"Of course," said Lewis.

"Well, then," said George, "it seems to me that ends the argument."

"No doubt of it," said Lewis, "as far as you and I and Wallace are concerned. The only trouble is, George, that you seem to have forgotten Marcia."

"Marcia?" George asked.

"Marcia. That's where your psychology comes all unbuttoned, George. Do you think for a minute that cute little girl would let that fellow get away and on that boat? And wave goodby to him and wipe a tear away?"

"What else could she do?" George asked.

"She'd marry him," Lewis said. "She would and could and make him love it. That is realism, George."

A DISCRIMINATING shaft of late afternoon sun came in the big studio window and unerringly chose Mary's hair. Her small, grave face was bent intently to the drawing board and she had smudged her nose to indicate that life was earnest, but the sunlight pointed out a frivolous blond contradiction. She was very lovely and it was a shame that there was no one there to realize the fact and kick the drawing board aside and take some steps about it, but the studio was empty save for George, and George could be depended upon to fail to notice.

George had come in sunk and Mary knew before he told her what had happened. George said, "Well, he didn't buy the darn' thing," and sat down and knocked an ash tray off the table and began to mutter.

Mary said, "But, George, I know he must have liked it."

George said, "Sure, he loved it. Sure. The hell with it!"

"Explode, George," Mary said, "I won't mind. Tell me what he said. I wouldn't give a darn. There's lots of other magazines and they'll be crazy over it."

"Sure," George said, "so will I. Go on and draw. I'm going, so go on and draw."

Mary turned the form so she could get the lines right on the evening dress that she was sketching and went back to her drawing board and George said, "For Pete's sake, can't you stop working on that fool thing just for a minute?"

"It's not a fool thing," Mary said. "It's a gorgeous dress, and if I draw enough of them I'll have one some day. And it's darn' near art, too, George. Looka."

GEORGE said, "The hell with art! Do you know what that fellow said?"

"You mean Mr. Lewis?"

"He said," George said, "he didn't like the ending. Didn't like the ending! Can you beat it?"

"But, George—"

"He didn't like the ending," George said. "There you are. The best part of the book. He'll buy it if I change the ending. Ruin it, that's all. Just turn the moon on at the end and ruin it. And listen, Mary, here's a laugh, if you can laugh: He doesn't like the ending as it is, because he says his readers must have realism. Realism!"

"But that's what you did," said Mary, "kept it like it would be."

"Sure," George said. "I kept explaining and he kept agreeing with me. Then he said—can you imagine what he said? He said I had forgotten Marcia?"

"Marcia?"

"Marcia," George said. "Now, how do you suppose he ever got on that kind of a tack? What has Marcia got to do with it?"

"I don't know," said Mary.

"Well," George said, "he's got some antique, aberrated notion about woman's wiles or something. Woman's wiles!"

"Of course, that would be aberrated, George," said Mary.

"He thinks she'd cast some kind of spell or something," George said, "or get up some kind of scheme to make him fall in love with her. Like pulling rabbits out of hats. He says she'd make him fall in love with her and love it. He said the girl did all the thinking that was necessary on the subject."

"But she wouldn't dream of thinking of it," Mary said. "Why, no girl would."

"You're being funny," George said. "Sure, they think about it. Lots of girls make plays for men but there are only certain things that they can do. They can scheme around to get to see him, I suppose, and make themselves attractive and all that but that's about as far as they can go or else a man shies off."

"Skittish," Mary said. "They're very skittish these days."

"You know what I mean," George said. "I mean that a fellow falls in love or else he doesn't. I mean that this woman's wiles are bunk. Listen, you're a girl. Do you know any woman's wiles?"

George laughed and Mary laughed and Mary's laugh was sinister and Mary bit her pencil till it crunched but George could be depended on to fail to notice.

"He said to ask some girl what she would do in Marcia's case," George said. "If you know any girl that's good at vamping call her up and ask her how she does it."

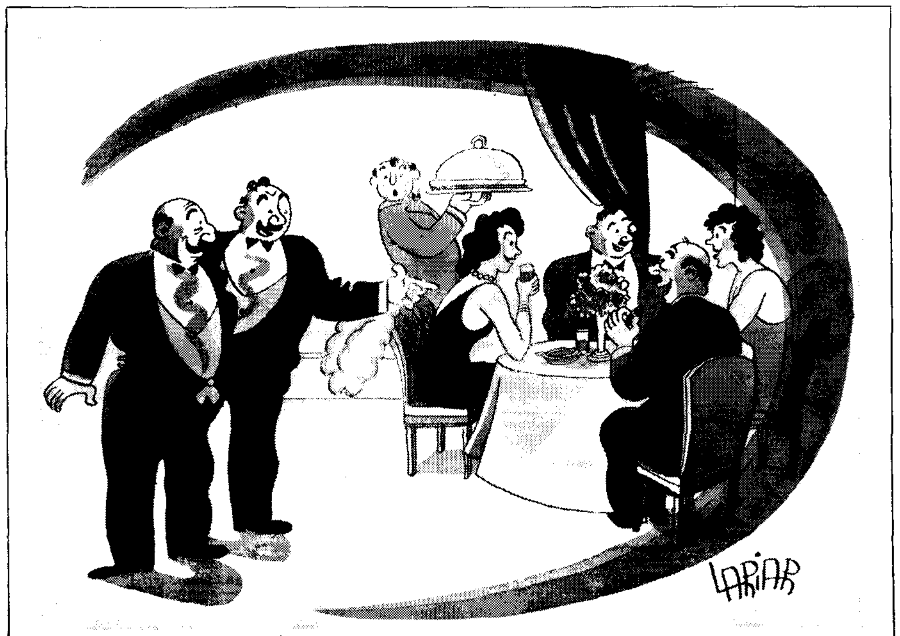
Mary thought: "Ooh, how I hate him! Ooh!"

"I've got to make a sap of him somehow," George said. "Look, Mary, try to put yourself in Marcia's place. Now what would Marcia do?"

THERE is a limit to the things a girl can stand. A girl is human after all and she can stand so much and then she can't stand any more and Mary got up from her drawing board and pointed at him and said, "Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! I wouldn't put myself in Marcia's place for anything. Not for a million million dollars and I'll tell you what she'd do if she had just one tiny little grain of sense or anything: she'd be so glad to see that great big thing get on that boat and go away forever that she'd scream and scream and—"

"What?" said George a little feebly. "What?"

"—and scream," said Mary. "And I've never heard of anything so silly and ridiculous and crazy and absurd and so absurd in all my life. That editor! And you! And both of you just thinking she is crazy over him and yearning for him and just waiting till he crooks his finger and would try to vamp him



"Our $4.95 dress, Ginsberg" *Lawrence LaRiar* and if she had just one tiny little grain of sense or anything—"

"Hey!" George said. "Hey!"

"She wouldn't look at him and no girl would and if she did she'd scream. She'd be so sick of him and all his books and plays and things and his career and everything and him, him, him, she'd—"

"Listen," George said. "Listen, Mary—"

"I don't want to listen," Mary said. "Go home."

"But darn it, Mary, I don't—"

"Home," said Mary, "home. You go on home. I don't care how you end your darned old book, but if your darned old editor would like some realism have it end with Marcia's screaming."

George was a writer and a pretty good one. In his stories he'd created virile and sophisticated heroes by the dozen, any one of whom would have been capable of handling a situation such as this with expert ease. They would have waited, with a debonair detachment, till her breath ran out, and then they would have chuckled kindly and begun, "My dear girl—"

George went home.

"OOH! How I hate him," Mary thought. "Great, big, conceited, darned old egotistic thing just sitting there and laughing about girls and how smart men are. 'Woman's wiles'—and then he'd laugh. 'Do you know any girl that's good at vamping? Call her up.' As if no man had ever looked at me! It's all your own fault, too, you little ninny, letting him just read at you at any hour of the day or night and sit ting there in smocks with smudges on your nose and with your hair all anyway, you little ninny. And I bet that anyone could come along and make a perfect silly of him in a minute and I hope they do, the great, big, egotistic thing and I feel sorry for the girl just getting read and talked at all her life and ooh! how through I am."

Mary looked up a number and dialed the phone and said, "Hello, Rufe, this is Mary."

"I used to know a girl named Mary," Rufe said. "She had big, blue eyes and gave up everything for art."

"And literature, too," said Mary, "nearly. And she sat around in smocks with smudges on her nose and she got pretty tired of it just this minute all at once and so she feels like leaping out."

"Tonight? Swell! Listen, I'll call Marjorie and Jean and Bill and people, and we'll build a party up."

So that was that and it was pretty swell and she'd be leaping out and Rufe at least remembered she had eyes and what the color was and he could be depended on to notice. The evening dress that Mary had been sketching cost a hundred dollars, even though it didn't have a back, and Mary thought: "I'll have to buy it if I wear it and I haven't any business even thinking of it just because I know it fits." So after she had done her best about her eyes and face and hair she put it on and thought: "I don't care. Look, I knew how it would look."

At eight o'clock there was a knock on Mary's door and Mary thought, "They are here already." She called "Come in!" and it was George, and Mary had forgotten nearly all about him.

George looked at her and opened up his eyes and said, "Hey, what's all this?" And Mary stood and undulated just a trifle and then turned around, quite slowly, like a mannequin.

George said: "Do that again."

"Of course not," Mary said. "How silly!"

George said: "But you look so different."

"Going to a party," Mary said. "They will be here for me in a minute."

"I thought we might go out for dinner," George said, "if you weren't still mad or something. I don't know just what it was all about this afternoon, but—"

"Mad?" said Mary. "Why, of course not, George."

"This afternoon—"

"I did get irritated, George," Mary interrupted, "but, honestly, it was so absurd." She laughed. "I mean about your Marcia in the book. I liked her all the way through, George, and her being pals with Wallace. It's the way things are, these days. And then to have her simply lose her mind and think she cares for him and try to vamp him—well, George, honestly it was a little irritating."

"I don't see why she couldn't be in love with him," George said.

"But, George," said Mary, "they're just pals. Why, it's like we are, George—just pals. She'd never dream of being sentimental over him except in a little sisterly affection for the poor thing, maybe."

"I don't see where he's a poor thing," George said. "Look—"

"But, George," said Mary, "he's a playwright and she's simply interested in his career and—and he's not the type, George, honestly. She'd never dream of such a thing."

In the hall there was a cheerful hubbub.

"There they are," said Mary. "Do I look nice, George? It's going to be such a lovely party."

Mary went to the door and there were "Hi's" and "Hey there's." George got up and through the crowd and went across the hall and, as he closed his door, heard someone say, "We chased your company away," and then heard Mary answer, "He wasn't company. That was only George, the boy across the hall."

It was two o'clock when Mary came home. It had been a long, long time. George waited till he heard "Good night" and "Such a lovely time!" and then he went across the hall and rapped.

"Why, George!" said Mary. "Still up! Such a gorgeous party."

"I've been working," George said, "and I guess I've got the ending of my book."

"You don't sound very happy over it," said Mary.

"Can't I come in?" George said. "I'd like to read it to you, Mary, and it won't take long. I—I'd like to have you hear it, even if—"

SO MARY curled up on the couch, as she had done so many times the last four months, while George read from his book. And George came to the last typewritten page and read: " 'He waved goodby again and then again and, leaning on the rail there, realized that all he had was his career and that it never could make up for what he'd lost.' "

Mary said, "And so it ends like that."

"I guess that's—that's realism, Mary," George said. "That's the way things work, I guess. The poor, dumb fool has been so wrapped up in his play he doesn't realize he—that he loves her. Till it's too late."

"But he doesn't tell her so," said Mary; "he just sails away."

"He knows it isn't any use," George said. "The poor, dumb brute's got sense enough to know he's not the type, and all that she could feel for him was just a little sisterly affection. You see, I—I put Wallace in my place, Mary. I'm the one who finally woke up and realized and know it's no darn' use. It isn't, is it, Mary? Is it, Mary? If I hung around and hung around and kept on telling you I loved you, telling you—"

"From clear across the room, George?" Mary asked. "That isn't any realistic ending."

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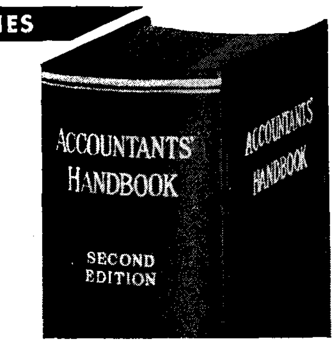

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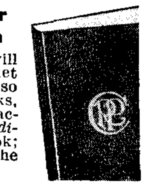

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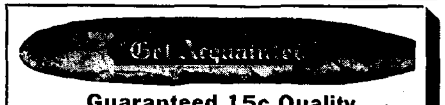

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This deluxe model motorbike comes fully equipped. Beautifully enameled; chromium finished. And besides this bike, you can win your choice of 300 other prizes—all without cost. Make CASH PROFITS, too. Just deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, to customers in your neighborhood. Do it in spare time. Write NOW, and we'll start you.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-91
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield . . . Ohio

So Long, Pal!

Continued from page 22

she asked. I've been shopping around and I hear you can get yourself a new schnozzle with very little trouble and at low cost. It's the least I can do for a girl that's going to share my life."

Clara and I hadn't been taking as much beer aboard as Bill, and we tried to argue him out of it, but what was the use of talking? He'd made up his mind and that was all there was to it.

The next day he came home and told me it was all set. He'd seen a doc, and Katzmann had given him a week off, and he was going to get himself a new nose.

I never thought he'd go through with it, but finally he goes to the hospital, and after three or four days he came out with a big bandage in the middle of his face, and sits around the room waiting for the time to unveil the new masterpiece.

When he finally took the dressing off, it wasn't anything special. It was just a nose. He didn't look much different to me.

"When are you going to spring it on Inez?" I asked.

"I got a date with her tomorrow night."

THE next day, at the office, there's a surprise waiting for him. Watson, the sales manager, had quit, and Katzmann gave Bill the job. It was a nice break for Bill, and it meant a raise from forty to seventy-five a week. I was glad to see him get it.

"Listen," he said. "Tonight we'll celebrate. You get Clara and the four of us'll step out. I'll throw a party."

That evening after he'd got dressed, he sat down in a chair and started rubbing his nose, like he was thinking something over.

"Listen," I told him. "If you ever expect to get up to Kingsbridge, you better get started."

"You go up and get Inez," he said finally, "and I'll walk over and collect Clara. Then we'll all meet down in the Village."

"Why should I go to Kingsbridge?" I asked him. "That's your route, not mine."

"As a favor to me," he says. "I don't like to go on the subway with this new nose of mine. I might get in a crowd, and get pushed against something. It don't feel exactly right yet."

WELL, there was something in that. I could see how he felt and I said I'd do it.

So I go up there about eight bells and walked over to the apartment house where Inez lived. "Get your hat and coat on," I told her, when she answered the bell. "We've got to meet Bill and Clara at nine o'clock."

"Why not come in and sit down for a minute?" she suggested. "Why didn't Bill come up here himself?"

I explained the way Bill felt about his nose, while she got a bottle of beer out of the ice-box for me. She sat down on the davenport, and smoked a cigarette while I finished the beer, but she didn't make any move toward getting ready.

"Let me get you another bottle of that," she said, when I emptied my glass.

"We ought to be on our way now," I said, "but I might be able to work in one more, if you make it snappy. That's certainly good stuff."

"I make it myself," she told me. "I don't drink it. It's just for my friends." She went out and got another.

"Well, here's to you and Bill," I said, pouring some out. "Bill's certainly a lucky guy, getting a swell girl like you."

"Let's not talk about Bill," she said. "Let's talk about you and me. But I forgot. I'll bet you're all wrapped up in Clara; I'll bet you don't think of anything else."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I wouldn't say that."

"Clara's a sweet girl," she told me.

"She's a nice kid, all right."

SHE held up two fingers, close together. "Clara and I have been just like that, ever since we were in high school. She's a darling. Of course, we've had our fights. You know, you may like a person a lot but there's just certain things about them you can't stand."

"Sure," I said.

"Like for instance, she has a habit of snapping people up short when they say something she don't agree with. That's one thing I can't stand, no matter how well I know a person. She's always contradicting people."

Well, that was true about Clara, if you thought it over. She was always going around with a chip on her shoulder. Nobody was right except her. This Inez was nobody's fool. I could see that.

"I'll bet you think I'm terrible," Inez went on, "but it's true, and when a thing's true, why, I can't help saying it. Of course, I don't mean it's anything against her, but it kind of gets on your nerves."

"I know what you mean."

"Don't pour the rest of that bottle," she said. "I'll get you a fresh one. The sediment must have got shaken up."

While she was out in the kitchenette, I got an eyeful of her apartment. It certainly looked good. She had it all fixed up nice.

"Say, we ought to be going," I told her when she came back. "Bill and Clara'll be wondering where we are."

"They'll wait," she claimed. "It's only quarter to nine."

We sat down again. "I wish we didn't have to go out," Inez said. "There's nothing I like better than just a quiet evening at home with somebody that's congenial. I'm a great homebody."

"I can see you are," I told her.

"Don't look around this old place, for heaven's sake," she screamed. "It looks a sight. Almost as bad as that apartment Clara and I used to have together. There! I shouldn't have said that. You must think I'm awful, but that's one thing I just can't stand. I mean for a person to be untidy in their habits. Of course, it wasn't Clara's fault. I mean, she's too sweet for words, but she just isn't a housekeeper. I guess it has to be born in you."

"This place looks good to me," I said.

"I tell you what let's do," she said. "Let's you and I just stay here, and let Bill and Clara worry about us."

SHE gave me a look that made me nervous. I mean, a guy can tell. I like a quiet evening as much as the next fellow, but something told me we ought to get going, or Inez would be telling me I ought to have my teeth fixed. Besides, she was Bill's girl, and Bill was my pal.

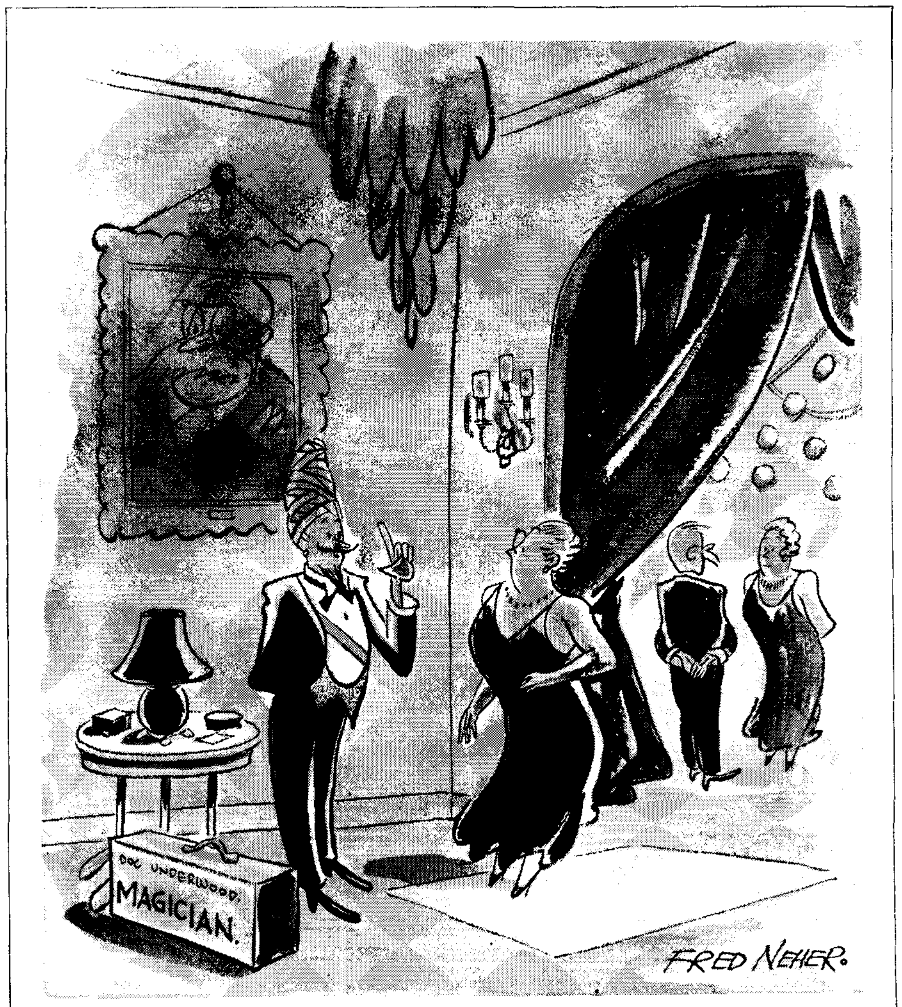
"We better step on it," I said, getting up. "Bill's throwing a party tonight, and we don't want to miss it."

"You didn't tell me he was throwing a party."

"I didn't get a chance," I told her. "Anyhow, I thought he told you. Didn't he tell you about his raise?"

"Why, no. Did he get a raise?"

"Seventy-five a week. He's sales



"I'd appreciate your paying me in advance so I wouldn't have to come back after my disappearing act" *Fred Neher* manager now. I guess he wanted to surprise you."

"Well, for goodness' sake, what are we sitting around here for?" she said. "I won't be a minute. You better phone them and tell them we'll be right down."

So I phoned Clara's place, while Inez was putting on her make-up, and there wasn't any answer. "It's all right," I told Inez, "I know where they were going." So I phoned The Lair, a little joint down in the Village, and I get Beppo on the phone.

"They just left," he said.

"Where did they go?" I asked. "This is Jerry."

"They told me to tell you they were going up to Harlem, to the Levee Club, and be sure and meet them there."

"We better get a taxi," Inez decided, "because it would be very rude to keep them waiting any longer."

SO WHEN we get outside I hailed a fire engine, and down we go and across town to the Levee Club. The ride cost me plenty but why should I care, I thought, when Bill is throwing the rest of the party?

Just to show you what a dope I was, we got out at the club, and I see right away that I've taken a 20-and-10 instead of a 15-and-5 cab. I put up a squawk, and the driver got out of his seat. "Pay me what the clock says," he told me. "You can read, can't you?"

I told him plenty. "Listen," I said, "you dirty thief—"

Anyway, I came to about ten minutes later in the cloakroom of the club, with Inez standing over me. "Get up," she's saying, "they're waiting for us."

"Who?" I asked.

"Bill and Clara."

"Where?"

"They went on up to a place on the Post Road," she explained. "They left word for us to follow them."

"Who threw the piano at me?" I groaned. I still couldn't figure things out and, in a way, I can't yet, because I could have handled this taxi-driver without any trouble. He must have hit me while I was off balance.

"Get up, you big sap," she said. "There's another taxi waiting outside."

So I got up, and we get in this other boiler, and ride for nearly an hour. It got so I couldn't take my eyes off the meter. This roadhouse is 'way up near Port Chester.

"I don't know what Bill'll think," said Inez, "us being this late and all. He'll think we're awful."

"Bill's all right," I said. "It ain't as if he was alone. He's got Clara to entertain him."

"Yes, he has Clara," she said in a kind of funny tone. I didn't say anything more, because the way my head was feeling, that taxi-driver must have had a stone in his hand when he hit me. As far as I was concerned, it would have been jake with me if the whole party was called off right then.

Well, finally, we get to this dive about one o'clock in the morning, and there ain't no sign of Bill or Clara either.

"We might as well call it a day," I said, after paying off the cab. The bank roll was getting low and, like I told you, I wasn't feeling so kosher.

"Let's see if they left any word for us," Inez suggested.

"I don't care if they did or if they didn't," I told her, but by that time she was interviewing the head waiter and the cigarette girl and the doorman, trying to find out if anybody had seen them. Say, she must have known Clara's wardrobe by heart because she described every possible dress Clara could've been wearing. Finally she gave up. "She must have gotten a new evening dress," she said. The tone she said it in, you might think her girl friend had been caught robbing a bank.

"They can't arrest her for that," I said. "Tomorrow's another day. Let's go home."

You know, when a girl's all dressed up, and she thinks there's a party somewhere she might miss, it's awful hard to convince her that she ought to go home, but, after a lot of argument, I did it, and we jump in another cab. The driver's just getting into gear when the doorman comes over and sticks his head in the taxi. "I just remembered," he starts. "There was a couple drove up in a hired limousine, and I open the door for them to get out, but the man says: 'Aw, what's the use in getting out here? Let's go on to Greenwich.' So the girl says: 'It's all right with me, but what about Inez? What'll Inez think?' "

"Are you sure she said Inez?"

"I'm positive. So the man says: 'Forget Inez!' So they drive off and that's the last I see of them."

"Drive on," I said to the chauffeur, and he did.

"Bill must be tight," Inez said, laughing in a high-pitched voice. "I tell you what would be fun. Let's go up to Greenwich and surprise them."

"Positively not," I said. "I ain't got the money to throw around that Bill has."

"I guess Bill won't have it long," she says softly, "and the way he's acted tonight, he'll have nobody to blame for it but himself."

All the rest of the way to her place she didn't say another word. When the taxi stopped she just got out and ran in the apartment house without even telling me goodby.

Well, I didn't care. I was a little sore at Bill, because he hadn't acted like a pal with me, especially when he didn't show up for work the next day, because when Bill don't show up for work after a party you can bet it was a good party.

I didn't see him until about eight o'clock that night, when he came up to the room with Clara.

"You're not sore, are you?" he says, looking in the doorway.

"Why should I be?" I asked him. "I'm not mad, just awfully hurt." There's no use getting sore at anybody just because you missed a brawl, because the next day you can figure that if they had the party, they also got the hangover, which you haven't, so it's a stand-off. "Hello, Clara," I says; "you better scram downstairs before Mrs. McGrath catches you up here, because that's one thing she's strict about, having girls up in a fellow's room."

"WE WERE married this morning in Greenwich," Bill says. "What's Mrs. McGrath got to say about that? I just came up to get my clothes."

"Well, I certainly congratulate you," I said. You could have knocked me down with a glass of near beer.

So I shook hands with Bill, and kissed the bride, and she said: "I hope Inez won't be mad at me, because she's my dearest friend, and I wouldn't want to think anything could come between us."

"She'll get over it," I said. "Don't worry about that."

But she was pretty sore at Clara. She still is. I go up there every once in a while. A fellow gets sick of sitting around a furnished room by himself. It does him good to spend an evening in an apartment that's fixed up nice, with a girl that can make as good beer as Inez can. It ain't so far to Kingsbridge if you catch the trains right.

But it's funny. Two fellows'll start going around with two girls that are friends and pretty soon the girls ain't so clubby any more, and the fellows don't see so much of each other, and the whole layout's different.

Well, so long, pal. I got a date with a dentist.

"I've grown older and wiser these past three years. Yes, I, too, fell for the so-called 'bargains'—but I've learned. From now on I'm wearing Florsheims. They give so much more in service—in wear, style and comfort. In the end they are *dependably* cheaper."

The WILSHIRE *Style S-454* $8 MOST STYLES

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THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY,** *Editor* **CHARLES COLEBAUGH,** *Managing Editor*

Can You Take It?

THE principal difference between Tammany Hall and the political machines which dispense what is lightly called government in so many other American cities *is merely the difference* between a rowboat and an ocean liner.

Two weeks ago Collier's concluded a brief and apparently provoking series of articles setting forth in broad strokes the essence and flesh of the largest, the most notorious of all municipal menageries—Tammany Hall, the mocking citadel that rules the world's second largest city, New York, and dictates the daily lives of seven million people.

From almost every metropolis, junction and creek-head in the country we received letters reviling Tammany Hall, not, however, for what it stands for but for what it is. From every section of the United States we received applause, not for what we meant but for what we said. Let's think it over.

Tammany Hall is a symbol of all that is absurd and demoralizing in government. Under other names and guises its spirit flourishes in Detroit and Chicago, in New Orleans and Memphis, in Philadelphia and Boston, in Los Angeles and Denver. In that series Collier's was speaking to a thousand cities, not New York alone.

Observe Chicago, whose political stable bears no such ringing name as Tammany. Chicago has permitted political buffoons and brigands to suffocate it under $153,000,000 of debts which it cannot pay. Chicago owes its school-teachers nearly $20,000,000 in back salaries. Chicago's political masters blame it on the taxpayers, who cannot pay and therefore will not. And the striking taxpayers lay their horrid plight to misrule in City Hall, forgetting that their votes in happier days perpetuated in office the freebooting roisterers who dug the pit they grovel in. Isn't that Tammany Hall?

Philadelphia's Fix

There's Philadelphia staggering along under the burden of double government, city and county, and neither capable of dragging her out of the quagmire of debt. Each year, before a penny of her tax income can be spent to teach her children, clean her streets, or protect her citizens from cruising bandits, she must pay $36,000,000 in interest on loans she has used to erect the political lodging that shelters the Vare gang. She cannot pay her bills. She bemoans a deficit of $20,000,000. Her 18,000 political jobholders stand in a dismal huddle pondering ways and means to compel the voters to support them in the style they have become accustomed to. Isn't that Tammany Hall?

Los Angeles wonders how she is going to close a gap of $1,800,000 between income and cost of government. She speaks of imposing yet another income tax upon her business men in the form of some vagrant license fee, and her business men are asking themselves whether it is worth it. She has gone so far as to tax scissors grinders and similar simple folk. And she is still in the poisonous red.

Cleveland lacks $5,000,000 of the money she requires to maintain municipal government that is incapable of serving her in foul weather as in fine, which cannot justify itself in days like these. Out of every dollar the beaten taxpayer turns in to her city hall, fifty-four cents go to pay off debts incurred in building up a system that can't take it.

St. Louis, finding all other sources of revenue closed, prepares to go further into debt by mortgaging coming generations with $25,000,000 of additional bonds. Her chief worry now is to find buyers. St. Louis, like her sister cities, overlooked the value of *making her bonds attractive.*

But They All Throw Stones

Baltimore's rulers seek, too, to raise the tax rate and her taxpayers claw the air with rage. But what of that? It was the late Tom Platt, the Easy Boss of New York, who said: "As long as they keep yelling, don't worry. But when they shut up and sulk, look out."

But that's enough. Boston stares stupidly at a deficit of nearly $7,000,000. Pittsburgh has allowed herself to be plundered into the bread line by a political mob that would have frightened Al Capone himself. She is able to collect less than eight per cent of the real estate taxes the Kline machine has levied to maintain its proud place in the municipal Bumbledom of which Tammany Hall is the vanguard.

And yet from these sepulchers of freedom and self-government we receive withering tirades against Tammany Hall of New York City. From here and there we learn that there are cities and towns that owe no money, that have reduced taxes, that have found it better business to govern in the interest of the governed than to save the political hides of professional officeholders.

But these places are of course hick towns. Ask Tammany. Ask Tom Pendergast of Kansas City. Ask Bill Vare of Philadelphia. Ask Jim Curley of Boston. Or Charlie Kline of Pittsburgh. Just hick towns.

Why? Because they adjust their old charters to meet new conditions. Because their electorates are vigorous enough to support two fighting political groups. Because they levy taxes intelligently and live within their income while there is still income.

Oddly enough, we received no scorching condemnations of Tammany Hall from these hick towns.

The name of the best known of them is San Francisco.

In the background—Golden Pavilion of Jehol—one of the finest examples of Chinese Lama architecture—Century of Progress International Exposition, Chicago, 1933.

You'll say "LET'S BUY A NASH"

● The purchase of a new car is being seriously considered today in countless family living rooms. ¶ To those family councils, Nash now presents the five series of Nash cars for 1933. ¶ Whether it be the lowest priced Nash, with a *four-door sedan* priced at $695 f. o. b. factory, (illustrated above), or the supremely fine, 125-horsepower, Nash Ambassador Eight Limousine at $2055, *the Nash motor car is a quality car.* ¶ Nash prices are substantially lower than in 1932, but the quality has not suffered. The contrary is true. As an example, the Nash Big Six, priced $130 under 1932, is a finer car than its predecessor—one of the best performers on the road today—engineered for longer life. ¶ You may not drive the car you buy in 1933, three, four or more years. But if it is a Nash, you can do it—*and this* at minimum upkeep expense, *and* with no appreciable decline in the fine character of its transportation. ¶ Nash builds quality. The Nash dealer sells quality. Go to him before you commit yourself to buy, and look through these Nash cars. Get a first-hand appreciation of Nash quality—and right then, you'll say—"Let's Buy a Nash."

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$695 to $745	$830 to $900	$965 to $1095	$1255 to $1575	$1545 to $2055

All Prices Quoted f. o. b. Factory—Special Equipment Extra

Even the Best of Chefs

. . . can be an Enemy of your Gums

Soft modern foods are largely responsible for "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THE art of the chef is to please your palate with his sauces and his viands. There is no reason in the world why he should even *consider* your gums!

Yet his sauces, his entrees, his desserts, give to your gums none of the stimulation they need for healthy hardness. Your gums become weak, tender, flabby. One day you discover "pink tooth brush."

Intelligent persons who find "pink" on their tooth brushes speak to the dentist about it!

Any good dentist will explain:

"Go on eating the delicious foods of today. But—you must care for your gums!

"Modern gums," he will tell you. "are flabby, touchy gums because modern foods give them too little stimulation. Most people tend to have bleeding gums—a condition we call 'pink tooth brush.' And this is a serious warning. Let it go on and on, and you may find yourself with gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea, though the last is rather rare. You may even find yourself with sound teeth in danger."

"Pink Tooth Brush" can be checked with Ipana and Massage

It isn't *necessary* to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those flabby gums of yours.*

Your teeth will almost immediately recover their natural sparkling polish and feel thoroughly *clean.* And within the month your gums will have become firmer. The ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Today—get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage every time you clean your teeth—and you'll see no more of "pink tooth brush."

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